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A PASSION FOR SOULS

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XX. SELAH, AND OTHER SERMONS.

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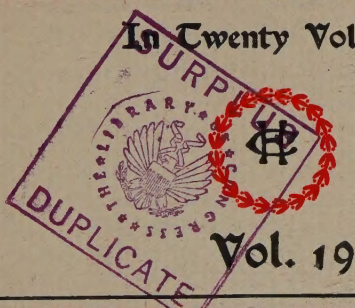
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500 Selected.. Sermons

T. DE WITT TALMAGE

In Twenty Volumes



The Christian Herald

Louis Klopsch, Proprietor

Bible House—**A. D. 1900**—New York

PREFACE*

In opening the front door of these twenty volumes—containing over five hundred sermons which were selected from thousands of sermons, first with reference to usefulness, and next with reference to variety—an explanatory statement is appropriate.

Many of these sermons were preached during my pastorates in Philadelphia, Brooklyn and Washington, and others in Europe and Asia and the Islands of the Sea. Chronological order has not been observed. Some of them were delivered thirty years apart, a fact that will account for certain dates and allusions. Some reference in almost every discourse will indicate the approximate time of its delivery. The publication of these volumes is partly induced by the kindness with which my previous books have been received by the press here and abroad. I am more indebted than any other man to the newspaper fraternity for the facilities they have given me for preaching the Gospel for over thirty years, without the exception of a single week, in almost every neighborhood of Christendom and in "the regions beyond"; and I gladly avail myself of every opportunity for thanking them and I thank them now.

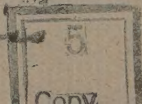
Of the more than fifty different books published under my name in this country and in other lands, the large majority were not authorized by me for publication, and were pirated. I knew nothing of them until I saw them advertised. I have personally corrected the proofs for these twenty volumes, and their publication is hereby sanctioned. If they shall alleviate the fatigue of some travelers on the rough road of this life, and help some to find the way to the sinless and tearless Capital, whose twelve gates stand wide open, my prayer will be answered.

T. De Witt Talmage

(*Reprinted from Volume I.)

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William J. Carlin
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CONTENTS

PAGE.

A PASSION FOR SOULS. 9

TEXT: *I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh.*—Romans 9: 3.

Paul's consuming passion—What the "Friend" suggested to the committee—Improving around our own souls—Some of the impassioned—Thomas a Kempis—Dr. Bacchus and his dying prayer—Christ's passion—His pathway of blessing—How to cultivate the passion—The soul's prolonged existence—The dew-drops and the ocean—Vast soul-saving machinery—Christ suffering perdition for sinners—Low church temperature—Dead-beat professors—Missionary passion for souls—Verses and vials.

THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL. 23

TEXT: *According to the glorious gospel of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust.*—I. Timothy 1: 11.

The Gospel the greatest novelty—Old-time patterns copied—A revelation, not a philosophy—Theological seminaries and infidelity—Making havoc with the doctors of divinity—Gospel light and those who see it—A lantern and a lighthouse—Ministers as detectives—No salvation in politics—The "bound-for-Heaven-anyhow" theory—Burying the Gospel—The glorious good news—For all ages—Good news for the dying—A blessed invitation—Christ the divine physician—The deserted castle at Amber.

THE SAVING LOOK. 37

TEXT: *Looking unto Jesus.*—Hebrews 12: 2.

Never off duty—The old-time racers—The Christian race—Wellington's small laboratory—The life look at Christ—The "murderer" plant—Relief for the captive—What faith means—Jesus as ■■ example—Secret of Turner's success—Lashed to the mast—Foolish copying—Byron's imitations—Payson's depression—Only one true copy—Alexander's army and the snow—Christ goes before—A balm for every wound—Song after sorrow—Our final rescue.

THE RANSOMED. 49

TEXT: *Ye are bought with a price.*—I. Corinthians 6: 20.

Seeing the mansion—Crown jewels of England—Eternity's crown jewels—Bought with a price—Ransom by instalments—Christ's ignominious birth—In the Bethlehem caravansary—Christ in the wilderness—The tempted Christ—Napoleon's coat-of-mail—Satan's great offer—Triumph through Christ—The sailor boy's prayer—Christ's sham trial—Describing the boundaries—Christless sorrow—The wounded chaplain and the dying soldier—The last instalment—The closed shutters—The dying cry—The lost cable—The Gospel ■ great grappling hook.

Contents

	PAGE.
THE JUDGMENT.	65
<p>TEXT: <i>For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.</i>—II. Corinthians 5: 10.</p> <p>A day of universal judgment foretold in Scripture—Pomp and paraphernalia of the day—Strange symbolism—An impartial judge—Polished villains and unpolished offenders—A merciful judge—Justice as well as mercy—Happy verdict of the good—Blasphemers on trial—The startled prisoner—The condemning record—Defrauders and charlatans to appear for trial—Stock exchanges brought up for judgment—Outlaws of the ages—Morality not a Saviour—Christ-rejecters before the Judge.</p>	
THE PUBLICAN'S PRAYER.	79
<p>TEXT: <i>God be merciful to me a sinner.</i>—Luke 18: 13.</p> <p>Mount Moriah—A coronetted summit—The hour of morning sacrifice—The Pharisee's prayer—The publican's petition—An argument from the plan of rescue—Life-boats mean wrecks—Confessions of sin—No relief but through God's mercy—Paul's sharp knife—A wide-open door—Immeasurable mercy—The woman and the life-raft—Earnestness needed—Humility required—A ring of confidence—A waiting God—Rev. S. K. Talmage and the converted negro's bow—How the burden was lifted.</p>	
KIND COMPULSION.	91
<p>TEXT: <i>And compel them to come in.</i>—Luke 14: 23.</p> <p>Luxuries for plain people—Unappreciative guests—Flimsy excuses—Calling in the halt and the blind—Religion a banquet—The glorious organ of Freyburg—God's fairest daughter—Preaching technicalities—Drowning man wants a rope; not a treatise—Simplicity of Christ's sermons—Uninviting church architecture—Power of example—"Father, I am following"—Value of kind admonition—How the Christian physician won his friend—Prayer a good work—The child in church praying for father—The wonderful answer—Blucher and the old soldier violinist.</p>	
APOLOGIES.	103
<p>TEXT: <i>And they all with one consent began to make excuse.</i>—Luke 14: 18.</p> <p>Invitations and regrets—The Gospel banquet—Foolish excuses—Present-day apologies—Nothing valuable in religion—Religion's good record—A maker of heroes—Religion on the death-bed—Numerous skeptics—Iron pincers of ecclesiasticism—Maltreatment by professors—Reasoning one's self into skepticism—Talmage's experience—Chalmers and Hall once skeptics—Incorrigible temperaments—Inconsistencies of professors—An illogical excuse—No help from other people's badness—Pleading lack of time—No time not to be a Christian—Raleigh, Havelock—Time enough yet.</p>	
SPRINKLED AND CLEANSED,	117
<p>TEXT: <i>And the priest shall command that one of the birds be killed in an earthen vessel, over running water. As for the living bird.</i>—Leviticus 14: 5-7.</p> <p>The Old Testament an offense—The lesson of the dead bird—The island in rebellion—A clean bird—Our faultless sacrifice—A defenseless bird—The helpless Christ—The liberated bird—</p>	

Contents

PAGE.

Blood in the Old Testament—The only sin-cleansing agency—Glorious liberty—No more fears of Sinai—General Fisk and the slave auction—The transformed beggar—Fleeing heavenward—Jesus and the clay birds.

WHAT TO DO WITH JESUS. 131

TEXT: *What shall I do then with Jesus?*—Matthew 27: 22:

Pilate an unprincipled politician—His great question—All must answer—Our treatment of Jesus—Not to be thrust back—A philosophic estimate of him—"Please, sir, take me to Jesus now"—Confidence called for—Trusting everybody but Christ—The whole of the Gospel—The scant bread supply—Where there is plenty—Surpassing portrayal—Never such a story—Enough of sorrow, suffering, torture, agony—One more chance—Dying of thirst.

MIGHTY AWAKENING. 143

TEXT: *Behold I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me; and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple.*—Malachi 3: 1.

Suggestions for sermons—A text from the throne—Church must get on a new tack—Pentecost a revival—A nation in a day—Panic of 1831—A theater turned into a church—Hundreds of thousands of souls saved in 1857—Ministerial enthusiasm needed—A gun that kicks—Talmage's ordination—Gratitude and dissatisfaction—Talmage's father and mother—Dr. Chambers's tribute—Toning down truth—Oh for a touch!—Rev. Samuel Kennedy's lost sermon—A wonderful revival—The Church and the world—An imaginary line—Thinning out at the Judgment.

ASTRAY: HOW TO GET BACK. 157

TEXT: *When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.*—Proverbs 23: 35.

Solomon's insight—Hope for the wanderers—How to get back—Obstacles in the way—Power of evil habit—Going back to old habits—Bacchus on a panther—Society repulses the penitent—Gospel in handshaking—Over-zealous churches—How Hannibal may scale the Alps—Seeking help from on high—The Antietam soldier—"Cut the slices thin"—Helping the wounded—No questions asked—Quitting evil associations—Seek Christian counsel—Must be a Waterloo—Sending home good news—What father is saying—A hurt that knows no balm.

LOST SHEEP. 171

TEXT: *All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.*—Isaiah 53: 6.

Passing away—The last sermon—A sweeping indictment—Martin Luther's cry—How sheep go astray—Hounded of dogs—Souls astray—English actor's annoyance—Not good enough for souls—What is a soul—Scared by the dogs—In financial panic—The burning frigates—A wide door—The universal Saviour—"Of us all"—Nothing unfair in that—The ambulance bell—Christ's great lift—Lost husband saved—The outcast rescued—The young man's experience—Piling on the burdens—The clergyman's prediction—The doubter dies—The agnostic finds God.

Contents

PAGE.

COME. 187

TEXTS: *Come*.—Genesis 7: 1. *Come*.—Revelation 22: 17.

An all persuasive word—A word of many meanings—Coaxing souls—The Gospel's "come" and sin's "come"—A sorry-looking husband—A victim of the word "come"—The "come" that wins—The foundered steamer—The brave boatman's wish—Struggles of adversity—Faith in Drury Lane—The story of a boiling kettle—An inexhaustible well—The lost prairie farmer and the pole star—How to come—Two things to believe—Princes and princesses—Lost through indifference—An avalanche of comes.

THE GOSPEL LOOKING-GLASS. 199

TEXT: *And he made the laver of brass, and the foot of it of brass, of the looking-glasses of the women assembling.*—Exodus 38: 8.

The gospel of Moses—The tabernacle laver—Sin and the remedy—The story of the Gospel—Sinners all—Ingratitude—What a glimpse would reveal—Wrong kind of preaching—The mirrored walls in Hampton Court—A laver for cleansing—The threatened ship and the life-insurance policy—Washing hands and feet—"Good" with an exception—Religion all-pervasive—A world-wide laver—Pardon for all sinners—The many lavers of Solomon's temple—Alexander's declined draught—Washing imperative—Only one way to Heaven—The artist and the transfigured Christ—The lamb in the cannon's mouth.

THE WORLD INSUFFICIENT. 215

TEXT: *Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher, all is vanity.*—Ecclesiastes 12: 8.

Man mightier than his book—Solomon in his glory—All the world's luxuries—Not happy yet—Happiness not assured by high position—President Jackson's verdict—The White House a hell—Solomon's millions of gold—Billions of silver—Discontent—Happiness not of the exterior—Learning and science will not satisfy soul—Solomon and his literature—Learning and science make poor gods—Jealousies among literary men—No comfort for the voluptuary—Dissolute Solomon—A blasting sin—Christ the only satisfaction.

ORDINARY PEOPLE. 229

TEXT: *Salute Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia.*—Romans 16: 14, 15.

Some ordinary people—The ordinary duties of the head of the household—Records that do not always help—Taking lessons in dough—Martyrs of the kitchen—Help for ordinary women—Divine help for ordinary business men—The grace that business men need—Heroes in our stores—Grace for ordinary farmers—Help for stone masons and carpenters—Extraordinary people, not always to be relied on—Better sometimes a lamp than a rocket—Napoleon the target of curses—World's sugar-plums precede world's *aqua fortis*—Men from ordinary homes—The deaf and dumb girl—Content and the lilies.

THE FATAL LINE. 245

TEXT: *My spirit shall not always strive.*—Genesis 6: 3.

The beached hulk and the tolling bell—How God strives with men—Through silent contemplation—A messenger from the throne—Moved by the sermon—A personal appeal—Cannot understand the doctrines of substitution—Striving through business

Contents

PAGE.

annoyances—God's purpose in trouble—Man the masterpiece of God—The message of bereavement—The dying girl in the western cabin—A limit to the striving—The woodman's mark upon the tree—The lost octogenarian—Lost on the Alps—Starting at the eleventh hour—Constantine and the fiery cross.

PLUMBLINE RELIGION. 261

TEXT: *And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said, A plumbline.*—Amos 7: 8.

Fascination for solid masonry—Wanted, a straight up-and-down religion—Reconstructing the Ten Commandments—The plumb-line in commercial life—The whales dining—Retribution in business life—The plumbline in religion—Religions that begin at the wrong end—Talmage's child and the soap bubbles—Broadening religion—A Heaven without repentance—Dying of *delirium tremens* after twenty-one years' abstinence—Effect of one defection—The young man's wise resolve—Careers of two brothers—No fun in sin's harvest—God's plumbline and the nation's.

THE CHAIN OF INFLUENCE. 277

TEXT: *Make a chain.*—Ezekiel 7: 23.

Chains in the Bible—Chains of honor; chains of slavery—In machinery—Chains of influence—Tremendous importance of the cradle—The grave only a gully—Cradle on the Ohio—All cradles afloat—Links of good influence—When family prayers become farce—Turned by memory of old faces—An almighty pull—Chain bridge over the Seine—One faulty bolt—The breakdown—Links in a good chain—Getting into good company—The pink of perfection—Links in a bad chain—The cry for freedom—Christ the only deliverer—The King of Sparta's challenge.

THE GRAND REVIEW. 291

TEXT: *And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses.*—Revelation 19: 14.

The horse as Job viewed him—An emblem of strength—Strength of the redeemed—An emblem of fleetness—The swiftness of light—On a celestial avenue—The Roman victor's triumph—Regiments of martyrs—From St. Bartholomew's Day—The world's philanthropists—Angels of the battle-fields—From the Potter's field—Glorious Thomas Stockton—A farewell sermon—Queen Anne Boleyn's triumphal entry—The great number on white horses—After the war.

THE DROWNED LADS. 305

TEXT: *The deep that coucheth beneath.*—Deuteronomy 33: 13.

Switzerland's beauties—Two American lads drowned—The couching deep—Life's uncertainty—Death's omnipresence—The unexpected hour—The noted prisoner—Footprints on the rock—The moment of rescue—"Would you have been ready?"—Many sudden exits—The *Arctic* and the *Vesta*—The burned *Austria*—The fallen courthouse—The *Ville du Havre*—Christ walked the lake—Waiting for details—A mother's longing—The two rings.

SAY SO. 317

TEXT: *Let the redeemed of the Lord say so.*—Psalm 107: 2.

An outspoken religion called for—Sinful reticence—How to start a revival—Testimonies that pall—Charles Wesley's despond-

Contents

PAGE.

ency and hymn of praise—Abraham Lincoln and his son Tad—An attorney general's testimony—Gellacius and the mock baptism—Greeting to Mr. Lanphier—Acknowledging benefits—A word to husbands and wives—Confessing Christ—Opportunities in journeying—The woman who helped her pastor—Encouraging the preachers—God's great "Say so."

THE BUSYBODY. 333

TEXT: *A busybody in other men's matters.*—I. Peter 4: 15.

Sameness of human nature—An enduring portrait—An undesirable mission—Toil that does not pay—Where leniency comes in—The successful man's recipe—Mitigating circumstances—Staring suspicions—How a steamboat company was ruined—Depravity admitted, but some good existing—Honesty in a national bureau—Two sides to every character—Affecting the visage—John Wesley's slanderer—Mr. Gurney's inquiry—Tappan better than Tweed—The right kind of busybodying.

FULL CHALICES. 351

TEXT: *Come; for all things are now ready.*—Luke 14: 17.

Queen Elizabeth's visit—Clocks stopped to mark the moment—A great welcome—A superb banquet—A cardinal's hospitality—Entertaining the French ambassadors—Christ's grander entertainment—Waiting for his guests—Long feast of Ahasuerus—A great five-letter word—The Holy Spirit is waiting—The torn tract—A word that saved—Texts that won souls—Saved by a Thanksgiving text—The French orator—Thomas Chalmers and his preaching—Not a mass of hypocrites—Angels and glorified kindred are ready—A supreme moment.

ARMAGEDDON. 365

TEXT: *And he gathered them together in a place called in the Hebrew tongue, Armageddon.*—Revelation 16: 16.

The name Armageddon—Notable battles in history—Regiments to be engaged—Diabolic forces—Regiments alcoholic—Infidels in the battle—Mohammedans to the fray—The slaughtered Armenians—The doom of Turkey—Heathenism in the conflict—Apollyon the leader—The forces on the right side—The angelic host—The mighty work of one angel—Regiments ecclesiastic—When infidels will be curiosities—Regiment's elemental—Christ in the lead.

THE NEW EARTH; OR, THE WORLD AS IT WILL BE. 381

TEXT: *A new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.*—II. Peter 3: 13.

Depression mid struggle—Looking for the completed picture—An unknown date—The spirit of the twenty-first century—Prisons in ruins—Converted hospitals—The story of the towers—No premature deaths—Making the tour of the churches—The last cannon fired—The converted fortress—No skeptics now—The glorious work of the Gospel—International council of arbitration—Scripture fulfilled—A world redeemed carrying the tidings to Heaven—At the feet of the Conqueror—A new earth—Glory to God!

The following indexes will be found at the end of each volume:

- INDEX OF TEXTS,
- INDEX OF TITLES AND TEXTS,
- INDEX OF ANECDOTAL AND HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS,
- INDEX OF SUBJECTS.

A PASSION FOR SOULS

Rom., 9: 3: "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

A tough passage, indeed, for those who take Paul literally. When some of the old theologians declared that they were willing to be damned for the glory of God, they said what no one believed. Paul did not in the text mean he was willing to die forever to save his relatives. He used hyperbole, and when he declared, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh," he meant in the most vehement of all possible ways to declare his anxiety for the salvation of his relatives and friends. It was a passion for souls. Not more than one Christian out of thousands of Christians feels it.

All-absorbing desire for the betterment of the physical and mental condition of the world is very common. It would take more of a mathematician than I ever can be to calculate how many are possessed by an anxiety that sometimes will not let them sleep nights, planning for the efficiency of hospitals where the sick and wounded of body are treated, and for eye and ear infirmaries, and for dispensaries and retreats where the poorest may have most skilful surgery and helpful treatment. It is beautiful and glorious, this widespread and ever intensifying movement to alleviate and cure physical misfortunes. May God encourage and help the thousands of splendid men and women engaged in that work! But all that is outside of my subject.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

In behalf of the immortality of a man, the inner eye, the inner ear, the inner capacity for gladness or distress, how few feel anything like the overwhelming concentration expressed in my text. Rarer than four-leaved clovers, rarer than century plants, rarer than prima donnas, have been those of whom it may be said, "They had a passion for souls." You could count on the fingers and thumb of your left hand all the names of those you can recall who in the last, the eighteenth century, were so characterized. All the names of those you could recall in our time as having this passion for souls you can count on the fingers and thumbs of your right and left hands. There are many more such consecrated souls, but they are scattered so widely you do not know them. Thoroughly Christian people by the millions there are to-day, but how few people do you know who are utterly oblivious to everything in this world except the redemption of souls? Paul had it when he wrote my text, and the time will come when the majority of Christians will have it, if this world is ever to be lifted out of the slough in which it has been sinking and floundering for nineteen centuries. And the betterment had better begin with ourselves. When a committee of the "Society of Friends" called upon a member to reprimand him for breaking some small rule of the society, the member replied: "I had a dream in which all the Friends had assembled to plan some way to have our meeting-house cleaned, for it was very filthy. Many propositions were made, but no conclusion was reached until one of the members arose and said, 'Friends, I think if each one would take a broom and sweep immediately around his own seat, the meeting-house would be clean.'" So let the work of spiritual improvement begin around our own souls.

A Passion for Souls

Some one whispers: "Will you please name some of the persons in our times who have this passion for souls?" Oh, no! That would be invidious and imprudent, and the mere mentioning of the names of such persons might cause in them spiritual pride, and then the Lord would have no more use for them. Some one else whispers: "Will you not, then, mention among the people of the past some who had this passion for souls?" Oh, yes! Samuel Rutherford, the Scotchman of three hundred years ago, his imprisonment at Aberdeen for his religious zeal, and the public burning of his book, *Lex Rex*, in Edinburgh, and his unjust arraignment for high treason, and other persecutions purifying and sanctifying him, so that his works, entitled *Trial and Triumph of Faith* and *Christ Dying and Drawing Sinners to Himself*, and, above all, his two hundred and fifteen unparalleled letters, showed that he had the passion for souls. Richard Baxter, whose *Paraphrase of the New Testament* caused him to be dragged before Lord Jeffries, who howled at him as "a rascal" and "sniveling Presbyterian," and imprisoned him for two years—Baxter, writing one hundred and sixty-eight religious books, his *Call to the Unconverted* bringing uncounted thousands into the pardon of the Gospel, and his *Saints' Everlasting Rest* opening heaven to a host innumerable. Thomas à Kempis, writing his *Imitation of Christ* for all ages. Harlan Page, Robert McCheyne, Nettleton, Finney, and more whom I might mention, the characteristic of whose lives was an overtowering passion for souls. A. B. Earl, the Baptist evangelist, had it. I. S. Inskip, the Methodist evangelist, had it. Jacob Knapp had it. Dr. Bacchus, President of Hamilton College, had it, and when told he had only half an hour to live, said,

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

"Is that so? Then take me out of my bed and place me upon my knees, and let me spend that time in calling on God for the salvation of the world." And so he died upon his knees. Then there have been others whose names have been known only in their own family or neighborhood, and here and there you think of one. What unction they had in prayer! What power they had in exhortation! If they walked into a home every member of it felt a holy thrill, and if they walked into a prayer-meeting the dulness and stolidity instantly vanished. One of them would wake up a whole church. One of them would sometimes electrify a whole city.

But the most wonderful one of that characterization the world ever saw or heard or felt was a Peasant in the Far East, wearing a plain blouse like an inverted wheat sack, with three openings: one for the neck, and the other two for the arms. His father a wheelwright and house-builder, and given to various carpentry. His mother at first under suspicion because of the circumstances of his nativity, and he chased by a Herodic mania out of his native land to live a while under the shadows of the Sphinx and Pyramid of Gizeh, afterward confounding the LL.D.'s of Jerusalem, then stopping the paroxysm of tempest and of madman. His path strewn with slain dropsies and catalepsies and ophthalmias, transfigured on one mountain, preaching on another mountain, dying on another mountain, and ascending from another mountain—the greatest, the loveliest, the mightiest, the kindest, the most self-sacrificing, most beautiful Being whose feet ever touched the earth. Tell us, ye deserts that heard our Saviour's prayer; tell us, ye seas that drenched him with your surf; tell us, ye multitudes who heard him preach on deck, on beach, on hillside; tell us, Golgotha, that heard the stroke of the hammer

A Passion for Souls

on the spikeheads, and the dying groan in that midnight that dropped on mid-noon, did any one like Jesus have this passion for souls?

But breaking right in upon me is the question, How can we get something of this Pauline and Christly longing for saved immortalities? I answer: By better appreciating the prolongation of the soul's existence compared with everything physical and material. How I hope that surgeon will successfully remove the cataract from that man's eye! It is such a sad thing to be blind. Let us pray while the doctor is busy with the delicate operation. But for how long a time will he be able to give his patient eyesight? Well, if the patient be forty years of age, he will add to his happiness perhaps fifty years of eyesight, and that will bring the man to ninety years, and it is not probable that he will live longer than that, or that he will live so long. But what is good eyesight for fifty years more as compared with clear vision for the soul a billion of centuries? I hope the effort to drive back the typhoid fever from yonder home will be successful. God help the doctors! We will wait in great anxiety until the fires of that fever are extinguished, and when the man rises from his pillow and walks out, with what heartiness we will welcome him into the fresh air and the church and business circles. He is thirty years of age, and if he shall live sixty years more, that will make him ninety. But what are sixty years more of earthly vigor compared with the soul's health for a quadrillion millenniums—a millennium, as you know, a thousand years? This world, since fitted up for man's residence, has existed about six thousand years. How much longer will it exist? We will suppose it shall last as much longer, which is very doubtful. That will make its existence twelve thousand years. But what are twelve thousand years compared

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

with the eternity preceding those years and the eternity following them? Time, as compared to eternity, like the drop of the night dew shaken from the top of a grass-blade by the cow's hoof on its way afield this morning, as compared with Mediterranean and Arabian and Atlantic and Pacific watery dominions.

I see the author of my text seated in the house of Gaius, who entertained him at Corinth (not far from the overhanging fortress of Acro-Corinthus) and meditating on the longevity of the soul, and getting more and more agitated about its value and the awful risk some of his kindred were running concerning it, and he writes this letter containing the text, which Chrysostom admired so much he had it read to him twice a week, and, among other things, he says those daring and startling words of my text: "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

Another way to get something of the Pauline longing for redeemed immortalities is by examining the vast machinery arranged to save this inner and spiritual nature. That machinery started to revolve on the edge of the Garden of Eden, just after the cyclone of sin prostrated its sycamores and tamarisks and willows, and will not cease to revolve until the last soul of earth shall get rid of its last sin and enter the heavenly Eden. On that stupendous machinery for soul-saving, the patriarch put his hand and prophet his hand and evangelist his hand and apostle his hand and Christ his hand, and almost every hand that touched it became a crushed hand. It was the most expensive machinery ever constructed. It cost more to start it, and has cost and will cost more to keep it running than all the wheels that ever made revolution on this planet. That machinery turned not by ordinary motive power, but by force of tears and blood.

A Passion for Souls

To connect its bands of influence, made out of human and Christly nerves, with all parts of the earth, millions of good men and women are now at work and will be at work until every wilderness shall become a garden, and every tear of grief shall be a tear of joy, and the sword of divine victory shall give the wound to the old dragon that shall send him howling to the pit, the iron gate clanging against him, never again to open. All that, and infinitely more, to save the soul!

Why, it must be a tremendous soul—tremendous for good, or tremendous for evil; tremendous for happiness, or tremendous for woe. Put on the left side of the largest sheet of paper that ever came from paper-mill a single unit, the figure 1, and how many ciphers would you have to add to the right of that figure to express the soul's value, each cipher adding tenfold? Working into that scheme of the soul's redemption, how many angels of God, descending and ascending! How many storms swooping on Lake Galilee! How many earthquakes opening dungeons and striking cataclysms through mountains, from top to base! What noonday sun was put on retreat! What Omnipotence lifted, and what Godhead was put to torture! All that for the soul! No wonder that Paul, though possessing great equipoise of temperament, when he thought what his friends and kindred were risking concerning their souls, flung aside all his ordinary modes of speech, argument and apt simile and bold metaphor and learned allusion, as unfit to express how he felt, and seizing upon the appalling hyperbolism of my text, cries out: "I could wish myself accursed;" that is, struck of the thunderbolts of the Omnipotent God, sunk to unfathomed depths, chained into servitude to Abaddon, and thrust into furnaces whose fires shall never burn out, if only those whom I love might now and forever be saved.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

Mind you, Paul does not say, "I do wish." He says, "I could wish." Even in the agony he felt for others, he did not lose his balance—"I could wish myself accursed." I could, but I do not. Only one being that ever lived was literally willing to give up heaven for perdition, and that was the Divine Peasant whom I have already mentioned. He was not only willing to exchange dominions of bliss for dominions of wretchedness, but he did so: for that he forsook heaven witness the stooping star and all those who saw his miracles of mercy, and that he actually entered the gates of the world of perpetual conflagration the Bible distinctly declares. He did not say, with Paul, "I could," but he said, "I will; I do," and for the souls of men he "descended into hell."

In these last days of the nineteenth century the temperature in the churches is very low, and most of the piety would spoil if it were not kept on ice; and taking things as they are, ordinary Christians will never reach the point where the outcry of Paul in the text will not seem like extravaganza. The proprieties in most of the churches are so fixed that all a Christian is expected to do on Sunday is to get up a little later in the morning than usual, put on that which is next to his best attire—not the very best, for that has to be reserved for the levee—enter the church with stately step, bow his head, or at any rate shut his eyes in prayer time, or close them enough to look sleepy, turn toward the pulpit with holy dullness while the preacher speaks, put a five-cent piece, or if the times be hard, a one-cent piece, on the collection platter, kind of shoving it down under the other coin so that it might be, for all that the usher knows, a five-dollar gold piece, and then, after the benediction, go quietly home to the biggest repast of all the week. That is all the majority of Christians are doing

A Passion for Souls

for the rectification of this planet, and they will do no more than that until, at the close of life, the pastor opens a black book at the head of their casket and reads, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." The sense of the ludicrous is so thoroughly developed in me that when I hear these Scripture words read at the obsequies of one of the religious do-nothings in the churches it is too much for my gravity. "Their works do follow them." What works? And in what direction do they follow them—up or down? And do they follow on foot or on the wing? And how long will they follow before the catch up? More appropriate funeral text for all such religious dead-beats would be the words in Matthew, 25: 8: "Our lamps are gone out." One would think that such Christians would show at least under whose banner they are enlisted. In one of the Napoleonic wars a woman, Jeannette by name, took her position with the troops and shouldered a broomstick. The colonel said, "Jeannette, why do you take such a useless weapon into the ranks?" "Well," she said, "I can show at least which side I am on."

Now, the object of this sermon is to stir at least one-fourth of you to an ambition for that which my text presents in blazing vocabulary, namely, a passion for souls. To prove that it is possible to have much of that spirit, I bring the consecration of eleven thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine foreign missionaries. All English and American merchants leave Bombay, Calcutta, Amoy, and Peking as soon as they make their fortunes. Why? Because no European or American in his senses would stay in that climate after monetary inducements have ceased. Now, the missionaries there are put down on the barest necessities, and most of them do not lay up one

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

dollar in twenty years. Why, then, do they stay in those lands of intolerable heat and cobras and raging fevers, the thermometer sometimes playing at one hundred and thirty and one hundred and forty degrees of oppressiveness, twelve thousand miles from home, because of the unhealthy climate and the prevailing immoralities of those regions compelled to send their children to England or Scotland or America, probably never to see them again? O Blessed Christ! Can it be anything but a passion for souls? It is easy to understand all this frequent depreciation of foreign missionaries, when you know that they are all opposed to the opium traffic, and that interferes with commerce; and then the missionaries are moral, and that is an offense to many of the merchants—not all of them, but many of them—who, absent from all home restraint, are so immoral that we can make only faint allusion to the monstrosity of their abominations. Oh, I would like to be at the gate of heaven when those missionaries go in, to see how they will have the pick of coronets and thrones and mansions on the best streets of heaven. We who have had easy pulpits and loving congregations, entering heaven, will, in my opinion, have to take our turn and wait for the Christian workers who, amid physical sufferings and mental privation and environment of squalor, have done their work; and on the principle that in proportion as one has been self-sacrificing and suffering for Christ's sake on earth will be their celestial preferment.

Who is that young woman on the worst street in Washington, New York, or London, Bible in hand, and a little package in which are small vials of medicines, and another bundle in which are biscuits? How dare she risk herself among those "roughs," and where is she going? She is one of the queens of

A Passion for Souls

heaven, hunting up the sick and hungry, and before night she will have read Christ's "Let not your heart be troubled" in eight or ten places, and counted out from those vials the right number of drops to ease pain, and given food to a family that would otherwise have had nothing to eat to-day, and taken the measure of a dead child that she may prepare for it a shroud, her every act of kindness for the body accompanied with a benediction for the soul. You see nothing but the filthy street along which she walks and the rickety stairs up which she climbs, but she is accompanied by an unseen cohort of angels with drawn swords to defend her, and with garlands twisted for her victories, all up and down the tenement-house districts. There was not so much excitement when Anne Boleyn, on her way to her coronation, found the Thames stirred by fifty gilded barges, with brilliant flags, in which hung small bells, rung by each motion of the wind, noblemen standing in scarlet, and wharf spread with cloth of gold, and all the gateways surmounted by huzzaing admirers, and the streets hung with crimson velvet, and trumpets and cannons sounding the jubilee, and Anne, dressed in surcoat of silver tissue, and brow gleaming with a circlet of rubies, and amid fountains that poured Rhenish wine, passed on to Westminster Hall, and rode in on a caparisoned palfrey, its hoofs clattering the classic floor, and, dismounting, passed into Westminster Abbey, and between the choir and high altar was crowned queen, amid organs and choirs chanting the *Te Deums*—I say there was not much in all that glory which dazzles the eyes of history when it is compared with the heavenly reception which that ministering spirit of the back alley shall receive when she goes up to coronation. When she goes in, what welcome on the River of Life, its banks of pearl lined with splendors seraphic, and in temples of eternal wor-

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

ship, whose music is commanded by swing of arch-angelic sceptre, and before thrones where sit those who have reigned a thousand years, but have just begun their dominion! Poor Anne Boleyn, in three years after that pageant, lost life and throne by one stroke of the headsman; but those who on earth have a divine passion for souls shall never lose their thrones. "They shall reign forever and ever."

But, after all, the best way to cultivate that divine passion for souls is to work for their salvation. Under God, save one, and you will want right away to save two. Save two, and you will want to save ten. Save ten, and you will want to save twenty. Save twenty, and you will want to save a hundred. Save a hundred, and you will want to save everybody. And what is the use of talking about it, when the place to begin is here, and the time is now? And while you pray I will in one minute tell all there is of it: Full pardon for the worst man on earth, if he will believe in Christ, whose blood can instantly wash away the foulest crimes. Full comfort for the most harrowing distress that ever crushed a human being. At your first moment of belief, a process by which the whole universe of God will turn clear around for your eternal advantage. For the mere asking, if the asking be in earnest, and you throw everything into that asking, complete solace and helpfulness for the few years of this life, and then a wide-open heaven, which you can reach in less time than it takes me to pronounce that imperial word, flashing with all the joy that an Infinite God knows how to bestow—Heaven!

In this world God never does his best. He can hang on the horizon grander mornings than have ever yet been kindled, and rainbow the sky with richer colors than have ever been arched, and attune the oceans to more majestic doxologies than have ever

A Passion for Souls

yet been attuned; but as near as I can tell—and I speak it reverently—heaven is the place where God has done his best. He can build no greater joys, lift no mightier splendors, roll no loftier anthems, march no more imposing processions, build no greater palaces, and spread out and interjoin and wave no more transporting magnificence. I think heaven is the best heaven God can construct, and it is all yours for the serious asking. How do you like the offer? Do you really think it is worth accepting? If so, pray for it. Get not up from where you are sitting, nor move one inch from where you are standing, before you get a full title for it, written in the blood of the Son of God, who would have all men come to life present and life everlasting.

If you have been in military life, you know what soldiers call the “long roll.” All the drums beat it because the enemy is approaching, and all the troops must immediately get into line. What scurrying around the camp and putting of the arms through the straps of the knapsack, and saying “Good-by” to comrades you may never meet again! Some of you Germans or Frenchmen may have heard that long roll just before Sedan. Some of you Italians may have heard that long roll just before Bergamo. Some of you Northern and Southern men may have heard it just before the battle of the Wilderness. Some may have heard it in Cuba or in the far-off Philippines. You know its stirring and solemn meaning; and so I sound the long roll to-day. I beat this old Gospel drum that has for centuries been calling thousands to take their places in line for this battle, on one side of which are all the forces beatific and on the other side all the forces demoniac. Hear the long roll-call: “Who is on the Lord’s side?” “Quit yourselves like men.” In solemn column march for God and happi-

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

ness and heaven. So glad am I that I do not have to "wish myself accursed," and throw away my heaven that you may win your heaven, but that we may have a whole convention of heavens—heaven added to heaven, heaven built on heaven, and while I dwell upon the theme I begin to experience in my own poor self that which I take to be something like a passion for souls. And now unto God the only wise, the only good, the only great, be glory forever! Amen!

THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL

I Tim., I: 11: "According to the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust."

THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL

I Tim., I: II: "According to the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust."

The greatest novelty of our time is the Gospel. It is so old that it is new. As potters and artists are now attempting to fashion pitchers and cups and curious ware like those of nineteen hundred years ago recently brought up from buried Pompeii, and such cups and pitchers and curious ware are universally admired, so anyone who can disinter the real Gospel from the mountains of stuff under which it has been buried, will be able to present something that will attract the gaze and admiration and acceptance of all the people. It is amazing what substitutes have been presented for what my text calls "The glorious Gospel." There has been an hemispheric apostasy. There are many people who have no more idea of what the Gospel really is than they have of what is contained in the fourteenth chapter of Zend-Avesta, the Bible of the Parsees, the Fire Worshipers, a copy of which—the first I ever saw—I purchased in Calcutta, India, during my visit to that country a few years ago. The old Gospel is fifty feet under, and the work has been done by the shovels of those who have been trying to construct the Philosophy of Religion. There is no philosophy about it. It is a revelation to be accepted as a plain matter of Bible statement and of childlike faith. Some of the theological seminaries have been hotbeds of infidelity, because they have tried to teach the Philosophy of Religion. By the time that the young theological student gets half through his Preparatory Course, he is liable to be so filled with doubts about

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

Plenary Inspiration, and the Divinity of Christ, and the questions of eternal Destiny, that he is more fit for the lowest bench in the infant class of a Sunday-school than to become a teacher and leader of the people. The most useful theological professor is a Christian mother, who, out of her own experience, can tell the four-year-old how beautiful Christ was on earth, and how beautiful he now is in heaven, and how dearly he loves little folks, and then she kneels down and puts one arm around the boy, and with her somewhat faded cheek against the roseate cheek of the little one, consecrates him for time and eternity to him who said: "Suffer them to come unto me." What havoc Paul made with the D.D.'s and the LL.D.'s and the F.R.S.'s when he cleared the decks of the old Gospel ship by saying: "Not many wise men, not many noble, are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty"!

There sits the dear old theologian, with his table piled up with all the great books on Inspiration and Exegesis and Apologetics for the Almighty, and writing out his own elaborate work on the Philosophy of Religion, and his little grandchild coming up to him for a good-night kiss, he accidentally knocks off the biggest book from the table and it falls on the head of the child, of whom Christ himself said: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." The Bible wants no apologetics. The Throne of the Last Judgment wants no apologetics. Eternity wants no apologetics. Scientists may tell us that natural light is the "propagation of undulations in an elastic medium, and thus set in vibratory motion by the action of luminous bodies"; but no one knows what Gospel Light is until his own blind eyes by the touch of the Divine Spirit have opened to see the noon-day of pardon and peace. Scientists may tell us that

The Glorious Gospel

natural sound is "the effect of an impression made on the organs of hearing by an impulse of the air, caused by a collision of bodies or by other means"; but those only know what the Gospel sound is who have heard the voice of Christ directly, saying: "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." The theological dude unrolls upon the plush of the exquisitely carved pulpit a learned discourse, showing that the Garden of Eden was an allegory, and Solomon's Song a rather indelicate love ditty, and the Book of Job a drama in which Satan was the star actor, and that Renan was three-quarters right about the miracles of Jesus, and that the Bible was gradually evolved, and that it is the best thought of the different ages, Moses and David and Paul doing the best they could under the circumstances, and therefore to be encouraged. Lord of Heaven and Earth, get us out of the London fog of Higher Criticism!

The night is dark and the way is rough, and we have a Lantern which God has put in our hands, but instead of employing that Lantern to find for ourselves and others the right way, we are discussing lanterns, their shape, their size, their material, and which is the better light—kerosene, lamp oil, or candle; and while we discuss it, we stand all around the Lantern, so that we shut out the light from the multitudes who are stumbling on the dark mountains of sin and death. Twelve hundred dead birds were found one morning around Bartholdi's Statue in New York Harbor. They had dashed their life out against the lighthouse the night before. Poor things! And the great Lighthouse of the Gospel—how many high-soaring thinkers have beaten all their religious life out against it, while it was intended for only one thing, and that to show all nations the way into the harbor of God's mercy, and to the crystalline wharves of the Heavenly

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

City, where the immortals are waiting for new arrivals. Dead skylarks, when they might have been flying seraphs.

Here also come, covering up the old Gospel, some who think they can by law and exposure of crime save the world, and from Portland, Maine, across to San Francisco, and back again to New Orleans and Savannah, many of the ministers have gone into the detective business. Worldly reform, by all means; but unless it be also Gospel reform, it will be dead failure. In New York its chief work has been to give us a change of bosses. Politics will save the cities the same day that Satan evangelizes perdition.

Here comes another class of people who, in pulpit and outside of it, cover up the Gospel with the theory that it makes no final difference what you believe or how you act, you are bound for heaven anyhow. There they sit, side by side, in heaven—Garfield, and Guiteau, who shot him; Lincoln, and John Wilkes Booth, who assassinated him; Washington, and Thomas Paine, who slandered him; Nana Sahib, and the missionaries, whom he clubbed to death at Cawnpore; Herod, and the children whom he massacred; Paul, and Nero, who beheaded him. As a result of the promulgation of such a mongrel and conglomerate heaven, there are millions of people in Christendom who expect to go straight to heaven from their seraglios, and their inebriation, and their suicides, when among the loudest thunders that break over the basaltic island to which St. John was expatriated, was the one in which God announced that "the abominable and the murderers and whoremongers and sorcerers and idolaters and all liars shall have their place in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."

The Glorious Gospel

I correct what I said when I declared the Gospel was buried fifty feet deep; it is buried a thousand feet deep. Had the glorious Gospel been given full opportunity, I think, before this the world would have had no need of pulpit or sermon or prayer or church, but thanksgiving and hosannas would have resounded in the temple to which the mountains would have been pillars, and the blue skies the dome, and the rivers the baptistery, and all nations the worshipers in the auditorium of the outspread world. But so far from that, as I remarked in my opening sentence, the greatest novelty of our time is the Gospel. And let me say to the hundreds and thousands of educated and talented young men about to enter the Gospel ministry from the theological seminaries of all denominations on this and the other side of the seas, that there is no drawing power like the glorious Gospel. "Him hath God lifted up to draw all men unto him." Get your souls charged and surcharged with this Gospel, and you will have large audiences, and will not have to announce, in order to assemble such audiences, a Sunday night sacred concert, with a brief address by the pastor; or the presence of "Black Pattis" or Creole Minstrels or some new exposure of Tammany or a sermon accompanied by a magic lantern or stereopticon views. The glorious Gospel of the blessed God as spoken of in my text will have more drawing power, and when that Gospel gets full swing it will have a momentum and a power mightier than that of the Atlantic Ocean when under the force of the September equinox it strikes the Highlands of the Nave-sink.

The meaning of the word "Gospel" is "good news," and my text says it is glorious good news, and we must tell it in our churches and over our dry-goods

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

counters and in our factories and over our threshing machines and behind our ploughs, and on our ships' decks, and in our parlors, our nurseries and kitchens, as though it were glorious good news, and not with a dismal drawl in our voice and a dismal look on our faces, as though religion were a rheumatic twinge, or a dyspeptic pang, or a malarial chill, or an attack of nervous prostration. With nine "blesseds" or "happys" Christ began his sermon on the Mount: Blessed the poor, blessed the mourner, blessed the meek, blessed the hungry, blessed the merciful, blessed the pure, blessed the peace-makers, blessed the persecuted, blessed the reviled; blessed, blessed, blessed; happy, happy, happy. Glorious good news for the young, as through Christ they may have their coming years ennobled, and for a lifetime all the angels of God their coadjutors and all the armies of heaven their allies. Glorious good news for the middle-aged, as through Christ they may have their perplexities disentangled, and their courage rallied, and their victory over all obstacles and hindrances made forever sure. Glorious good news for the aged, as they may have the sympathy of him of whom St. John wrote: "His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow," and the defense of the everlasting arms. Glorious good news for the dying, as they may have ministering spirits to escort them and opening gates to receive them and a sweep of eternal glories to encircle them and the welcome of a loving God to embosom them.

My text is right when it speaks of the glorious Gospel. It is an invitation from the most radiant being that ever trod the earth or ascended the heavens to you and me to come and be made happy, and then take after that a royal castle for everlasting residence, the angels of God our cup-bearers. The

The Glorious Gospel

price paid for all of this on the cliff of limestone about seven minutes' walk from the wall of Jerusalem, where with an agony that with one hand tore down the rocks, and with the other drew a midnight blackness over the heavens, our Lord set us forever free. Making no apology for any one of the sins of our life, but confessing all of them, we can point to that cliff of limestone and say, "There was paid our indebtedness, and God never collects a bill twice." Glad am I that all the Christian poets have exerted their pens in extolling the matchless One of this Gospel. Isaac Watts, how do you feel concerning him? And he writes, "I am not ashamed to own my Lord." Newton, what do you think of this Gospel? And he writes, "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound!" Cowper, what do you think of it? And the answer comes, "There is a fountain filled with blood." Charles Wesley, what do you think of him? And he answers, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Horatius Bonar, what do you think of him? And he responds, "I lay my sins on Jesus." Ray Palmer, what do you think of him? And he writes, "My faith looks up to thee." Fannie Crosby, what do you think of him? And she writes, "Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine." But I take higher testimony: Solomon, what do you think of him? And the answer is "Lily of the valley." Ezekiel, what do you think of him? And the answer is, "Plant of renown." David, what do you think of him? And the answer is, "My Shepherd." St. John, what do you think of him? And the answer is, "Bright and morning star." St. Paul, what do you think of him? And the answer comes, "Christ is all in all." Do you think as well of him, O man, O woman of the blood-bought immortal spirit?

Yes, Paul was right when he styled it "The glorious Gospel." And then, as a druggist, while you are

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

waiting for him to make up the doctor's prescription, puts into a bottle so many grains of this and so many grains of that, and so many drops of this and so many drops of that, and the intermixture taken, though sour or bitter, restores to health: so Christ, the Divine Physician, prepares this trouble of our lifetime, and that disappointment and this persecution, and that hardship and that tear, and we must take the intermixture; yet, though it be a bitter draught, under the divine prescription it administers to our restoration and spiritual health, all things working together for good. Glorious Gospel!

And then the royal castle into which we step out of this life, without so much as soiling our foot with the upturned earth of the grave. "They shall reign forever and ever." Does not that mean that you are, if saved, to be kings and queens, and do not kings and queens have castles? But the one that you are offered was for thirty-three years an abandoned castle, though now gloriously inhabited. There is an abandoned royal castle at Amber, India. More than one hundred and seventy years ago a king moved out of it never to return. But the castle still stands, an indescribable grandeur; and you go through brazen doorway after brazen doorway, and carved room after carved room, and under embellished ceiling after embellished ceiling, and through halls precious-stoned into wider halls precious-stoned, and on that hill are pavilions deeply dyed and tasseled and arched, the fire of colored gardens cooled by the snow of white architecture; birds in arabesque so natural to life that while you cannot hear their voices you imagine you see the flutter of their wings while you are passing; walls, pictured with triumphal procession; rooms that were called "Alcove of Light," and "Hall of Victory"; marble, white and black, like a mixture

The Glorious Gospel

of morn and night ; alabaster and mother-of-pearl and lacquer-work. Standing before it, the eye climbs from step to latticed balcony, and from latticed balcony to oriel, and from oriel to arch, and from arch to roof, and then descends on ladder of all colors, and by stairs of perfect lines to tropical gardens of pomegranate and pineapple. Seven stories of resplendent architecture ! But the royal castle provided for you, if you will only take it on the prescribed terms, is grander than all that, and though an abandoned castle while Christ was here achieving your redemption, is again occupied by the "Chief among ten thousand," and some of your own kindred who have gone up, and, waiting for you, are leaning from the balcony. The windows of that castle look off on the king's gardens where immortals walk linked in eternal friendship ; and the supper is the marriage supper of the Lamb ; and there are fountains into which no tear ever fell, and there is music, and there is the kiss of those reunited after long separation. More nerve will we have there than now, or we would swoon away under the raptures. Stronger vision will we have there than now, or our eyesight would be blinded by the brilliance. Stronger ear will we have there than now, or under the roll of that minstrelsy and the clapping of that acclamation and the boom of that hallelujah we would be deafened. Glorious Gospel ! You thought religion was a straight-jacket, that it put you on the limits, that thereafter you must go cowed down. No, no, no ! It is to be castellated. By the cleansing power of the shed blood of Golgotha set your faces toward the shining pinnacles.

Oh, it does not matter much what becomes of us here—for at the longest our stay is short—if we can only land there. You see there are so many I do want to meet there. Joshua, my favorite hero ; and John,

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

among the evangelists; and Paul, among the apostles; and Wycliffe, among the reformers; and Bourdaloue, among the preachers; and Dante, among the poets; and Havelock, among the heroes; and our loved ones whom we have so much missed since they left us, so many darlings of the heart, their absence sometimes almost unbearable; and, mentioned in this sentence last of all because I want the thought climatic, our blessed Lord, without whom we could never reach the old castle at all. He took our place. He purchased our ransom. He wept our woes. He suffered our stripes. He died our death. He assured our resurrection. Blessed be his glorious name forever! Surging to his ear be all the anthems! Facing him be all the thrones!

Oh, I want to see it, and I will see it—the day of his coronation. On a throne already, methinks the day will come when in some great hall of eternity all the nations of earth whom he has conquered by his grace will assemble again to crown him. Wide and high and immense and upholstered as with the sunrises and sunsets of a thousand years, great audience room of heaven. Like the leaves of an Adirondack forest the ransomed multitudes, and Christ standing on a high place surrounded by worshipers and subjects. They shall come out of the farthest past led on by the Prophets; they shall come out of the early Gospel days led on by the Apostles; they shall come out of the centuries still ahead of us, led on by champions of the truth, heroes and heroines yet to be born. And then, from that vastest audience ever assembled in all the universe, there will go up the shout, “Crown him! Crown him! Crown him!” and the Father who long ago promised this his only-begotten Son, “I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession,”

The Glorious Gospel

shall set the crown upon the forehead yet scarred with Crucifixion bramble, and all the hosts of heaven, down on the levels, and up in the galleries, will drop on their knees, crying, "Hail, king of earth! King of heaven! King of saints! King of seraphs! Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and to thy dominions there shall be no end! Amen and Amen! Amen and Amen!"

THE SAVING LOOK

Heb., 12: 2: "Looking unto Jesus."

THE SAVING LOOK

Heb., 12: 2: "Looking unto Jesus."

In the Christian life we must not go slipshod. This world was not made for us to rest in. In time of war you will find around the streets of some city, far from the scene of conflict, men in soldier's uniform, who have a right to be away. They obtained a furlough, and they are honestly and righteously off duty; but I have to tell you that in this Christian conflict, between the first moment when we enlist under the banner of Christ, and the last moment in which we shout the victory, there never will be a single instant in which we will have a right to be off duty. Paul throws all around this Christian life the excitements of the old Grecian games—that sent a man on a race, with such a stretch of nerve and muscle that sometimes when he came up to the goal he dropped down exhausted. Indeed, history tells us that there were cases where men came up and had only strength just to grasp the goal and then fall dead. Now, says this apostle, making allusion to those very games, we are all to run the race, not to crawl it, not to walk it, but "run the race set before us, looking unto Jesus"; and just as in the olden times, a man would stand at the end of the road with a beautiful garland that was to be put around the head or brow of the successful racer, so the Lord Jesus Christ stands at the end of the Christian race with the garland of eternal life, and may God grant that by his Holy Spirit we may so run as to obtain.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

The distinguished Welliston, the chemist, was asked where his laboratory was, and the inquirers expected to be shown some large apartment filled with very expensive apparatus; but Welliston ordered his servant to bring on a tray a few glasses and a retort, and he said to the inquirers: "That is all my laboratory. I make all my experiments with those." Now, I know that there are a great many who take a whole library to express their theology. They have so many theories on ten thousand things; but I have to say that all my theology is compassed in these three words: "Looking unto Jesus," and when we can understand the height and the depth and the length and the breadth and the infinity and the immensity of that passage we understand all.

I remark, first, we must look to Christ as our personal Saviour. Now you know that man is only a blasted ruin of what he once was. Our body is wrong. How it is ransacked of disease! Our mind is wrong. How hard it is to remember, and how easy to forget! The whole nature disordered, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot—wounds, bruises, putrefying sores. There is in Brazil a plant they call the "murderer," for the simple reason that it is so poisonous it kills almost everything it touches. It begins to wind around the root of the tree, and coming up to the branches, reaches out to the ends of the branches, killing the tree as it goes along. When it has come to the tip end of the branch the tree is dead. Its seeds fall to the ground and start other plants just as murderous. And so it is with sin. It is a poisonous plant that was planted in our souls a long while ago, and it comes winding about the body and the mind and the soul, poisoning, poisoning, poisoning—killing, killing, killing as it goes. Now, there would be no need of my discoursing upon this

The Saving Look

if there were no way of plucking out that plant. It is a most unfair thing for me to come to a man who is sick and enlarge upon his disease if I have no remedy to offer. But I have a right to come to a man in financial distress or physical distress if I have financial re-enforcement to offer or a sure cure to propose. Blessed be God that among the mountains of our sin there rolls and reverberates a song of salvation! Louder than all the voices of bondage is the trumpet of God's deliverance, sounding, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help." At the barred gates of our dungeon, the conqueror knocks, and the hinges creak and grind at the swinging open. The famine-struck pick up the manna that falls in the wilderness, and the floods clap their hands, saying, "Drink, oh thirsty soul, and live forever," and the feet that were torn and deep-cut on the rocky bridle-path of sin now come into a smooth place, and the dry alders crackle as the panting hart breaks through to the water brooks, and the dark night of the soul begins to grow gray with the morning, yea to purple, yea to flame, from horizon to horizon. The batteries of temptation silenced. Troubles that fought against us captured and made to fight on our side. Not as a result of any toil or trouble on our part, but only as a result of "Looking unto Jesus."

"But what do you mean by 'Looking unto Jesus'?" some one inquires. I mean faith. "What do mean by faith?" I mean believing. "What do you mean by believing?" I mean this: If you promise to do a certain thing for me, and I have confidence in your veracity—if you say you will give me such a thing and I need it very much, I come in confidence that you are an honest man, and will do what you say. Now the Lord Jesus Christ says: "You are in need of pardon and life and heaven; you can

VOL. XIX. 41

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

have them if you come and get them." You say: "I cannot come and ask first. I am afraid you will not give it to me." Then you are unbelieving. But you say: "I will come and ask. I know, Lord Jesus, thou art in earnest about this matter. I come asking for pardon. Thou hast promised to give it to me, thou wilt give it to me, thou hast given it to me." That is faith. Do you see it yet? "Oh," says some one, "I cannot understand it." No man ever did, without divine help. Faith is the gift of God. You say: "That throws the responsibility off my shoulders." No. Faith is the gift of God, but it comes in answer to prayer.

All over glorious is my Lord,
He must be loved, and yet adored;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him, too.

I remark again that we must look to Jesus as an example. Now a mere copyist, you know, is always a failure. If a painter go to a portfolio or a gallery of art, however exquisite, to get his idea of the natural world from these pictures, he will not succeed as well as the artist who starts out and dashes the dew from the grass and sees the morning just as God built it in the clouds or poured it upon the mountain or kindled it upon the sea. People wondered why Turner, the famous English painter, succeeded so well in sketching a storm upon the ocean. It remained a wonder until it was found out that several times he had been lashed to the deck in the midst of a tempest and then looked out upon the wrath of the sea, and coming home to his studio, he pictured the tempest. It is not the copyist who succeeds, but the man who confronts the natural world. So if a man in literary

The Saving Look

composition resolves that he will imitate the smoothness of Addison or the rugged vigor of Carlyle or the weirdness of Spenser or the epigrammatic style of Ralph Waldo Emerson, he will not succeed as well as that man who cultivates his own natural style. What is true in this respect is true in respect to character. There were men who were fascinated with Lord Byron. He was lame, and wore a very large collar. Then there were tens of thousands of men who resolved that they would be just like Lord Byron, and they limped and wore large collars, but they did not have any of his genius. You cannot successfully copy a man, whether he is bad or good. You may take the very best man that ever lived and try to live like him, and you will make a failure. There never was a better man than Edward Payson. Many have read his biography, not understanding that he was a sick man, and they thought they were growing in grace because they were growing like him in depression of spirit. There were men to copy Cowper, the poet, a glorious man, but sometimes afflicted with melancholy almost to insanity. The copyists got Cowper's faults, but none of his virtues.

There never was but one being fit to copy. A few centuries ago he came out through humble surroundings, and with a gait and manner and behavior different from anything the world had seen. Among all classes of people he was a perfect model. Among fishermen, he showed how fishermen should act. Among tax-gatherers, he showed how tax-gatherers should act. Among lawyers, he showed how lawyers should act. Among farmers, he showed how farmers should act. Among rulers, he showed how rulers should act. Critics tried to find in his conversation or sermons something unwise or unkind or inaccurate; but they never found it. They watched

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

him; oh, how they watched him! He never went into a house but they knew it, and they knew how long he stayed and when he came out and whether he had wine for dinner. Slander twisted her whips and wagged her poisoned tongue and set her traps, but could not catch him. Little children rushed out to get from him a kiss and old men tottered out to the street corner to see him pass. Do you want an illustration of devotion, behold him whole nights in prayer! Do you want an example of suffering, see his path across Palestine tracked with blood! Do you want an example of patience, see him abused and never giving one sharp retort! Do you want an example of industry, see him without one idle moment! Do you want a specimen of sacrifice, look at his life of self-denial, his death of ignominy, his sepulchre of humiliation. Oh, what an example! His feet wounded, yet he submitted to the journey. His back lacerated, and yet he carried the cross! Struck, he never struck back again! Condemned, yet he rose higher than his calumniators, and with wounds in his hands and wounds in his feet and wounds on his brow and wounds in his side, he ejaculated, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." Ah, my brethren that is the pole star by which to set your compass, that the headland by which to steer, that is the light by which to kindle your lamps, that is the example that we ought all to follow. How it would smooth out the roughness in our disposition! and the world would be impressed by the transformation, and would say, "I know what is the matter with that man; he has been with Jesus and has learned of him."

Alexander was going along with his army in Persia, and the snow and the ice were so great that the army halted and said, "We can't march any further."

The Saving Look

Then Alexander dismounted from his horse, took a pickax, went ahead of his army, and struck into the ice and snow. The soldiers said, "If he can do that, we can do it," and they took their picks and soon the way was cleared and the army marched on. So our Lord dismounted from his glory and through all icy obstacles hews a path for himself and a path for us, saying: "Follow me! I do not ask you to go through any suffering or fight any battles where I do not lead the way! Follow me!"

Again I remark, that we are to look to Christ as a sympathizer. Is there anybody who does not want sympathy? I do not know how anybody can live without sympathy. There are those, however, who have gone through very rough paths in life who had no divine arm to lean on. How they got along I do not exactly know. Their fortunes took wings in some unfortunate investment and flew away. The bank failed, and they buttoned up a penniless pocket. Ruthless speculators carried off the fragments of an estate they were twenty-five years in getting with hard work. How did they stand it without Christ? Death came into the nursery and there was an empty crib. One voice less in the household. One fountain less of joy and laughter. Two hands less busy all day long in sport. Two feet less to go bounding and romping through the hall. Two eyes less to beam with love and gladness. Through all that house shadow after shadow, shadow after shadow, until it was midnight. How did they get through it? I do not know. They trudged the great Sahara with no water in the goat skins. They plunged to their chin in the slough of despond and had no one to lift them. In an unseaworthy craft they put out into a black Euroclydon.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

My brother, my sister, there is a balm that cures the worst wound. There is a light that will kindle up the worst darkness. There is a harbor from the roughest ocean. You need and may have the Saviour's sympathy. You cannot get on this way. I see your trouble is wearing you out, body and mind and soul. I come with a balm that can heal any wound. Are you sick? Jesus was sick. Are you weary? Jesus was weary. Are you persecuted? Jesus was persecuted. Are you bereaved? Did not Jesus weep over Lazarus? Oh, yes, like a roe on the mountains of Bether, Jesus comes bounding to your soul to-day. There is one passage of Scripture every word of which is a heart throb: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Then there is another passage just as good: "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee." There are green pastures where the heavenly Shepherd leads the wounded and sick of the flock. The Son of God stands by the tomb of Lazarus, and will gloriously break it open at the right time. Gennesaret cannot toss its waves so high that Christ cannot walk them. The cruse of oil will multiply into an illimitable supply. After the orchard seems to have been robbed of all its fruit, the Lord has one tree left, full of golden and ripe supply. The requiem may wail with gloom and with death; but there cometh after a while a song, a chant, an anthem, a battle march, a jubilee, a coronation.

Again, we must look to Christ as our final rescue. We cannot with these eyes, however good our sight may be, catch a glimpse of the heavenly land for which our souls long. But I have no more doubt that beyond the cold river there is a place of glory and of rest, than we have that across the Atlantic Ocean there is another continent. But the heavenly land

The Saving Look

and this land stand in mighty contrast. These shallow streams of earth which a thirsty ox might drink dry or a mule's hoof trample into mire, compared with the bright, crystalline river from under the throne, on the banks of which river the armies of heaven may rest, and into whose clear flood the trees of life dip their branches. These instruments of earthly music, so easily racked into discord, compared with the harps that thrill with eternal raptures, and the trumpets that are so musical that they wake the dead. These streets along which we go panting in summer heat or shivering in winter's cold and the poor man carries his burden and the vagrant asks for alms and along which shuffle the feet of pain and want and woe, compared with those streets that sound forever with the feet of joy and holiness, and those walls made out of all manner of precious stones, the light intershot with reflections from jasper and chrysolite and topaz and sardonyx and beryl and emerald and chrysoprasus.

What a contrast between this world, where we struggle with temptation that will not be conquered, and that world, where it is perfect joy, perfect holiness, and perfect rest! When the plainest Christian pilgrim arrives at the heavenly gate it opens to him, and as the angels come down to escort him in, they spread the banquet and they keep festival over the august arrival and Jesus comes with a crown and says, "Wear this," and with a palm and says, "Wave this," and points to a throne and says, "Mount this." Then the old citizens of heaven come around to hear the newcomer's recital of deliverance wrought for him, and as the newly-arrived soul tells of the grace that pardoned and the mercy that saved him, all the inhabitants shout the honor of the King, crying, "Praise him! Praise him!"

THE RANSOMED

I Cor., 6: 20: "Ye are bought with a price."

THE RANSOMED

I Cor., 6: 20: "Ye are bought with a price."

Your friend takes you through his valuable house. You examine the arches, the frescoes, the grass-plats, the fish-ponds, the conservatories, the parks of deer, and you say within yourself or you say aloud: "What did all this cost?" You see costly apparel, or you see a high-mettled span of horses harnessed with silver and gold, and you begin to make an estimate of the value. The man who owns a large estate cannot instantly tell you what it is all worth. He says: "I will estimate so much for the house, so much for the furniture, so much for laying out the grounds, so much for the stock, so much for the barn, so much for the equipage—adding up, in all making this aggregate."

Well, I hear so much about our mansion in heaven, about its furniture and the grand surroundings, that I want to know how much it is all worth and what has actually been paid for it. I cannot complete in a month or a year the magnificent calculation; but before I get through to-day I hope to give you the figures, "Ye are bought with a price."

With some friends I went into London Tower to look at the crown jewels of England. We walked around, caught one glimpse of them, and being in the procession were compelled to pass out. I wish that I could take you into the tower of God's mercy and strength, that you might walk around just once at least and see the crown jewels of eternity, behold their lustre and estimate their value. "Ye are bought

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

with a price." Now, if you have a large amount of money to pay, you do not pay it all at once, but you pay it by instalments—so much the first of January, so much the first of April, so much the first of July, so much the first of October, until the entire amount is paid. And I have to tell this audience that "You have been bought with a price," and that that price was paid in different instalments.

The first instalment paid for the clearance of our souls was the ignominious birth of Christ in Bethlehem. Though we may never be carefully looked after afterward, our advent into the world is tenderly guarded. We come into the world amid kindly attentions. Privacy and silence are afforded when God launches an immortal soul into the world. Even the roughest of men know enough to stand back. But I have to tell you that in the village on the side of the hill, there was a very bedlam of uproar when Jesus was born. In a village capable of accommodating only a few hundred people, many thousand people were crowded; and amid ostlers and muleteers, and camel-drivers yelling at stupid beasts of burden, the Messiah appeared. No silence. No privacy. A better adapted place hath the eaglet in the eyrie, the whelp in the lion's lair. The exile of heaven lieth down upon the straw. The first night out from the palace of heaven spent in an outhouse! One hour after laying aside the robes of heaven, dressed in a wrapper of coarse linen. One would have supposed that Christ would have made a more gradual descent, coming from heaven first to a half-way world of great magnitude, then to Cæsar's palace, then to a merchant's castle in Galilee, then to a private home in Bethany, then, last of all, to the stable. No! It was one leap from the top to the bottom.

The Ransomed

Let us open the door of the caravansary in Bethlehem and drive away the camels. Press on through the group of idlers and loungers. What, Mary; no light? "No light," she says, "save that which comes through the door." What, Mary; no food? "None," she says, "only that which we brought in the sack on the journey." Let the Bethlehem woman who has come in here with kindly affections put back the covering from the babe that we may look upon it. Look! Look! Uncover your head. Let us kneel. Let all voices be hushed. Son of Mary! Son of God! Child of a day—monarch of eternity! In that eye the glance of a God. Omnipotence sheathed in that babe's arm. That voice to be changed from the feeble plaint to the tone that shall wake the dead. Hosanna! Hosanna! Glory be to God that Jesus came from the throne to manger that we might rise from manger to throne and that all the gates are open and that the door of heaven that once swung this way to let Jesus out, now swings the other way to let us in. "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people; for to-day is born in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

The second instalment paid for our soul's clearance was the scene in Quarantania, a mountainous region full of caverns, where there are to this day panthers and wild beasts of all sorts; so that you must now go there armed with knife or gun or pistol. It was there that Jesus went to think and pray, and it was there that this monster of hell, more sly, more terrific than anything that prowled in that country—Satan himself—met Christ. Abstinence from food must have thrown Christ into emaciation. The longest abstinence from food recorded in profane history is that of the crew of the ship *Juno*; for

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

twenty-three days they had nothing to eat. But this sufferer had fasted a month and ten days before he broke fast. Hunger must have agonized every fibre of the body and gnawed on the stomach with teeth of death. The thought of a morsel of bread or meat must have thrilled the body with something like ferocity. Turn out a pack of men hungry as Christ was a-hungered, and, if they had strength, with one yell they would devour you as a lion a kid. It was in that pang of hunger that Jesus was accosted, and Satan said: "Now change these stones, which look like bread, into an actual supply of bread." Had the temptation come to you or me under those circumstances, we would have cried: "Bread it shall be!" and been almost impatient at the time taken for mastication; but Christ with one hand beat back the hunger and with the other hand beat back the monarch of darkness. Oh, ye tempted ones! Christ was tempted.

We are told that Napoleon ordered a coat of mail made; but he was not quite certain that it was impenetrable, so he said to the manufacturer of that coat of mail: "Put it on now yourself and let us try it"; and with shot after shot from his own pistol the Emperor found out that it was just what it pretended to be—a good coat of mail. Then the man received a large reward. I bless God that the same coat of mail that struck back the weapons of temptation from the heart of Christ we may all now wear; for Jesus comes and says: "I have been tempted, and I know what it is to be tempted. Take this robe that defended me and wear it for yourselves. I will see you through all trials and I will see you through all temptation."

"But," says Satan, still further to Jesus, "come and I will show you something worth looking at,"

The Ransomed

and after a half-day's journey they came to Jerusalem and to the top of the Temple. Just as one might go up in the tower of Antwerp and look off upon Belgium, so Satan brought Christ to the top of the Temple. Some people at a great height feel dizzy and have a strange disposition to jump; so Satan comes to Christ with a powerful temptation in that very crisis. Standing there at the top of the Temple they look off. A magnificent reach of country. Grain fields, vineyards, olive groves, forests and streams, cattle in the valley, flocks on the hills, and villages and cities and realms. "Now," says Satan, "I'll make a bargain. Just jump off. I know it is a great way from the top of the Temple to the valley, but if you are divine you can fly. Jump off. It will not hurt you. Angels will catch you. Your Father will hold you. But Christ resisted the temptation. Then he took him to a high mountain and showed him the glory and wealth of many kingdoms, and said: "Now we are alone and no one will see. Just bow your head to me. I'll make you a large present if you will. I'll give you Asia Minor; I'll give you India; I'll give you China; I'll give you Ethiopia; I'll give you Italy; I'll give you Spain; I'll give you Germany; I'll give you Britain; I'll give you all the world."

What a humiliation it must have been. Go tomorrow morning and get in an altercation with some wretch crawling up from a gin-cellar in the Fourth Ward, New York. "No," you say, "I would not bemean myself by getting in such a contest." Then think of what the King of heaven and earth endured when he came down and fought that great wretch of hell, and fought him in the wilderness and on the mountain and on the top of the Temple. But I bless God that in that triumph over temptation Christ gives

VOL. XIX. 55

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

us the assurance that we also shall triumph. Having himself been tempted, he is able to succor all those who are tempted.

In a violent storm at sea the mate told a boy—for the rigging had become entangled in the mast—to go up and right it. A gentleman standing on the deck said: "Don't send that boy up; he will be dashed to death." The mate said: "I know what I am about." The boy raised his hat in recognition of the order, and then rose, hand over hand, and went to work; and as he swung in the storm the passengers wrung their hands and expected to see him fall. The work done, he came down in safety, and a Christian man said to him: "Why did you go down in the forecabin before you went up?" "Ah," said the boy, "I went down to pray. My mother always taught me before I undertook anything great to pray." "What is that you have in your vest?" said the man. "Oh, that is the New Testament," he said; "I thought I would carry it with me if I really did go overboard." How well that boy was protected! I care not how great the height or how vast the depth, with Christ within us and Christ beneath us and Christ above us and Christ all around us, nothing shall befall us in the way of harm. Christ himself, having been in the tempest, will deliver all those who put their trust in him. Blessed be his glorious name forever.

The third instalment paid for redemption was the Saviour's sham trial. I call it a sham trial—there has never been anything so indecent or unfair in the Tombs Court of New York as was witnessed at the trial of Christ. Why, they hustled him into the courtroom at two o'clock in the morning. They gave him no time for counsel. They gave him no opportunity for subpoenaing witnesses. The ruffians who were wandering around through the mid-

The Ransomed

night, of course saw the arrest and went into the court-room. But Jesus' friends were sober men, were respectable men, and at that hour, two o'clock in the morning, of course they were at home asleep. Consequently, Christ entered the court-room with the ruffians. Look at him! No one to speak a word for him. I lift the lantern until I can look into his face, and as my heart beats in sympathy for this, the best friend the world ever had, himself now utterly friendless, an officer of the court-room comes up and smites him in the mouth, and I see the blood stealing from gum and lip. Oh, it was a farce of a trial, lasting only perhaps an hour, and then the judge rises for the sentence! It is against the law to give sentence unless there has been an adjournment of the court between condemnation and sentence; but what cares this judge for the law? "The man has no friends—let him die," says the judge, and the ruffians outside the rail cry: "Aha! aha! that's what we want—his blood. Hand him out here to us. Away with him! away with him!" I bless God that amid all the injustice that may be inflicted upon us in this world we have a divine sympathizer. The world cannot lie about you nor abuse you as much as they did Christ, and Jesus stands to-day in every court-room, in every home, in every store, and says: "Courage! By all my hours of maltreatment, I will protect those who are trampled on." And when Christ forgets that two o'clock morning scene, and the stroke of the ruffian on the mouth and the howling of the unwashed crowd, then he will forget you and me in the injustices of life.

Some of you want deliverance from your troubles; God knows you have enough of them. Physical troubles, domestic troubles, spiritual troubles, financial troubles. You have been gathering them up, some perhaps for five or six or seven years, and you

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

have divided them into two classes: Those you can talk about and those you cannot talk about; and as those griefs are the most grinding and depressing which you cannot mention, you get condolence for the things you can speak of, while you get no condolence for the things that you cannot. In your school days you learned how to bound the States and could tell what rivers and lakes and mountains ran through them. If you were asked to-day to bound your worldly estate you would say it is bounded on the north by trouble and on the south by trouble and on the east by trouble and on the west by trouble, while rivers of tears and lakes of woe and mountains of disaster run through it. What are you going to do with your troubles? Why do you not go to the theatre and have your mind absorbed in some tragedy? "Oh," you say, "everything I have seen on the boards of the stage is tame compared with the tragedy of my own life!" Well, then, why do you not go to your trunks and closets and gather up all the mementoes of your departed friends and put them out of sight, and take down their pictures from the wall and put in the frame a harvest scene or some bright and gay spectacle? "Ah," you say, "if I should remove all these mementoes of my departed friends, that would not take away the killing pictures that are hanging in the gallery of my own heart." Well, if that does not help you, why do you not plunge into society and try to wash off in worldly gayeties all these assoilments of the soul? "Oh," you say, "I have tried that! but how can I hear other children laugh when my children are silent? How can I see other happy families when my own happy family is broken up? Trouble, trouble!" But do you gain anything by brooding over your misfortunes, by sit-

The Ransomed

ting down in a dark room, by a comparison of the sweet past with the bitter present? "No; that makes things worse." But I have to tell you to-day that the Christ of all sympathy ~~proceeds~~

and yet there are a great many who seem to get along without any divine sympathy. Their fortune in the counting-room or in the store or in the insurance company, takes wings and flies away. They button up a penniless pocket. They sit down in penury where once they had affluence, and yet there is no Jesus to stand by them and say: "O man, there are treasures that never fail, in banks that never break! I will take care of you. I own the cattle on a thousand hills, and you shall never want." They have no such divine Saviour to say that to them. I do not know how they get along. Death comes to the nursery. One voice less in the household. One less fountain of joy and laughter. Two hands less to be busy all day. Two feet less to bound through the hall. Shadow after shadow following through that household, yet no Jesus to stand there and say: "I am the Shepherd. That lamb is not lost. I took it off the cold mountains. All's well." Oh, can you tell me the mystery? Can you solve it? Tell me how it is that men and women with aches and pains and sorrows and losses and exasperations and bereavements can get along without a sympathizing Christ? I cannot understand it.

There was a chaplain in the army wounded unto death. While lying there on the field he heard at a great distance off some one crying out in great pain: "Oh, my God!" and he said to himself: "I am dying, but I think, perhaps, I could help that man. Al-

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

though I cannot walk I will just roll over to where he is." So he rolled over in his own blood and rolled over the bodies of the slain and rolled on until he

comes rolling over sin and sorrow to the place where we lie on the battlefield, and he puts over us the arm of his everlasting love; and I see that arm and hand are wounded; and as he puts that arm over us I can hear him say: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Oh, that you might feel this moment the power of a sympathizing Jesus!

Further, I remark the last great instalment paid for our redemption was the demise of Christ. The world has seen many dark days. Many summers ago there was a very dark day when the sun was eclipsed. The fowl at noonday went to their perch and we felt a gloom as we looked at the astronomical wonder. It was a dark day in London when the plague was at its height and the dead with uncovered faces were taken in open carts and dumped in the trenches. It was a dark day when the earth opened and Lisbon sank; but the darkest day since the creation of the world was the day when the carnage of Calvary was enacted. It was about noon when the curtain began to be drawn. It was not the coming on of a night that soothes and refreshes; it was the swinging of a great gloom all around the heavens. God hung it. As when there is a dead one in the house you bow the shutters or turn the lattice, so God in the afternoon shut the windows of the world. As it is appropriate to throw a black pall upon the coffin as it passes

The Ransomed

along, so it was appropriate that everything should be sombre that day as the great hearse of the earth rolled on, bearing the corpse of the King.

A man's last hours are ordinarily kept sacred. However you may have hated or caricatured a man, when you hear he is dying, silence puts its hand on your lips, and you would have a loathing for the man who could stand by a deathbed making faces and scoffing. But Christ in his last hour cannot be left alone. What! pursuing him yet after so long a pursuit? You have been drinking his tears; do you want to drink his blood? They came up closely, so that, notwithstanding the darkness, they can glut their revenge with the contortions of his countenance. They examine his feet. They want to feel for themselves whether those feet are really spiked. They put out their hands and touch the spikes and bring them back wet with blood and wipe them on their garments. Women stand there and weep, but can do no good. It is no place for tender-hearted women. It would rend a heart that crime has turned into granite. The waves of man's hatred and of hell's vengeance dash up against the mangled feet, and the hands of sin and pain and torture clutch for his holy heart. Had he not been thoroughly fastened to the cross, they would have torn him down and trampled him with both feet. How the cavalry horses arched their necks and champed their bits and reared and snuffed at the blood. Had a Roman officer called out for a light his voice would not have been heard in the tumult, but louder than the clash of the spears and the wailing of womanhood and the neighing of the chargers and the bellowing of the crucifiers, there comes a voice crashing through, loud, clear, overwhelming, terrific. It is the groan of the dying Son of God. Look! What a scene! Look, O

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

world, at what you have done! I lift the covering from that maltreated Christ to let you count the wounds and estimate the cost. Oh, when the nails went through Christ's right hand and Christ's left hand—that bought both your hands with all their power to work and lift and write. When the nail went through Christ's right foot and Christ's left foot—that bought your feet with all their power to walk or run or climb. When the thorn went into Christ's temple—that bought your brain with all its power to think and plan. When the spear cleft Christ's side—that bought your heart with all its power to love and repent and pray.

If a man is in no pain, if he is prosperous, if he is well, and he asks you to come, you take your time and you say: "I can't come now. I'll come after a while. There is no haste." But if he is in want and trouble, you say: "I must go right away. I must go now." To-day Jesus stretches out before you two wounded hands and he begs you to come. Oh, that to him who bought us, we might give all our time and all our prayers and all our successes! He is so fair; he is so loving; he is so sympathizing; he is so good; I wish we could put our arms around his neck and say: "Thine, Lord, will I be forever." Would that I could take you all and wreath you around the heart of my Lord.

When the Atlantic cable was lost in 1865, do you remember that the *Great Eastern* and the *Medway* and the *Albany* went out to find it? Thirty times they sank the grapnel two and a half miles deep in the water. After a while they found the cable and brought it to the surface. No sooner had it been brought to the surface than they lifted a shout of exultation, but the cable slipped back again into the water and was lost. Then for two weeks more they

The Ransomed

swept the sea with the grappling hooks, and at last they found the cable and they brought it up in silence. They fastened it this time. Then with great excitement they took one end of the cable to the electricians' room to see if there were really any life in it, and when they saw a spark and knew that a message could be sent, then every hat was lifted and the rockets flew and the guns sounded until all the vessels on the expedition knew the work was done and the continents were lashed together. Well, Sabbath after Sabbath, we have come searching down for your soul. We have swept the sea with the grappling hook of Christ's Gospel. Again and again we have thought you were at the surface, and began to rejoice over your redemption; but at the moment of our gladness you sank back again into the world and back again into sin. To-day we come again with this Gospel searching for your soul. We apply the cross of Christ first to see whether there is any life left in you, while all around the people stand, looking to see whether the work will be done, and the angels of God bend down and witness, and oh, if now we could see only one spark of love and hope and faith, we would send up a shout that would be heard on the battlements of heaven, and two worlds would keep jubilee because communication is open between Christ and the soul and your nature that has been sunken in sin has been lifted into the light and the joy of the Gospel!

THE JUDGMENT

II Cor., 5: 10: "For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to what he hath done, whether it be good or bad."

THE JUDGMENT

II Cor., 5: 10: "For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to what he hath done, whether it be good or bad."

You all believe the Bible to be true. I will not insult you by an argument in that direction. Your presence in a Christian sanctuary seems to imply it; and if I can show from this book that there is a day of solemn, of momentous importance approaching, you will admit the fact, and as reasonable and intelligent people, want all the light on that subject possible. I take it for granted you are not afraid to look facts full in the face. If there come a business panic, you examine your books; you see what is your outgo and what is your income, what is the amount of stock you have on hand, and make deliberate calculation as to what are the probabilities of your successfully going through that panic. And if I can show you that there is a day coming which will try and test and weigh us—a day which to a great multitude will be a wild panic—you will immediately want to make calculation as to what are the probabilities of your successfully going through that crisis unhurt. Many of you are accustomed to serving upon juries. When the case comes on you listen to the evidence on both sides; you hear the counsel for the plaintiff and the counsel for the defendant; you carefully listen to the judge's charge; you retire to the private room, and then you come into court and you render the verdict. In this sermon, in the name of God, I impanel this entire audience as a jury before whom I wish to place certain

VOL. XIX.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

evidence, expecting that by the close of the service you will have rendered your verdict for time and for eternity.

That there is a day of trial coming, I prove from the Book of Ecclesiastes: "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil;" from the book of Matthew: "And before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left;" from the book of Acts: "God hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained;" from the book of Revelation: "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened."

But perhaps you will want to know something of the pomp and paraphernalia of that day, and so I make another group of passages: "The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before that great and notable day of the Lord come." "The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and be removed like a cottage;" "and all the host of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll; and all their host shall fall down, as the leaf falleth off from the vine, and as a falling fig from the fig-tree;" "and I will show wonders in heaven above and signs in the earth beneath, blood and fire and vapor of smoke." "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." "Lo, there was a great earthquake, and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair."

The Judgment

I suppose, my friends, you have noticed the peculiar figures of speech as I have gone on. You have seen an intoxicated man reeling from one side of the street to the other, with no power of self-control, and finally dropping into the ditch. And God says that our world in its last agony will stagger like a drunkard. You have taken a blue sheet of paper and rolled it up in your hands, and very easily rolled up that blue sheet of paper, and easily held it up in your right hand. And God says that he will take the blue heavens and roll them together like a scroll. You have gone into an orchard when the fruit was ripe, and you looked up through the branches, and you said: "Why, this fruit might as well be brought down and taken in," and you took hold of the tree and you shook mightily, and the fruit came down by scores and hundreds. And God says the world after a while, like the ripe fruit of the tree of the universe, shall be brought down as he lays hold of that tree and shakes it, and the stars shall fall like falling figs from a fig-tree.

Now, my friends, are we ready for the solemn announcement of my text? "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." I am going to speak first of the Judge, then of those who shall be gathered before him, and then of the sentences pronounced; and may God by his Holy Spirit bring this subject home to our hearts so that we shall look upon it not as a picture of something far away that we will never witness, but as a scene in which you and I will be personally participant.

In the first place, I remark that the Judge on that day will be an impartial judge. It is a very difficult thing to get a judge of that kind in this world, because men are elected to the judiciary by the votes

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

of the people; and it is a very difficult thing, when a case comes on, for a judge to forget "this man voted for me, and that man voted against me." But the Judge on that day will be impartial. He was not elected, he will not be elected, by any human suffrage. He existed before the world was. He will exist after it is burned up, independent of man, angel, and devil.

In some cities—I am glad it is not so in our own city—in some cities it is almost impossible for a poor man to get justice in the courts, especially if on the other side there be those richly appareled and highly conditioned. In many cities the polished and accomplished villain sits with embroidered slippers, and smoking Havanas of the best brand, while the unpolished and unaccomplished offender waits for his trial and has tin cup and bunk of straw awarded him, and you can often tell by the speed and the recklessness of the trial that the prisoner in the box has no money in his pocket. The law, in many cities, with its hands behind its back, walks in front of great villainies, not seeing them; but woe be to the woman who steals a paper of pins, or the man who takes a loaf of bread to keep his children from starving. But on the day of which I speak the Judge will be impartial. What to him are all the inequalities of human society? Side by side, czar and gate-keeper, president and porter, Chinese emperor and coolie, millionaire and pauper. What to him will it be whether in this world we flashed in gay drawing-room or picked cotton or broke cobblestones or harangued senates or marshaled armies? One platform on which to stand, one law by which to be tried, one impartial Judge to fix our fate. After other trials, people complain, "I did not have a fair chance"; but all nations after that last trial will be compelled to acknowledge they had a fair chance.

The Judgment

He is not only an impartial Judge, but he is a merciful Judge. When a man is to be brought to trial, he asks now which judge is to be on the bench during this term. Some judges are celebrated for their severity, and other judges are celebrated for their leniency. Now I have to tell you the Judge on that day is characterized by mercy. He would rather acquit you than condemn you. He will give you all the advantages in the case. That he has a kind heart I prove by the fact that he went a long journey to comfort two sisters who had lost their brother, and turned aside from a flattering reception to help a poor blind man. There is no telling the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of his mercy.

But he is not only impartial and merciful, he is just. What would you think of the judge who should take his place on the bench and say, "Now let all these criminals go free without regard to their character or their present condition or their state of mind. Let them all go free. Open all the prisons and let all the outragers of society be liberated. I have not the heart to punish them"? Why, such a judge as that you would have impeached. You say, "Such a judge as that is fit only for an insane asylum." The greatest farce in the universe would be a judge without justice. Now, I have to tell you that the Judge on that day will be a just Judge. He knows all the law, and he will vindicate it. Suppose we come up before that Judge with all our sins unpardoned, all our crimes unforgiven, and not so much as accepting some one to plead our cause, do you think we will escape? Ah! I tell you nay. If Mercy, radiant and garlanded, sits on one side that throne; Justice, with stern brow and firm lip and gleaming sword, sits on the other. An impartial Judge, a merciful Judge, a just Judge.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

But I must pass on and speak of those who will be gathered before him. "Lo! there were thunderings and lightnings, and a great earthquake." "Behold! he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him." "We must all, we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ." I have time only to specify five or six different classes who will be brought that day for inspection. In the first place, I remark, that all the good will come up for trial. These sacrificed in the ancient temple, and those taught in a modern Sabbath-school. These came up from a common field of graves, those from the mausoleum of princes. These were buried in the Potter's Field, those heard the archangelic blast under the solid masonry of Westminster Abbey. These died in their mother's arms; and those were octogenarians, their hair white as the snow that drifted over their sepulchres. These died on pillow of eider down; those put their flaming feet in the burning chariot that sped up from Smithfield. Once they were sinners, once they were culprits, once they deserved to die; but they got the matter settled. Written all over their hearts in the handwriting of that very Judge is their eternal clearance: "There is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Not one sin uncanceled. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let them come in. March on, great army of the pardoned and the good. March on! Hail! sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Pass on. Pass up. Pass in.

I remark, also, on that day all blasphemers will come under inspection. On earth they made a great many hard speeches they have forgotten; but on that day the record will be presented. When they first began to swear, the oath caught between the teeth and almost choked their utterance. After a while they spewed their profanities on the air, reckless of God,

The Judgment

though sometimes they apologized to the ladies. As a man once, while giving in some testimony to a judge, heard the scratching of a pen behind a curtain, and knew from that that whatever he said was being taken down to be reported, so in the last day it will be found out that the recording angel has kept an account of all the profanities, the unforgiven and unpardoned profanities of a man's lifetime, and they will flame out before his astonished vision. They will almost burn the eye in the socket, old words written so long ago. "All blasphemers shall have their place in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." Swing back, ye gates of darkness. Lift, ye gates of doom. Pass on, you great army of blasphemers. Pass on. Pass out. Pass down. Forever! Forever!

I remark on that day will come up for inspection all the oppressed. On earth they had a hard time of it. Hard crusts, hard taskmasters. No chance at all. These toiled in Egyptian brick-kilns, and these made garments for government contractors at ruinous rates, and these put out their eyes with their own needles, binding shoes for the elegant feet of lords and ladies. That forehead was never kissed of the sunlight. Those eyes never saw the green fields. Those ears never heard the song of meadow lark and brown thrasher. These were orphans, and they were kicked into the world, and they were kicked out of it. Long story of blistered hands and aching head and broken heart, and now they stand in the presence of him who in every fibre of his soul knows what it is to suffer. This is not the first time he has seen them. He saw them all the time when in their earthly sorrows they cried for pity and for help, and will he cast them off now? Cast them off? Will he? Ask the mother who holds the child in her arms to throw it to the wild

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

beasts ; ask the father who holds the child lovingly by the hand to dash that child against the rocks ; but do not expect that in the fresh memory of cross and garden of bloody sweat Christ will cast off these suffering ones who have confided in his mercy. Happy day for you all, ye children of the fire. In proportion as the thorn was sharp and the flame was severe, your reward will be great. You suffered with him on earth ; you will be glorified with him in heaven. Hail ! sons and daughters of the fire.

I remark again, on that day will be gathered for inspection and trial all those who have been secret defrauders or charlatans. Business men who have been behind the curtain know very well that much of commercial life to-day is rotten to the centre. You pass down the street without especial observation, but on either side are gigantic frauds being enacted. Operators in dishonesty so adroit and so alert the law cannot strike between the joints of their harness. Once in a while a Phoenix Bank swindle or a Ketcham forgery comes to the surface ; but the vast majority of the dishonesties never come to the surface, or, coming to the surface, are hushed up. But on the day of which I speak all these things will come up—all the affairs of banks and insurance companies and moneyed institutions, all unlawful fees by unprincipled attorneys, all trifling with human life by medical charlatans, all unlawful putting of one's property beyond the reach of creditors, all sharp practice, all gougings, all shams. If I stand before those who have devoured widows' houses or sprung snap judgments or ground the faces of the poor, let me tell you it will be a great ordeal for you unless you have given up your crimes and repented of them before God. God is going to bring the stock exchanges of London and Berlin and New York and the Bourse into judgment ; and if you have not

The Judgment

repented of your business iniquities it will be hard with you. Gates of darkness, lift. Doors of doom, swing open. All ye secret defrauders and charlatans, pass on, pass out, pass down. Forever! Forever!

I remark again: on that day all the public outragers of law and order will come under inspection. They took the first steamer and got out of the country, and the police could not catch them. The slain body was hidden, and all traces of the crime were obliterated, and everything became a mystery, and the question that passed from lip to lip was: "Who did it? Who did it?" They slunk into the underground restaurant, or on swift horse they put many miles between them and the scene of their crime. Now it will all come out.

What a general jail delivery! Crimes a hundred years ago committed, and a hundred years ago forgotten, come to resurrection. All the great outlaws of Thebes and Tyre and Babylon joining the gang of desperadoes that come up from our modern cities, a scaled and blasted and peeled and scalded throng, with their mouths still filled with blasphemies and their bodies still polluted with crime, and their eyes still gleaming with revenge, and their hearts still raving with murder. All looking on the throne of judgment, and reading there, before yet it be uttered, their eternal condemnation. Pass on, you public outragers of law and order. Pass on. Pass out. Pass down. Forever! Forever!

Again I remark, on that day will come under inspection and scrutiny all those who have depended on their personal morality, independent of Jesus Christ. No one ever doubted their integrity. If they owed a dollar, they paid it. No slander on their tongue, no malice in their heart; but here they are before the judgment-seat of Christ. Having refused the Lord

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

Jesus their love and their confidence, here they are on their own resources. They have avoided a great many sins, but they have committed the greatest sin that a man can commit—they have rejected the Lord Jesus and crucified the Lord of glory. They look back, and they now realize that the Bible was right when it said, and said of the very best naturally who had not any of the grace of God—said of all them before they were changed: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Now they find they made an infinite mistake when they depended upon their personal morality and rejected the Lord. They hear the announcement from the throne: "Because I called and ye refused, and stretched out my hand and no man regarded, therefore I will laugh at your calamity and mock when your fear cometh." And then in paroxysm of horror they cry out: "How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof. The harvest is past, summer is ended, and I am not saved." And then they go to the foot of the cliff and try to shake the stones down on them as they cry: "Rocks and mountains, fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb. The great day of his wrath is come, and who, who shall be able to stand?" Gates of darkness, lift. All these who depended upon personal morality and rejected Christ, the only Redeemer, pass on, pass out, pass down. Forever. Forever! But you say: "Did not that man do a great many good things?" Yes; but the Bible said so plainly he could not have been mistaken in regard to it; the Bible said: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified; and except ye be born again, ye cannot see the Kingdom of God."

I remark again, on that day all persons, of whatever character and of whatever antecedents, who have

The Judgment

rejected the Lord Jesus Christ will be brought under inspection. They heard the Gospel and rejected it. I do not care where they heard it. These heard it in King's Chapel and those in Sailors' Bethel; these heard it in gorgeous cathedral, and those in log-cabin meeting-house; but they heard it, and they would have none of it. Now they are before the judgment-seat of Christ, unpardoned, and all things seem to be pleading against them. This Bible which they refused to read, or read with an indifferent spirit, pleading against them. The communion table to which they were invited, but which they despised, pleading against them. The cross of the Son of God pleading against them. The warnings of God's providence pleading against them. The Holy Spirit pleading against them. Ah! my friends, it will not be the falling of the mountains and the burning seas that will make the consternation; it will be the unimproved privileges of the past gathering around that soul and pushing it to the brink and mocking its agony.

I hear the soliloquy of that soul—"Jesus called, the Spirit invited, Christians warned, the Church of God begged me to come in, all Christian influences plied my soul; but here I am unpardoned, and this is the judgment-seat. Too late now. It is all over, and the door goes shut, and that is the judgment-seat. If there were a door ajar, how swiftly I would fly through it! If there were a place to pray, how soon I would make outcry! If there were an invitation offered, how soon I would accept it! But it is too late now. This is the judgment-seat. Bitterness utter. The door shut. My fate sealed. This is the judgment-seat. Oh, if I had heard my mother's entreaty! Oh, if I had only heard my sister's prayer! Oh, if once in ten thousand years any light would break in upon this

VOL. XIX.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

darkness! But it is too late. This is the judgment-seat!"

Are we not ready to receive the full significance of the text when it says, "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad?" Are we not ready to accept the invitation of the Gospel when it says, "Ho! every one that thirsteth," "whosoever will." "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation;" "Let the wicked man forsake his way, and the unrighteous his thought, and let him return to the Lord who will have mercy;" "The Spirit and the bride say, Come; and whosoever will, let him come."

Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth should pass away.

THE PUBLICAN'S PRAYER

Luke, 18: 13: "God be merciful to me a **sinner.**"

THE PUBLICAN'S PRAYER

Luke, 18: 13: "God be merciful to me a sinner."

No mountain ever had a more brilliant coronet than Mount Moriah. The glories of the ancient temple blazed there. The mountain-top was not originally large enough to hold the temple and so a wall six hundred feet high was erected and the mountain was built out on that wall. It was at that point that Satan met Christ and tried to persuade him to cast himself down the six hundred feet. The nine gates of the temple flashed the light of the silver and gold and Corinthian brass, which Corinthian brass was made up of precious stones melted and mixed and crystallized. The temple itself was not so very large a structure, but the courts and the adjuncts of the architecture made it half a mile in circumference. We stand and look off upon that wondrous structure. What's the matter? what strange appearance in the temple? Is it fire. Why, it seems as if it were a mansion all kindled into flame. What's the matter? It's the hour of morning sacrifice and the smoke on the altar rises and bursts out of the crevices and out of the door and wreaths the mountain-top with folds of smoke, through which glitter precious stones, gathered and burnished by royal munificence.

I see two men mounting the steps of the building; they go side by side; they are very unlike; no sympathy between them—the one, the Pharisee, proud, arrogant, pompous, goes up the steps of the building, and seems by his manner to say, "Clear the track." Never before came up these steps such goodness and

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

consecration. Beside him is the publican, bowed down, seemingly, with a load on his heart. They reach the enclosure for worship in the midst of the temple; the Pharisee goes close up to the gate of the Holy of Holies; he feels he is worthy to stand there; he says, practically: "I am so holy I want to go into the Holy of Holies. O Lord, I am a very good man; I'm a remarkably good man; why, two days in the week I eat absolutely nothing. I'm so good; I'm very generous in my conduct toward the poor; I have no sympathy with the common rabble, especially have I none with this poor, miserable, common-place, wretched publican, who happened to come up the stairs beside me." The publican goes clear to the other side of the enclosure, as far away from the gate of the Holy of Holies as he can get; for he feels unworthy to stand near that sacred place. And the Bible says he stood afar off. Standing on the opposite side of this enclosure he bows his head, and as Orientals when they have any trouble beat their breasts, so he begins to pound his breast, as he cries: "God, be merciful to me a sinner!"

Was there ever a greater contrast? The incense that wafted that morning from the priest's censer wasn't so sweet as the publican's prayer floating into the opening heavens; while the prayer of the Pharisee died on his contemptuous lips, and rolled down into his arrogant heart. After worshiping there, they join each other, and go side by side down the steps, the Pharisee cross, wretched, acrid, saturnine; the publican, with his face shining with the very joys of heaven; for "I tell you that this man went down to his house justified rather than the other."

Now, I put this publican's prayer under analysis, and I discover in the first place that he was persuaded of his sinfulness. He was an honest man, he was a

The Publican's Prayer

tax-gatherer, he was an officer of the government; the publicans were tax-gatherers, and Cicero says they were the adornment of the State. Of course, they were somewhat unpopular, because people then did not like to pay their taxes any better than people now like to pay their taxes, and there were many who disliked them. Still, I suppose this publican, this tax-gatherer, was an honorable man; he had an office of trust; there were many hard things said about him; and yet, standing there in that enclosure of the temple, amid the demonstrations of God's holiness and power, he cries out from the very depths of his stricken soul: "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

By what process shall I prove that I am a sinner? By what process shall I prove that you are a sinner? Shall I ask you to weigh your motives, to scan your actions, to estimate your behavior? I will do nothing of the kind; I will draw my argument rather from the plan of the work that God has achieved for your salvation. You go down in a storm to the beach and you see wreckers put on their rough jackets and launch the lifeboat and then shoot the rockets to show that help is coming out into the breakers, and you immediately cry: "A shipwreck!" And when I see the Lord Jesus Christ putting aside robe and crown and launch out on the tossing sea of human suffering and satanic hate, going out into the thundering surge of death, I cry: "A shipwreck!"

I know that our souls are dreadfully lost, by the work that God has done to save them. Are you a sinner? Suppose you had a commercial agent in Charleston or San Francisco or Chicago, and you were paying him promptly his salary, and you found out, after a while, that, notwithstanding he had drawn the salary, he had given nine-tenths of all the time to some rival commercial establishment. Why, your

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

indignation would know no bounds. And yet that is just the way we have treated the Lord. He sent us out into this world to serve him. He has clothed us; he has sheltered us, and he has surrounded us with ten thousand benefactions; and yet many of us have given nine-tenths of our lives to the service of the world, the flesh, and the devil. The Bible is full of confession, and I do not find anybody is pardoned until he has confessed. What did David say? "I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord." What did Isaiah say? "Woe is me, because I am a man of unclean lips." What did Ezra say? "Our iniquities are increased over our head and our trespass is grown up unto heaven." And among the millions before the throne of God to-night, not one got there until he confessed.

You may pay all your debts; you may be kind to the poor; you may be distinguished for ten thousand generousities; but unless you repent you shall perish; unless you take Christ for your portion you will live an unholy life, die a miserable death, and go to an undone eternity. The coast of eternal sorrow is strewn with the wreck of those who, not taking the warning, drove with the cargo of immortal hope into the white-tangled foam of the breakers.

Repent! the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;
The wretch that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets the fiery day.

But I analyze the publican's prayer a step further, and I find that he expected no relief except through God's mercy. Why did he not say, I'm an honorable man; when I get ten dollars taxes I pay them right over to the government. I give full permission to anybody to audit my accounts; I appeal to thy justice,

The Publican's Prayer

O God! He made no such plea. He threw himself flat on God's mercy.

Have you any idea that a man by breaking off the scales of the leprosy can change the disease? Have you any idea that you can, by changing your life, change your heart, that you can purchase your way to heaven? Come, try it; come, bring all the bread you ever gave to the hungry, all the medicine you ever gave to the sick, all the kind words you have ever uttered, all the kind deeds that have ever distinguished you; add them all up into the tremendous aggregate of good words and works, and then you will see Paul sharpen his knife and he cuts through that spirit of self-satisfaction, as he cries: "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified."

Well, you say, if I am not to get anything in the way of peace from God in good works, how am I to be saved? By mercy. Here I stand to tell the story: mercy, long-suffering mercy, sovereign mercy, infinite mercy, omnipotent mercy, everlasting mercy. It seems in the Bible as if all language were exhausted, as if it were stretched until it broke, as if all power of expression were struck dead at the feet of prophet and apostle and evangelist, when it tries to describe God's mercy.

The murderer has come, and while he was washing the blood of his victim from his hands he has looked into the face of God and cried for mercy and his soul has been made white in God's pardoning love! And the soul that has wandered off in the streets and down to the very gates of hell, has come back to her father's house, throwing her arms around his neck, and been saved by the mercy that saved Mary Magdalen.

But, says some one, you are throwing open that door of mercy too wide. No; I will throw it open wider; I will take the responsibility of saying that if

VOL. XIX.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

all this audience, instead of being gathered in a semi-circle were placed side by side, in one long line, they could all march right through that wide-open gate of mercy. "Whosoever," "whosoever." Oh, this mercy of God—there is no line long enough to measure it; there is no ladder long enough to scale it; there is no arithmetic facile enough to calculate it; no angel's wing can fly across it. Heavenly harpers, aided by choirs with feet like the sun, cannot compass that anthem of mercy. It sounds in the rumbling of the celestial gate; I hear it in the chiming of the heavenly towers; I see it flashing in the uplifted and downcast coronets of the saved; I hear it in the tread of the bannered hosts round about the throne; and then it comes and sits down unexpressed on a throne overtopping all heaven—the throne of mercy.

How I was affected when some one told me in regard to an accident on Long Island Sound several years ago, when one poor woman came and got her hand on a raft, as she tried to save herself, but those who were on the raft thought there was no room for her, and one man came and most cruelly beat and bruised her hands until she fell off. I bless God that this lifeboat of the Gospel has room enough for all—for the fourteen hundred millions of the race—room for one, room for all, and yet there is room!

I push this analysis of the publican's prayer a step further, and find that he did not expect any mercy except by pleading for it. He did not fold his hands together, as some do, saying: "If I'm to be saved, I'll be saved; if I'm to be lost, I'll be lost; and there is nothing for me to do." He knew what was worth having was worth asking for; hence this earnest cry of the text: "God be merciful to me a sinner." It was an earnest prayer, and it is characteristic of all Bible prayers that they were answered. The blind

The Publican's Prayer

man: "Lord, that I may receive my sight;" the leper: "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean;" sinking Peter: "Lord, save me;" the publican: "God be merciful to me a sinner." But if you come up with the tip of your finger and tap at the gate of mercy, it will not open; you must have the earnestness of the warrior who, defeated and pursued, dismounts from his lathered steed, and with gauntleted fist pounds at the palace-gate. You must have the earnestness of the man who at midnight in the fourth story has a sense of suffocation, and with the house in flames goes to the window and shouts to the firemen, "Help!" Oh, unforgiven souls! if you realized your true condition there would be such an imploring earnestness on your part I might have to command

your prayers to be more earnest, but your prayers would drown the voice of the speaker, and we would have to pause in the service. It is because you do not realize your true condition that you are not in the earnest attitude.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

it? If an architect puts up a building, will he not let people enter it? If God provides salvation, will he not let you have it? If there be a Pharisee here, a man who declares he is all right, let me say that while that man is in that mood there is no peace for him; there is no pardon, no salvation; and the probability is he will go down and spend eternity with the lost Pharisee of the text.

But if there be one who says, I want to be better; I want to quit my sins; my life has been a very imperfect life; how many things I have said that I should not have said; how many things I have done I should not have done; I want to change my life; I want to begin now; let me say to such a soul, God is waiting; God is ready, and you are near the kingdom, or rather you have entered it, for no man says, I am determined to serve God, and surrender the sins of my life; here now, I consecrate myself to the Lord Jesus Christ who died to redeem me — no man from the depth of his soul says that except he be already a Christian.

The Publican's Prayer

Are there not many here who can utter this prayer, the prayer of the black man, the prayer of the publican: "God be merciful to me a sinner"? While I halt in the sermon, will you not all utter it? I do not say audibly, but utter it down in the depths of your souls' consciousness. Yes; the sigh goes all through the galleries; it goes all through the pews; it goes all through these crowded aisles, sigh after sigh; God be merciful to me a sinner.

Have you all uttered it? No; there is one soul that has not uttered it: too proud to utter it, too hard to utter it. O Holy Spirit, descend upon that one heart. Yes; he begins to breathe it now. No bowing of the head yet, no starting tear yet, but the prayer is beginning—it is born; God be merciful to me a sinner. Have all uttered it? Then I utter it myself, for no one needs to utter it more than my own soul. "God be merciful to me a sinner."

KIND COMPULSION

Luke, 14: 23: "And compel them to come in."

KIND COMPULSION

Luke, 14: 23: "And compel them to come in."

The plainest people in our day have luxuries which the kings and queens of olden time never enjoyed. I walked up and down the stairs of Holyrood Palace—a palace that was considered one of the wonders of the world—and I said, "Can it be possible that this is all that there was of this reputed wonderful place?" And this is the case in many other instances. There are fruits in Westchester County and on Long Island farms far better than the pomegranates and apricots of Bible times.

Through all the ages there have been scenes of festivity. The wealthy man of my text plans a great entertainment, and invites his friends. If one builds a beautiful home, he wants his acquaintances to come and enjoy it. If one buys an exquisite picture, he wants his friends to come and appreciate it; and it was a laudable thing when the wealthy man of my text, happy himself, wanted to make other people happy. And so the invitations went out; but something went very much wrong. You can imagine the embarrassment of any one who has provided a grand feast when he finds out that the guests invited do not intend to come. There is nothing that so provokes the master of the feast as that.

Well, these people invited to this great banquet of the text made most frivolous excuses. The fact was, I suppose, that some of them were offended that this man had succeeded so much better in the world than they had. There are people in all occupations and professions who consider it a wrong to them that any-

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

body else is advanced. I suppose these people invited to the feast said among themselves: "We are not going to administer to that man's vanity; he is proud enough now; we will not go; beside that, we could all give parties if we made our money the way that man makes his."

So, when the messengers went out with the invitations, there was a unanimous refusal. One man said: "Oh, I have bought a farm, and I must go and look at it!" He was a land speculator, and had no business to buy land until he knew about it. A frivolous excuse. Another man said: "I have bought five yoke of oxen." The probability is he was a speculator in live-stock. He ought to have known about the oxen before he bought them. Beside that, if he had been very anxious to get to the feast, he could have hooked them up and driven them on the road there. Another frivolous excuse. Another man said: "Oh, I have married a wife, and cannot come;" when if he had said to his wife, "I have an invitation to a splendid dinner; it is highly complimentary to me; I should very much like to go; will you go along with me?" she would have said: "To be sure I will go." Another frivolous excuse. The fact was that they did not want to go.

"Now," said the great man of the feast, "I will not be defeated in this matter; I have with an honest purpose provided a banquet, and there are scores of people who would like to come, if they were only invited. Here, my man, here, you go out, and when you find a blind man, give him your arm and fetch him in; and when you find a lame man, give him a crutch and fetch him in; and when you find a poor man, tell him that there is a plate for him in my mansion; and when you find some one who is so ragged and wretched that he has never been invited anywhere and does not consider himself fit to come, then, by the kindest tender-

Kind Compulsion

ness and the most loving invitation any one ever had, compel him to come in."

Now, it requires no acuteness on my part, or on your part, to see in all this affair that religion is a

dence of his state, by whom I happen to know, for the most part find religion a great joy. It is exhilaration to the body; it is invigoration to the mind; it is rapture to the soul; it is

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

balm for all wounds; it is light for all darkness; it is harbor from all storms; and though God knows that some of them have trouble enough now, they rejoice

ters; but the fairest of them all is she whose ways are pleasantness and whose paths are peace! I know some people look back on the family line, and

Kind Compulsion

us by a holy example compel the people to come in! I read of a minister of the Gospel who was very fond of climbing among the Swiss mountains. One day he was climbing among very dangerous places, and thought himself all alone, when he heard a voice beneath him say: "Father, look out for the safe path; I am following," and he looked back and he saw that he was climbing not only for himself, but climbing for his boy. Oh, let us be sure and take the safe path! Our children are following; our partners in business are following; our neighbors are following; a great multitude stepping right on in our steps. Exhibit a Christian example, and so by your godly walk compel the people to come in.

I think there is work also in the way of kindly admonition. I do not believe there is a person who, if approached in a kindly and brotherly manner, would refuse to listen. If you are rebuffed, it is because you lack in tact and common sense. But how much effective work there is in the way of kindly admonition! There are thousands of men all round about you who have never had one personal invitation to the cross. Give that one invitation, and you would be surprised at the alacrity with which they would accept it. I have a friend, a Christian physician, who one day became very anxious about the salvation of a brother physician, and so he left his office, went down to this man's office, and said: "Is the doctor in?" "No," replied the young man waiting; "the doctor is not in." "Well," said this physician, "when he comes in tell him I called, and give him my Christian love." This worldly doctor came home after a while, and the message was given to him, and he said within himself: "What does he mean by leaving his Christian love for me?" And he became very much awakened and stirred in spirit, and he said after a while: "Why, that

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

man must mean my soul ;” and he went into his back office, knelt down, and began to pray. Then he took his hat and went out to the office of this Christian physician, and said: “What can I do to be saved?” and the two doctors knelt in the office and commended their souls to God. All the means used in that case was only the voice of one good man, saying: “Give my Christian love to the doctor.” The voice of kindly admonition. Have you uttered it to-day? Will you utter it to-morrow? Will you utter it now? Compel them to come in.

I think there is a great work also to be done in the way of prayer. If we had faith enough to-day, we could go before God and ask for the salvation of all the people here assembled, and they would all be saved, here and now, without a single exception. There may be professional men here, political men here, worldly men here, men who have not heard the Gospel for twenty years, men who are prejudiced against the preacher, men who are prejudiced against the music, men who are prejudiced against the Church, men who are prejudiced against God—but they might be brought in by fervent prayer; you could compel them to come in. People of God, lay hold of the horns of the altar now, and supplicate for the salvation of all those who sit in the same pew with you; yea, the redemption of all who now sit in this house. What a momentous hour! God help!

At the close of a religious service, and when the people had nearly all left the building, a pastor saw a little girl with her head bowed on the back of the pew, and, passing down the aisle, he said to himself: “The little child has fallen asleep.” So he tapped her on the shoulder and said: “The service is over.” She said: “I know it is over; I am praying, sir; I am praying.” “Well,” said the minister, “whatsoever ye ask of God,

Kind Compulsion

believing, ye will receive." She said: "Is that in the Bible?" "Yes," he said, "there is a promise of that kind in the Bible." "Well," she said, "let me see it." So he turned over the Bible until he came to the promise, and she said: "That's so, is it? Now, O Lord, bring my father to this church to-night." While she was praying her father passed through the door of the church, and came down by his child and said: "What do you want of me?" When that child had begun to pray one hour before for her father, he was three miles away; but by some strange impulse that he could not understand, he hastened to the church, and there the twain knelt, the father's arm around the child's neck, the child's arm around the father's neck, and there he entered on the road to heaven. "Whatsoever ye ask of God, believing, ye will receive." That was an answer to the child's prayer. What did she do? She compelled him to come in.

I stand here and tell you, my hearers, of a great salvation. Do you understand what it is to have a Saviour? He took your place. He bore your sins. He wept your sorrows. He is here now to save your soul. A soldier, worn out in his country's service, took to the violin as a mode of earning his living. He was found in the streets of Vienna, playing his violin; but after a while his hand became feeble and tremulous, and he could no more make music. One day, while he sat there weeping, a man passed along and said: "My friend, you are too old and too feeble; give me your violin;" and he took the man's violin, and began to discourse most exquisite music, and the people gathered around in larger and larger numbers, and the aged man held his hat, and the coin poured in and poured in until the hat was full. "Now," said the man who was playing the violin, "put that coin in your pockets." The coin was put in the old man's pockets.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

Then he held his hat again, and the violinist played more sweetly than ever, and played until some of the people wept and some shouted. And again the hat was filled with coin. Then the violinist dropped the instrument and passed off, and the whisper went: "Who is it? Who is it?" and some one just entering the crowd said: "Why, that is Bucher, the great violinist, known all through the realm; yes, that is the great violinist." The fact was, he had just taken that man's place and assumed his poverty and borne his burden and played his music and earned his livelihood and made sacrifice for the poor old man. So the Lord Jesus Christ comes down, and he finds us in our spiritual penury, and across the broken strings of his own heart he strikes a strain of infinite music, which wins the attention of earth and heaven. He takes our poverty; he plays our music; he weeps our sorrow; he dies our death. A sacrifice for you; a sacrifice for me. Will you accept it now? I do not go through the audience and single out this man and that man, and this woman and that woman; but I say all may come. The sacrifice is so great, all may be saved. Does it not seem to you as if heaven was very near? I can feel its breath on my cheek. God is near. Christ is near. The Holy Spirit is near. Ministering angels are near. Your glorified kindred near. Your Christian father near. Your glorified mother near. Your departed children near. Your redemption is near.

APOLOGIES

Luke, 14: 18: "And they all with one consent began to make excuse."

APOLOGIES

Luke, 14: 18: "And they all with one consent began to make excuse."

After the invitations to a levee are sent out the regrets come in. One man apologizes for non-attendance on one ground, another on another ground. The most of the regrets are founded on prior engagements. So in my text a great banquet was spread, the invitations were circulated, and now the regrets come in. The one gives an agricultural reason, the other a stock-dealer's reason, the other a domestic reason. All poor reasons! The agricultural reason being that the man had bought a farm and wanted to see it. Could he not see it the next day? The stock-dealer's reason being that he had bought five yoke of oxen, and he wanted to go and prove them. He had no business to buy them until he knew what they were. Besides that, a man who can own five yoke of oxen can command his own time. Besides that, he might have yoked two of them together and driven them on the way to the banquet, for locomotion was not as rapid then as now. The man who gave the domestic reason said he had got married. He ought to have taken his wife with him. The fact was, they did not want to go. "And they all with one consent began to make excuse."

So now God spreads a great banquet; it is the Gospel feast, and the table reaches across the hemispheres; and the invitations go out and multitudes come and sit down and drink out of the chalices of God's love, while other multitudes decline coming—the one giving this apology and the other giving that

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

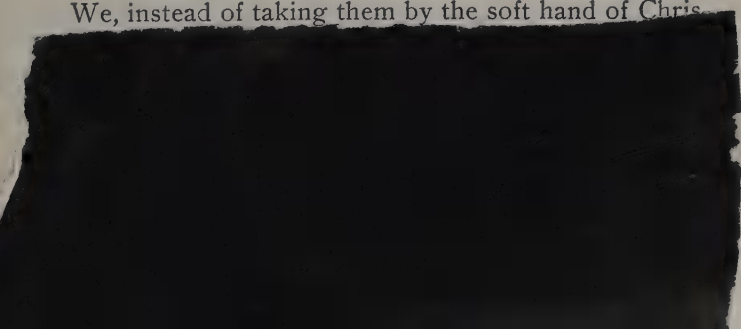
apology; "and they all with one consent begin to make excuse." I propose this morning, so far as God may help me, to examine the apologies which men make for not entering the Christian life.

Apology the first: I am not sure there is anything valuable in the Christian religion. It is pleaded that there are so many impositions in this day, so many things that seem to be real are sham. A gilded outside may have a hollow inside; there is so much quackery in physics, in ethics, in politics, that men come to the habit of incredulity, and after a while they allow that incredulity to collide with our holy religion. But, my friends, I think religion has made a pretty good record in the world. How many wounds it has salved, how many pillars of fire it has lifted in the midnight wilderness, how many simoon-struck deserts it hath turned into the gardens of the Lord; how it hath stilled the chopped sea; what rosy light it hath sent streaming through the rift of the storm-cloud, what pools of cool water it hath gathered for thirsty Hagar and Ishmael, what manna whiter than coriander seed it hath dropped all around the camp of hardly-bestead pilgrims, what promises it hath sent out like holy watchers to keep the lamps burning around deathbeds, through the darkness that lowers into the sepulchre, what flashes of resurrection morn!

Besides that, this religion has made so many heroes. It brought Summerfield, the Methodist, across the Atlantic Ocean with his silver trumpet to blow the acceptable year of the Lord, until it seemed as if all our American cities would take the kingdom of heaven by violence. It sent Jehudi Ashman into Africa alone, in a continent of naked barbarians, to lift the standard of civilization and Christianity. It made John Milton among poets, Raphael among painters, Christopher Wren among architects, Thor-


Apologies

waldsen among sculptors, Handel among musicians, Dupont among military commanders; and to give new wings to the imagination and better balance to the judgment and more determination to the will and greater usefulness to the life and grander nobility to the soul, there is nothing in all the earth like our Christian religion. Nothing in religion! Why, then, all those Christians were deceived, when in their dying moment they thought they saw the castles of the blessed; and your child, that with unutterable agony you put away into the grave, you will never see him again nor hear his sweet voice nor feel the throb of his young heart? There is nothing in religion! Sickness will come upon you. Roll and turn on your pillow. No relief. The medicine may be bitter, the night may be dark, the pain may be sharp. No relief. Christ never comes to the sickroom. Let the pain stab. Let the fever burn. Curse it and die. There is nothing in religion! After a while death will come. You will hear the pawing of the pale horse on the threshold. The spirit will be breaking away from the body, and it will take flight—whither? whither? There is no God, no ministering angels to conduct, no Christ, no heaven, no home. Nothing in religion! Oh, you are not willing to adopt such a dismal theory! And yet the world is full of skeptics. And let me say there is no class of people for whom I have a warmer sympathy than for skeptics. We do not know how to treat them. We deride them; we caricature them. We, instead of taking them by the soft hand of Chris-



Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

Religion was driven into them with a trip-hammer. They had a surfeit of prayer-meetings. They were stuffed and choked with catechisms. They were told by their parents that they were the worst children that ever lived, because they liked to ride down-hill better than to read *Pilgrim's Progress*. They never heard their parents talk of religion but with the corners of the mouth drawn down and the eyes rolled up. Others went into skepticism through maltreatment on the part of some who professed religion. There is a man who says: "My partner in business was conspicuous in prayer-meeting and he was officious in all religious circles; but he cheated me out of three thousand dollars and I don't want any of that religion." Then there are others who got into skepticism by a natural persistence in asking questions, why? or how? How can God be one Being in three persons? They cannot understand it. Neither can I. How can God be a complete sovereign, and yet man a free agent? They cannot understand it. Neither can I. They cannot understand why a holy God lets sin come into the world. Neither can I. They say: "Here is a great mystery; here is a disciple of fashion, frivolous and Godless all her days—she lives on to be an octogenarian. Here is a Christian mother training her children for God and for heaven, self-sacrificing, Christlike, indispensable, seemingly, to that household—she gets a cancer and dies." The skeptic says: "I can't explain that." Neither can I.



Apologies

of their fathers. Such men are not to be caricatured, but helped, and not through their heads, but through their hearts. When these men really do come into the kingdom of God, they will be worth far more to the cause of Christ than those who never examined the evidences of Christianity. Thomas Chalmers once a skeptic, Robert Hall once a skeptic, Christmas Evans once a skeptic; but when they did lay hold of the Gospel chariot, how they made it speed ahead! If, therefore, I address men and women who have drifted away into skepticism, I throw out no scoff; I rather implead you by the memory of those good old times when you knelt at your mother's knee and said your evening prayer, and those other days of sickness when she watched all night and gave you the medicines at just the right time and turned the pillow when it was hot, and, with hand long ago turned to dust, soothed your pains, and with that voice you will never hear again unless you join her in the better country, told you never mind—you would be better by and by; and by that dying couch where she talked so slowly, catching her breath between the words—by all those memories I ask you to come and take the same religion. It was good enough for her—it is good enough for you. Ay, I make a better plea: by the wounds and the death-throe of the Son of God, who approaches you this morning with torn brow and lacerated hands and whipped back, crying: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because of the incorrigibility of their temperament. Now, we admit it is harder for some people to become Christians than for others; but the grace of God never came to a mountain that it could not climb or to an abyss that it could not fathom

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

or to a bondage that it could not break. The wildest horse that ever trod Arabian sands has been broken to bit and trace. The maddest torrent tumbling from mountain shelving has been harnessed to the mill-wheel and the factory-band, setting a thousand shuttles all a-buzz and a-clatter; and the wildest, the haughtiest, the most ungovernable man ever created, by the grace of God may be subdued and sent out on ministry of kindness, as God sends an August thunderstorm to water the wild flowers down in the grass. Peter, with nature tempestuous as the sea that he once tried to walk, at one look from Christ went out and wept bitterly. Rich harvests of grace may grow on the summit of the jagged steep, and flocks of Christian graces may find pasturage in fields of bramble and rock. Though your disposition may be all a-bristle with fretfulness, though you have a temper a-gleam with quick lightnings, though your avarice be like that of the horse-leech, crying, "Give!" though damnable impurities have wrapped you in all-consuming fire—God can drive that devil out of your soul, and over the chaos and the darkness he can say: "Let there be light." Converting grace has lifted the drunkard from the ditch and snatched the knife from the hand of the assassin and the false keys from the burglar and in the pestiferous lanes of the city met the daughter of sin under the dim lamplight and scattered her sorrow and her guilt with the words: "Thy sins are forgiven—go, and sin no more." For scarlet sin a scarlet atonement.

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because of the inconsistencies of those who profess religion. There are thousands of poor farmers. They do not know the nature of soils nor the proper rotation of crops. Their corn is shorter in the stalk and smaller in the ear. They have ten

Apologies

less bushels to the acre than their neighbors. But who declines being a farmer because there are so many poor farmers? There are thousands of incompetent merchants. They buy at the wrong time. They get cheated in the sale of their goods. Every bale of goods is to them a bale of disaster. They fail after a while and go out of business. But who declines to be a merchant because there are so many incompetent merchants? There are thousands of poor lawyers. They cannot draw a declaration that will stand the test. They cannot recover just damages. They cannot help a defendant escape from the injustice of his persecutors. They are the worst impediments against any case in which they are retained. But who declines to be a lawyer because there are so many incompetent lawyers? Yet there are tens of thousands of people who decline being religious because there are so many unworthy Christians. Now I say it is illogical. Poor lawyers are nothing against jurisprudence; poor physicians are nothing against medicine; poor farmers are nothing against agriculture; and mean, contemptible professors of religion are nothing against our glorious Christianity.

Sometimes you have been riding along on a summer night by a swamp, and you have seen lights that kindled over decayed vegetation—lights which are called Jack-o'-lantern or Will-o'-the-wisp. These lights are merely poisonous miasmata. My friends, on your way to heaven you will want a better light than the Will-o'-the-wisps which dance on the rotten character of moribund Christians. Exudations from poisonous trees in our neighbor's garden will make a very poor balm for our wounds.

Sickness will come and we will be pushed out toward the Red Sea which divides this world from the next, and not the inconsistency of Christians but

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

the rod of faith will wave back the waters as a commander wheels his host. The judgment will come, with its thunder-shod solemnities, attended by bursting mountains and the deep laugh of earthquakes, and suns will fly before the feet of God like sparks from the anvil and ten thousand burning worlds shall blaze like banners in the track of God omnipotent. Oh, then we will not stop and say: "There was a mean Christian; there was a cowardly Christian; there was a lying Christian; there was an impure Christian." In that day as now: "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself; but if thou scornest, thou alone shall bear it." Why, my brother, the inconsistency of Christians, so far from being an argument to keep you away from God, ought to be an argument to drive you to him. The best place for a skilful doctor is in a neighborhood where they are all poor doctors; the best place for an enterprising merchant to open his store is in a place where the bargain-makers do not understand their business; and the best place for you who want to become the illustrious and complete Christian—the best place for you is to come right down among us who are so incompetent and so inconsistent sometimes. Show us how. Give us an example.

Other persons apologize for not becoming Christians because they lack time. As though religion muddled the brain of the accountant or tripped the pen of the author or thickened the tongue of the orator or weakened the arm of the mechanic or scattered the briefs of the lawyer or interrupted the sales of the merchant. They bolt their store doors against it and fight it back with trowels and with yardsticks, and cry: "Away with your religion from our store, our office, our factory." They do not understand that religion in this workday world will help you to

Apologies

do anything you ought to do. It can lay a keel; it can sail a ship; it can buy a cargo; it can work a pulley; it can pave a street; it can fit a wristband; it can write a constitution; it can marshal a host. It is as appropriate to the astronomer as his telescope, to the chemist as his laboratory, to the mason as his plumb-line, to the carpenter as his plane, to the child as his marbles, to grandfather as his staff.

No time to be religious here! You have no time not to be religious. You might as well have no clerks in your store, no books in your library, no compass on your ship, no rifle in the battle, no hat for your head, no coat for your back, no shoes for your feet. Better travel on toward eternity bareheaded and barefooted and houseless and homeless and friendless, than to go through life without religion. Did religion make Raleigh any less of a statesman or Havelock any less of a soldier or Grinnell any less of a merchant or West any less of a painter? Why, my friends, religion is the best security in every bargain, it is the sweetest note in every song, it is the brightest gem in every coronet. No time to be religious! Why, you will have to take time to be sick, to be troubled, to die. Our world is only the wharf from which we are to embark for heaven. No time to secure the friendship of Christ. No time to buy a lamp and trim it for that walk through the darkness which otherwise will be illumined only by the whiteness of the tombstones. No time to educate the eye for heavenly splendors or the hand for choral harps or the ear for everlasting songs or the soul for honor, glory, and immortality. One would think we had time for nothing else.

Other persons apologize for not entering the Christian life because it is time enough yet. That is very like those persons who send their regrets and

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

say, "I will come in perhaps at eleven or twelve o'clock; I will not be there at the opening of the banquet, but I will be there at the close." Not yet! Not yet! Now, I do not give any doleful view of this life; there is nothing in my nature, nothing in the grace of God, that tends toward a doleful view of human life. I have not much sympathy with Addison's description of the "Vision of Mirza," where he represents human life as being a bridge of a hundred arches and both ends of the bridge covered with clouds and the race coming on the most of them falling down through the first span and all of them falling down through the last span. It is a very dismal picture. I have not much sympathy with the Spanish proverb which says, "The sky is good and the earth is good—that which is bad is between the earth and the sky." But while we as Christian men are bound to take a cheerful view of life, we must also confess that life is a great uncertainty, and that man who says, "I can't become a Christian because there is time enough yet," is running a risk infinite. You do not perhaps realize the fact that this descending grade of sin gets steeper and steeper and that you are gathering up a rush and velocity which after a while may not answer to the brakes.

Be not among those who give their whole life to the world and then give their corpse to God. It does not seem fair that while our pulses are in full play of health, that we serve ourselves and serve the world, and then make God at last the present of a coffin. It does not seem right that we run our ship from coast to coast carrying cargoes for ourselves, and then when the ship is crushed in the rocks, give to God the shivered timbers. It is a great thing for a man on his dying pillow to repent—better than

Apologies

never at all; but how much better, how much more generous, it would have been if he had repented fifty years before! My friends, you will never get over these procrastinations.

Here is a delusion. People think, "I can go on in sin and worldliness, but after a while I will repent and then it will be as though I had come at the very start." What a mistake! No one ever gets fully over procrastination. If you give your soul to God some other time than this, you will enter heaven with only half the capacity for enjoyment and knowledge you might have had. There will be heights of blessedness you might have attained, you will never reach; thrones of glory on which you might have been seated, but which you will never climb. We will never get over procrastination, neither in time nor in eternity.

We have started on a march from which there is no retreat. The shadows of eternity gather on our pathway. How insignificant is time compared with the vast eternity! As I was thinking of this one day while coming down over the Alleghany Mountains at noon, by that wonderful pass which you all have heard described as the Horseshoe—a depression in the side of the mountain where the train almost turns back again upon itself, and you see how appropriate is the description of the "Horseshoe"—and thinking on this very theme and preparing this very sermon, it seemed to me as if the great courser of eternity speeding along had just struck the mountain with one hoof and gone on into illimitable space. So short is time, so insignificant is earth, compared with the vast eternity! This morning, voices roll down the sky and all the worlds of light are ready to rejoice at your disenthralment. Rush not into the

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

presence of the king ragged with sin, when you may have this robe of righteousness. Dash not your foot to pieces against the throne of a crucified Christ. Throw not your crown of life off the battlements. All the scribes of God are this moment ready with volumes of living light to record the news of your soul emancipated.

SPRINKLED AND CLEANSED

Leviticus, 14: 5-7: "And the priest shall command that one of the birds be killed in an earthen vessel, over running water. As for the living bird, he shall take it, and the cedar-wood, and the scarlet, and the hyssop, and shall dip them and the living bird in the blood of the bird that was killed over the running water; and he shall sprinkle upon him that is to be cleansed from the leprosy seven times, and shall pronounce him clean, and shall let the living bird loose into the open field."

SPRINKLED AND CLEANSED

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The Old Testament, to very many people, is a great slaughter-house strewn with the blood and bones and horns and hoofs of butchered animals. It offends their sight; it disgusts their taste; it actually nauseates the stomach. But to the intelligent Christian the Old Testament is a magnificent corridor through which Jesus advances. As he appears at the other end of the corridor, we can only see the outlines of his character; coming nearer, we can descry the features. But when, at last, he steps upon the platform of the New Testament, amid the torches of evangelists and apostles, the orchestras of heaven announce him with a blast of minstrelsy that wakes up Bethlehem at midnight.

There were a great many cages of birds brought down to Jerusalem for sacrifice—sparrows and pigeons and turtle-doves. I can hear them now, whistling, caroling, and singing all around about the Temple. When a leper was to be cured of his leprosy, in order to his cleansing two of these birds were taken; one of them was slain over an earthen vessel of running water—that is, clear, fresh water,

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

and then the bird was killed. Another bird was then taken, tied to a hyssop branch, and plunged by the priest into the blood of the first bird; and then, with this hyssop branch, bird-tipped, the priest would sprinkle the leper seven times, then untie the bird from the hyssop branch and it would go soaring into the heavens. Now open your eyes, my brethren, and see that that first bird meant Jesus and that that second bird means your own soul.

There is nothing more suggestive than a caged bird. In the down of its breast you can see the glow of southern climes; in the sparkle of its eye you can see the flash of distant seas; in its voice you can hear the song it learned in the wildwood. It is a child of the sky in captivity. Now the dead bird of my text, captured from the air, suggests the Lord Jesus, who came down from the realms of light and glory. He once stood in the sunlight of heaven. He was the favorite of the land. He was the King's son. Whenever a victory was gained or a throne set up, he was the first to hear it. He could not walk *incognito* along the streets, for all heaven knew him. For eternal ages he had dwelt amid the mighty populations of heaven. No holiday had ever dawned on the city when he was absent. He was not like an earthly prince, occasionally issuing from a palace heralded by a troop of clanking horse-guards. No; he was greeted everywhere as a brother, and all heaven was perfectly at home with him.

But one day there came word to the palace that an insignificant island was in rebellion and was cutting itself to pieces with anarchy. I hear an angel say: "Let it perish. The King's realm is vast enough without the island. The tributes to the King are large enough without that. We can spare it." "Not so," said the prince, the King's son; and I see him

Sprinkled and Cleansed

push out one day, under the protest of a great company. He starts straight for the rebellious island. He lands amid the execrations of the inhabitants, that grow in violence until the malice of earth has smitten him and the spirits of the lost world put their black wings over his dying head and shut the sun out. The hawks and vultures swooped upon this dove of the text, until head and breast and feet ran blood—until, under the flocks and beaks of darkness, the poor thing perished. No wonder it was a bird that was taken and slain over an earthen vessel of running water. It was a child of the skies. It typified him who came down from heaven in agony and blood to save our souls. Blessed be his glorious name forever!

I notice, also, in my text, that the bird that was slain was a clean bird. The text demanded that it should be. The raven was never sacrificed nor the cormorant nor the vulture. It must be a clean bird, says the text; and it suggests the pure Jesus—the holy Jesus. Although he spent his boyhood in a corrupt village, although blasphemies were poured into his ear enough to have poisoned anyone else, he stands before the world a perfect Christ. Herod was cruel; Henry VIII was unclean; but point out a fault of our King. Answer me, ye boys who knew him on the streets of Nazareth. Answer me, ye miscreants who saw him die. The sceptical tailors have tried for eighteen hundred years to find out one hole in this seamless garment, but they have not found it. The most ingenious and eloquent infidel of this day, in the last line of his book, all of which denounces Christ, says: "All ages must proclaim that among the sons of men there is none greater than Jesus." So let this bird of the text be clean—its feet fragrant with the dew that it pressed, its beak carrying sprigs

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

of thyme and frankincense, its feathers washed in summer showers. O thou spotless Son of God, impress us with thy innocence!

Thou lovely source of true delight,
Whom I, unseen, adore,
Unveil thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love thee more.

I remark, also, in regard to this first bird, mentioned in the text, that it was a defenseless bird. When the eagle is assaulted, with its iron beak it strikes like a bolt against its adversary. This was a dove or a sparrow; we do not know just which. Take a dove or pigeon in your hand and the pecking of its beak on your hand makes you laugh at the feebleness of its assault. The reindeer, after it is down, may fell you with its antlers. The ox, after you think it is dead, may break your leg in its death struggle. The harpooned whale, in its last agony, may crush you in the coil of the unwinding rope. But this was a dove or a sparrow—perfectly harmless, perfectly defenseless—type of him who said: “I have trod the wine-press alone, and there was none to help.” None to help! The murderers have it all their own way. Where was the soldier in the Roman regiment who swung his sword in the defense of the Divine Martyr? Did they put one drop of oil on his gashed feet? Was there one, in all that crowd, manly and generous enough to stand up for him? Were the miscreants at the cross any more interfered with in their work of spiking him fast than the carpenter in his shop driving a nail through a pine board? The women cried, but there was no balm in their tears. None to help! none to help! O my Lord Jesus, none to help! The wave of anguish came up to the arch of his feet—came up to his knee—

Sprinkled and Cleansed

floated to his waist—rose to his chin—swept to his temples, yet none to help! Ten thousand times ten thousand angels in the sky, ready at command to plunge into the bloody affray and strike back the hosts of darkness, yet none to help! none to help! Oh, this dove of the text, in its last moment, clutched not with angry talons. It plunged not a savage beak. It was a dove—helpless, defenseless. None to help! none to help!

As, after a severe storm in the morning, you go out and find birds dead on the snow, so this dead bird of the text makes me think of that awful storm that swept the earth on Crucifixion day, when the wrath of God and the malice of man and the fury of devils wrestled beneath the three crosses. As we sang just now:

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

But I come now to speak of this second bird of the text. We must not let that fly away until we have examined it. The priest took the second bird, tied it to the hyssop branch, and then plunged it in the blood of the first bird. Ah! that is my soul, plunged for cleansing in the Saviour's blood. There is not enough water in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans to wash away our smallest sin. Sin is such an outrage on God's universe that nothing but blood can atone for it. You know the life is in the blood, and as the life had been forfeited, nothing could buy it back but blood. What was it that was sprinkled on the door-posts when the destroying angel went through the land? Blood. What was it that went streaming from the altar of ancient sacrifice? Blood.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

What was it that the priest carried into the Holy of Holies, making intercession for the people? Blood. What was it that Jesus sweated in the garden of Gethsemane? Great drops of blood. What does the wine in the sacramental cup symbolize? Blood. What makes the robes of the righteous in heaven so fair? They are washed in the blood of the Lamb. What is it that cleanses all our pollution? The blood of Jesus Christ, that cleanseth from all sin.

I hear somebody saying: "I do not like such a sanguinary religion as that." Do you think it is very wise for the patient to tell the doctor: "I don't like the medicine you have given me"? If he wants to be cured, he had better take the medicine. My Lord God has offered us a balm, and it is very foolish for us to say: "I don't like that balm." We had better take it, and be saved. But you do not oppose the shedding of blood in other directions and for other ends. If a hundred thousand men go out to battle for their country, and have to lay down their lives for free institutions, is there anything ignoble about that? No, you say; "glorious sacrifice rather." And is there anything ignoble in the idea that the Lord Jesus Christ, by the shedding of his blood, delivered not only one land, but all lands and all ages, from bondage, introducing men by millions and millions into the liberty of the sons of God! Is there anything ignoble about that?

As this second bird of the text was plunged in the blood of the first bird, so we must be washed in the blood of Christ, or go polluted forever.

Let the water and the blood,
From thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from sin, and make me pure.

Sprinkled and Cleansed

I notice now that as soon as this second bird was dipped in the blood of the first bird, the priest unloosened it and it was free—free of wing and free of foot. It could whet its beak on any tree-branch it chose. It could peck the grapes of any vineyard it chose. It was free: a type of our souls after we have washed in the blood of the Lamb. We can go where we will. We can do what we will. You say: "Had you not better qualify that?" No; for I remember that in conversion the will is changed, and the man will not will that which is wrong. There is no strait-jacket in our religion. A state of sin is a state of slavery. A state of pardon is a state of emancipation. The hammer of God's grace knocks the hobbles from the feet, knocks the handcuffs from the wrist, opens the door into a landscape all ashimmer with fountains and abloom with gardens. It is freedom.

If a man has become a Christian, he is no more afraid of Sinai. The thunders of Sinai do not frighten him. You have, on some August day, seen two thunder showers meet. One cloud from this mountain and another cloud from that mountain, coming nearer and nearer together, and responding to each other, crash to crash, thunder to thunder, boom! boom! And then the clouds break and the torrents pour, and they are emptied perhaps into the very same stream that comes down so red at your feet, that it seems as if all the carnage of the storm-battle has been emptied into it. So in this Bible I see two storms gather, one above Sinai, the other above Calvary, and they respond one to the other—flash to flash, thunder to thunder, boom! boom! Sinai thunders: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die;" Calvary responds: "Save them from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom." Sinai says: "Woe!

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

woe!" Calvary answers: "Mercy! mercy!" and then the clouds burst and empty their treasures into one torrent and it comes flowing to our feet, red with the carnage of our Lord—in which, if thy soul be plunged, like the bird in the text, it shall go forth free—free! Oh, I wish all people to understand this: that when a man becomes a Christian he does not become a slave, but that he becomes a free man; that he has larger liberty after he becomes a child of God than before he became a child of God. General Fisk said that he once stood at a slave-block where an old Christian minister was being sold. The auctioneer said of him: "What bid do I hear for this man? He is a very good kind of a man; he is a minister." Somebody said, "Twenty dollars" (he was very old and not worth much); somebody else "twenty-five"—"thirty"—"thirty-five"—"forty." The aged Christian minister began to tremble; he had expected to be able to buy his own freedom, and he had just seventy dollars and expected with the seventy dollars to get free. As the bids ran up the old man trembled more and more. "Forty"—"forty-five"—"fifty"—"fifty-five"—"sixty"—"sixty-five." The old man cried out, "Seventy." He was afraid they would outbid him. The men around were transfixed. Nobody dared bid; and the auctioneer struck him down to himself—done—done!

But by reason of sin we are poorer than that African. We cannot buy our own deliverance. The voices of death are bidding for us and they bid us in and they bid us down. But the Lord Jesus Christ comes and says: "I will buy that man; I bid for him my Bethlehem manger; I bid for him my hunger on the mountain; I bid for him my aching head; I bid for him my fainting heart; I bid for him all my wounds." A voice from the throne of God says: "It

Sprinkled and Cleansed

is enough! Jesus has bought him." Bought with ■ price. The purchase complete. It is done.

The great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine.
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Why, is not a man free when he gets rid of his sins? The sins of the tongue gone; the sins of action gone; the sins of the mind gone. All the transgressions of thirty, forty, fifty, seventy years gone—no more in the soul than the malaria that floated in the atmosphere a thousand years ago; for when my Lord Jesus pardons a man he pardons him, and there is no half-way work about it.

Here I see a beggar going along the turnpike road. He is worn out with disease. He is stiff in the joints. He is ulcered all over. He has rheum in his eyes. He is sick and wasted. He is in rags. Every time he puts down his swollen feet, he cries, "Oh, the pain!" He sees a fountain by the roadside under a tree, and he crawls up to that fountain and says, "I must wash." Here I may cool my ulcers. Here I may get rested." He stoops down and scoops up in the palm of his hands enough water to slake his thirst; and that is all gone. Then he stoops down and begins to wash his eyes, and the rheum is all gone. Then he puts in his swollen feet, and the swelling is gone. Then, willing no longer to be only half cured, he plunges in, and his whole body is laved in the stream, and he gets out upon the bank well. Meantime the owner of the mansion up yonder comes down, walking through the ravine with his only son and he sees the bundle of rags and asks, "Whose rags are these?" A voice from the fountain says, "Those are my rags." Then says the master

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

to his son, "Go up to the house and get the best new suit you can find and bring it down." And he brings down the clothes and the beggar is clothed in them and he looks around and says, "I was filthy, but now I am clean. I was ragged, but now I am robed. I was blind, but now I see. Glory be to the owner of that mansion; and glory be to that son who brought me that new suit of clothes; and glory be to this fountain, where I have washed and where all who will may wash and be clean!" Where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound. The bird has been dipped, now let it fly away.

The next thing I notice about this bird, when it was loosened (and this is the main idea), is, that it flew away. Which way did it go? When you let a bird loose from your grasp, which way does it fly? Up. What are wings for? To fly with. Is there anything in the suggestion of the direction taken by that bird to indicate which way we ought to go?

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
To heaven, thy native place.

We should be going heavenward. That is the suggestion. But I know that we have a great many drawbacks. You had them this morning, perhaps. You had them yesterday or the day before; and although you want to be going heavenward, you are constantly discouraged. But I suppose when that bird went out of the priest's hands it went by inflections—something stooping, as is the motion of a bird. So the soul soars toward God, rising up in love and sometimes depressed by trial. It does not always go in the direction it would like to go. But the main course is right. There is one passage in

Sprinkled and Cleansed

the Bible which I quote oftener to myself than any other: "He knoweth our frame and he remembereth that we are dust."

There is a legend which says that when Jesus was a boy, playing with his comrades one Sabbath day, he made birds of clay; and as these birds of clay were standing upon the ground, an old Sadducee came along and he was disgusted at the sport and dashed the birds to pieces; but the legend says that Jesus waved his hand above the broken birds and they took wing and went singing heavenward. Of course, that is a fable; but it is not a fable that we are dust, and that, the hand of divine grace waved over us once, we go singing toward the skies.

I wish, my friends, that we could live in a higher atmosphere. If a man's whole life object is to make dollars, he will be running against those who are making dollars. If his whole object is to get applause, he will run against those who are seeking applause. But if he rises higher than that, he will not be interrupted in his flight heavenward. Why does that flock of birds, floating up against the blue sky so high that you can hardly see them, not change its course for spire or tower? They are above all obstructions. So we would not have so often to change our Christian course if we lived in a higher atmosphere, nearer Christ, nearer the throne of God.

Oh, ye who have been washed in the blood of Christ—ye who have been loosed from the hyssop branch—start heavenward. It may be to some of you a long flight. Temptations may dispute your way; storms of bereavement and trouble may strike your soul; but God will see you through. Build not on the earth. Set your affections on things in heaven, not on things on earth. This is a perishing world. Its flowers fade. Its fountains dry up. Its promises

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

cheat. Set your affections upon Christ and heaven. I rejoice that the flight will, after a while, be ended. Not always beaten of the storm. Not always going on weary wings. There is a warm dovecote of eternal rest where we shall find a place of comfort, to the everlasting joy of our souls. Oh, they are going up all the time—going up from this church—going up from all the families and from all the churches of the land—the weary doves seeking rest in a dovecot.

Oh, that in that good land we may all meet when our trials are over. We cannot get into the glorious presence of our departed ones unless we have been cleansed in the same blood that washed their sins away. I know this is true of all who have gone in, that they were plunged in the blood, that they were unloosed from the hyssop branch. Then they went singing into glory. See that ye refuse not him that speaketh, for if they escaped not who refuse him that spake on earth, how much more shall not we escape if we turn away from him that speaketh from heaven?

WHAT TO DO WITH JESUS

Matt., 27: 22: "What shall I do then with Jesus?"

WHAT TO DO WITH JESUS

Matt., 27: 22: "What shall I do then with Jesus?"

Pilate was an unprincipled politician. He had sympathies, convictions of right, and desires to be honest; but all these were submerged by a wish to be popular and to please the people. Two distinguished prisoners were in the grasp of government, and the proposition was made to free one of them. There stands Barrabas, the murderer; there stands Christ, the Saviour of the world. At the demand of the people the renegade is set free, but Jesus is held. As the hard-visaged and cruel-eyed Barrabas goes among his sympathizers, receiving their coarse congratulations, Pilate turns to his other distinguished prisoner—mild, meek, inoffensive, loving, self-sacrificing—and he is confounded as to what course he had better take, so he impanels the mob as a jury to decide, saying to them, "What shall I do then with Jesus?"

Oh, it is no dried or withered question, but one that throbs with warm and quick pulse in the heart of every man and woman here. We must do something with Jesus. He is here. You and I are not so certainly here as he is, for he fills all this place—the loving, living, dying Christ—and each one of us will have to ask and answer for himself the question, "What shall I do then with Jesus?" Well, my friends, there are three or four things you can do with him.

You can, in the first place, let him stand without a word of recognition; but I do not think your

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

sense of common courtesy will allow that. He comes walking on such a long journey, you will certainly give him a chair on which he may sit. He is so weary, you would not let him stand without some recognition. If a beggar comes to your door, you recognize him and say, "What do you want?" If you meet a stranger faint in the street, you say, "What is the matter with you?" and your common humanity and your common sympathy and your common sense of propriety will not allow you to let him stand without recognition—the wounded one of the hills. You will ask, What makes him weep? where was he hurt? who wounded him? whence came he? whither goes he? I know there have been men who have with outrageous indifference hated Christ, but I know very well this morning that that is not what you will do with Jesus.

Another thing that you can do with him: You can thrust him back from your heart, and tell him to stand aside. If an inoffensive person comes and persists in standing close up to you, and you have in various ways given him to understand that you do not want his presence or his society, then you ask the reason of his impertinence and bid him away. Well, that is what we may do with Jesus. He has stood close by us a great while—ten, twenty, thirty, forty years. He has stood close by you three times a day, breaking bread for your household, all night watching by your pillow. He has been in the nursery among your children, he has been in the store among your goods, he has been in the factory amid the flying wheels, and now if you do not like his society you can bid him away; ay, if he will not go you can take him by the throat and tell him you do not want his interference, that you do not want his breath on your cheek, that you do not want his eye on your be-

What to Do with Jesus

havior. You can bid him away, or if he will not go in that way, then you can stamp your foot, as you would at a dog, and cry, "Begone!" Yet I know you will not treat Jesus that way. I know you too well. When Pilate could not do that, you could not. If you were desperadoes and outlaws, I might expect it of you; but I know that that is not the way you will treat him, that that is not what you will do with Jesus.

There is another thing you can do with him: You can look on him merely as an optician to cure blind eyes or an aurist to tune deaf ears, a friend, a good friend, a helpful companion, a cheerful passenger on shipboard; but that will amount to nothing. You can look upon him as a God, and be abashed while he rouses the storm or blasts a fig-tree or heaves a rock down the mountain-side. That will not do you any good; no more save your soul than the admiration you have for John Milton or Oliver Cromwell.

I can think of only one more thing you can do with Jesus, and that is to take him into your hearts. That is the best thing you can do with him; that is the only safe thing you can do with him; and may the Lord omnipotent by his Spirit help me this morning to persuade you to do that. A minister of Christ was speaking to some children, and said, "I will point you to Christ." A little child arose in the audience, and came up and put her hand in the hand of the pastor and said, "Please, sir, take me to Jesus now. I want to go now." Oh, that it might be this morning with such simplicity of experience that you and I join hands and seek after Christ and get an expression of his benefaction and his mercy.

You may take Christ into your confidence. If you cannot trust him, whom can you trust? I do not offer you a dry, a theological technicality. I simply

VOL. XIX. 135

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

ask you to come and put both feet on the Rock of Ages. Take hold of Christ's hands and draw him to your soul with perfect abandonment, and hurl yourself into the deep sea of his mercy. He comes and says, "I will save you." If you do not think he is a hypocrite and a liar when he says that, believe him, and say, "Lord Jesus, I believe; here is my heart. Wash it. Save it. Do it now. Ay, it is done; for I obey thy promise and come. I can do no more. That is all thou hast asked. I come. Christ is mine. Pardon is mine. Heaven is mine."

Why, my friends, you put more trust in everybody than you do in Christ, and in every thing: more trust in the bridge in crossing the stream, in the ladder up to the loft; more trust in the stove that confines the fire; more trust in the cook that prepares your food; more trust in the clerk that writes your books, in the druggist that mixes the medicine, in the bargain-maker with whom you trade; more trust in all these things than in Christ, although he stands this morning offering without limit and without mistake, and without exception, universal pardon to all who want it. Now, is not that cheap enough—all things for nothing?

That is the whole of the Gospel as I understand it, that if you believe that Christ died to save you, you are saved. When? Now. No more doubt about it than that you sit there. No more doubt about it than that you have a right hand. No more doubt about it than that there is a God. If you had committed five hundred thousand transgressions, Christ would forgive you just as freely as if you had never committed but one; though you had gone through the whole catalogue of crimes—arson and blasphemy and murder—Christ would pardon you just as freely, you coming to him, as though you had committed only

What to Do with Jesus

the slightest sin of the tongue. Why, when Christ comes to pardon a soul, he stops for nothing. Height is nothing. Depth is nothing. Enormity is nothing. Protractedness is nothing.

O'er sins like mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,
The seas of sovereign grace arise.

Lord Jesus, I give up all other props, give up all other expectations. Ruined and undone, I lay hold thee. I plead thy promises. I fly to thy arms. "Lord save me; I perish."

When the Christian Commission went into the army during the war there were a great multitude of hungry men and only a few loaves of bread, and the delegate of the commission was cutting the bread and giving it out to wounded and dying men. Some one came up and said, "Cut those slices thinner or there will not be enough to go around." And then the delegate cut the slices very thin and handed the bread around until they all had some, but not much. But, blessed be God, there is no need of economy in this gospel. Bread for all; bread enough and to spare. Why perish with hunger?

Again, I advise you, as one of the best things you can do with Christ, to take him into your love. Now, there are two things which make us love any one—inherent attractiveness, and then what he does in the way of kindness toward us. Now Christ is in both these positions. Inherent attractiveness: fairer than the children of men, the lustre of the morning in his eye, the glow of the setting sun in his cheek, myrrh and frankincense in the breath of his lip. In a heaven of holy beings, the best. In a heaven of mighty ones, the strongest. In a heaven of great hearts, the ten-

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

derest and the most sympathetic. Why, sculpture has never yet been able to chisel his form, nor painting to present the glow of his cheek, nor music to strike his charms; and the greatest surprise of eternity will be the first moment when we rush into his presence and with uplifted hands and streaming eyes and heart bounding with rapture, we cry out, "This is Jesus!"

All over glorious is my Lord,
He must be loved and yet adored;
His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure, the whole earth would love him too.

Has he not done enough to win our affections? Peter the Great, laying aside royal authority, went down among the ship-carpenters to help them; but Russia got the chief advantage of that condescension. John Howard turned his back upon the refinements and went around prisons to spy out their sorrows and to relieve their wrongs; but English criminals got the chief advantage of that ministry. But when Christ comes, it is for you and me. The sacrifice for you and me. The tears for you and me. The crucifixion for you and me. If I were hopelessly in debt and some one came and paid my debts and gave me a receipt in full and called off the pack of hounding creditors; if I were on a foundering ship and you came in a lifeboat and took me off, could I ever forget your kindness? Would I ever allow an opportunity to pass without rendering you a service or attesting my gratitude and love? Oh, how ought we to feel toward Christ, who plunged into the depth of our sin and plucked us out. Ought it not to set the very best emotions of our heart into the warmest, ay, a red-hot glow? The story is so old that people almost get asleep while they are hearing it. And yet there he

What to Do with Jesus

hangs—Jesus the man, Jesus the God. Was there anything before or since, anything to be compared with this spectacle of generosity and woe? Did heart-strings ever snap with a worse torture? Were tears ever charged with a heavier grief? Did blood ever gush, in each globule the price of a soul? The wave of earthly malice dashed its bloody foam against one foot, the wave of infernal malice dashed against his other foot, while the storm of God's wrath against sin beat on his thorn-pierced brow and all the hosts of darkness with gleaming lances rampaged through his holy soul. See the dethronement of heaven's king! the conqueror fallen from the white horse! the massacre of God! Weep, ye who have tears, over the loneliness of his exile and the horrors of his darkness. Christ sacrificed on the funeral pyre of a world's transgression; the good for the bad, the great for the mean; the infinite for the finite, the God for the man. Oh, if there be in all this audience one person untouched by this story of the Saviour's love, show me where he is, that I may mark the monster of ingratitude and of crime. If you could see Christ as he is, you would rise from your seat and fling yourselves down at his feet, crying, "My Lord, my light, my love, my joy, my peace, my strength, my expectation, my heaven, my all! Jesus! Jesus!" Can you not love him? Do you want more of his tears? Why, he has shed them all for you. He has no more. Do you want more of his blood? His arteries were emptied dry, and the iron hand of agony could press out nothing more. Would you put him to worse excruciation? Then drive another nail into his hand and plunge another spear into his side and twist another thorn into his crown and lash him with another flame of infernal torture. "No," says some one; "stop! stop! He shall not be smitten again.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

Enough the tears. Enough the blood. Enough the torture. Enough the agony." "Enough," cries the earth. "Enough," cries heaven. Ay, "Enough," cries hell. At last enough.

Look at him, thy butchered Lord, unshrouded and ghastly as they flung him from the tree, his wounds gaping for a bandage. Are there no hands to close these eyes? Then let the sun go out and there be midnight. Howl, ye winds, and howl, ye seas, for your Lord is dead. What more could he have done for you and for me than he has done? Could he pay a bigger price? Could he drink a more bitter cup? Could he plunge into a worse catastrophe? And can you not love him? Groan again, O blessed Jesus, that they may feel thy sacrifice! Groan again. Put the four fingers and the thumb of thy wounded hand upon them, that the gash in the palm may strike their soul, and thy warm life may bleed into them. Groan again, O Jesus, and see if they will not feel.

Oh, what do you do with such a Christ as that? You have got to do something with him this morning. What will you do with Jesus? Will you slay him again by your sin? Will you spit upon him again? Will you crucify him again? What will you do with him who has loved you with more than a brother's love, more than a father's love, yea, more than a mother's love, through all these years. Is it not enough to make the hard heart of the rock break? Jesus! Jesus! What shall we do with thee?

I have to say that the question will after a while change, and it will not be what shall we do with Christ, but what will Christ do with us? Ring all the bells of eternity at the burning of a world. In that day what do you think Christ will do with us? Why, Christ will say, "There is that man whom I called. There is that woman whose soul I importuned. But

What to Do with Jesus

they would not any of my ways. I gave them innumerable opportunities of salvation. They rejected them all. Depart; I never knew you." Blessed be God, that day has not come. Halt, ye destinies of eternity, and give us one more chance. One more chance, and this is it. Some travelers in the wilderness of Australia a few year ago found the skeleton of a man and some of his garments and a rusty kettle on which the man had written or scratched with his finger-nail these words, "O God! I am dying of thirst. My brain is on fire. My tongue is hot. God help me in the wilderness." Oh, how suggestive of the condition of those who die in the wilderness of sin through thirst. We take hold of them to-day. We try and bring the cool water of the rock to their lips. We say, "Ho, every one that thirsteth!" God, thy Father, awaits thee. Ministering spirits who watch the ways of the soul, bend now this moment over this weeping, sinning, dying auditory, to see what we will do with Jesus.

MIGHTY AWAKENING

Malachi, 3: 1: "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me; and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple."

MIGHTY AWAKENING

Malachi, 3: 1: "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me; and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple."

Sometimes a minister's subject is suggested by his artistic tastes, sometimes by the events of the previous week, sometimes by the question of a parishioner. My subject comes in no such way, but straight from the throne of God into my own heart. Give me your prayerful and intense listening. I will show you, if the Lord shall help me, that the greatest need of the church and of the world at this time is a mighty spiritual awakening. An ox feeding in a pasture might conclude that the whole world is a clover field, and we, standing in the midst of great religious advantages, might think that all the world is evangelized; but if this platform were the world, so much of it as I cover with my right foot would represent the amount evangelized; or if this whole church were the world, then one pew would represent so much of it as is Gospelized.

While I am just as certain as that there is a God that the whole world is finally to be saved, and that as the world began with a garden so it is going to close with a garden, I am just as certainly impressed with the fact that there needs to be a radical change, and that the Church of God needs to get on some other tack. In the present mode and by the present way the work can never be accomplished. I will show you this morning, as God may help me, that nothing will ever achieve this result but mighty and universal

awakening. This is not an abstraction. The first chapter of the Christian Church opens with the account of a revival in which three thousand people joined the church in one day. The day of Pentecost was nothing but a revival. And so the last chapter of the world's history is to be the history of a revival. Not ten thousand people converted, or a million people converted, but a nation born in a day. The millennium is only another name for a revival. So, in later ages of the Church, a great awakening came when Robert McCheyne preached at Dundee, and Scotland was shaken; and when Richard Baxter preached at Kidderminster, and England was shaken; and George Whitefield crossed the ocean, and America was shaken.

There are doubtless some still living who can remember 1831. It was a great time of commercial depression in this country, and the shops were closed, and the banking institutions failed, and the whole land was in sadness, and two men appeared at the door of Chatham Street Theatre—one of the worst and most blasphemous theatres of those days—and asked the privilege of purchasing the building for a church, and the lessee said: "For what?" "For a church." He said: "You can have it, and I will give a thousand dollars toward it myself." It was opened, and at the first prayer-meeting eight hundred people were present, and the barroom was turned into a prayer-room. Mr. Finney preached seventy consecutive nights in that place, and the whole land was shaken. More of us can remember 1857. All the banks of New York, or nearly all of them, closed, the commercial houses going down with a terrible crash, a time of anxiety such as I have never since seen in this country. Then the engine-houses and the theatres were opened for religious service, and James Hall prayer-meeting at noonday, Philadelphia, telegraphed greeting to the

...and even more than in the religious crisis. Four hundred thousand entered the kingdom of God, and some say seven hundred thousand. Those times are coming again. We have had the same forerunner, commercial depression. We have the same anxiety on the part of Christian people who realize that something needs to be done, that this world can never be brought to God by this slow process, and that there must be great awakening.

I argue the need of a great awakening, in the first place, because of the lack of enthusiasm and zeal on the part of those of us who preach the Gospel. You

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

Suppose a man asks of you the direction to a certain place, and you, through carelessness, thoughtlessly tell him the way, and you hear after a while that he got lost on the mountains, and went over the rocks and perished. "Oh," you will say, "I never could forgive myself that I did not take more time with that man! It is my fault. If I had given him the right direction, he would have gone the right way." And oh, the greater responsibility of standing in a pulpit, and telling people which is the road to heaven! Alas! if we tell them wrong. The temptation is so mighty in this day that no layman can understand it—the temptation

1 the truth

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

I feel there is a need of a great awakening in the fact that the majority of religious professors are very cold. If a church have a thousand members, eight hundred are asleep. If a church have five hundred members, four hundred are asleep. A great multitude of Christians *perfectly satisfied* if they can only keep

Mighty Awakening

are five hundred millions of the race marching off toward judgment without any warning. Oh, what a thinning out the judgment will make among professors of religion! Thousands going on just touching religion with the tips of the fingers, sauntering on and sauntering on lazily, until after a while they will come in front of the swiftly-revolving mill, and find themselves the chaff which the wind driveth away. Thousands of people who have their names on church books going on thoughtless of what shall become of the human race, and regardless of the betterment of the world's condition, until after a while they fall off as Judas did, and as Achan did, and all those will who do not make religion the primordial thing of life, the first and the last. How many there are who do not realize the fact that, though they are professors of religion, if they die as they are, all the communion tables at which they ever sat will, with uplifted hands of blood, cry for their condemnation, and their neglected Bible and prayerless pillows will say: "Go down, go down; you broke that sacramental oath; out of the seven days of the week you did not give five hours to God! Go down, go down!"

O worldly professor of religion, compromising professor of religion, if you realized your true condition you would bite your lip until the blood came, and you would wring your hands until the bones cracked, and you would utter a cry that would start those who heard you to their feet with horror! O worldly professor of religion, wake up before you awake in the barred and flaming dungeon of an awful eternity! Look off upon the Church to-day, and see how much somnolence, and tell me if I am not right when I say that all the bugles and cymbals and drums and trumpets of the Church need to be sounded, saying: "Awake, thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee life."

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

Do I not need arousal? Do you not need it? If my heart condemns me, does not your heart condemn you, my brother?

I see also the need of a great awakening in the fact that the cause of God advances so slowly comparatively. I know there are more Christians to-day than there ever were, and yet the world can never come to God in this way. It is a mathematical impossibility. There are more people born into this world than are born into the kingdom of God. Now, how long would it take to bring this world to God at that rate? Where there is one man converted to God, ten drop in dissipation. Fifty grog-shops built to one new church established. There are literary journals, full of scum and dandruff and slag, controlled by the very scullions of society who pollute everything they put their hands on. Churches surrendering to spiritualism and humanitarianism and nothingarianism and devilism.

If a man stand in a pulpit and say that unless you are born again you cannot see the kingdom of God, kid gloves, diamonds bursting through, are put up to the face in shame and humiliation. It is not elegant. Men in all churches who do not believe in the Bible, in and in and out and out, from the first word of the first verse of the first chapter of Genesis down to the last word of the last verse of the last chapter of Revelation. Mighty Gospel machinery. A hundred thousand ministers of religion in America, costly music, great Sunday-schools; and yet I declare it, that while the cause of God is advancing, there are a great many regiments falling back and falling back; and if it does not become a complete rout, a positive Bull Run defeat, it will be because here and there a church hurls itself to the front and ministers of religion, trampling upon the favor of the world, and sacrificing everything, shall snatch up the torn and battered banner of Em-

Mighty Awakening

manuel and rush on, crying: "This is no time to retreat—forward the whole line!"

I see, also, a reason for a mighty awakening in the multitudinous going down of the unforgiven. Do you know since you came on the stage of action ■ whole generation have gone through the gates of eternity? They disappeared from the churches, from the stores, from the offices, from the factories. Some of them went out without an atom of hope. Some of them never offered one prayer for their own salvation. You might have uttered perhaps a saving word, but you did not utter it, O Christian! Just think of that. Where is the fountain where, with sleeves rolled up, we may wash off from our hands the blood of immortal souls? But that forever has ended. The question is now whether we are going to interrupt the other procession marching on—tens of thousands of clerks coming out of stores, tens of thousands of husbandmen coming off farms, tens of thousands of students coming from the colleges and universities, tens of thousands of operators coming from the factories. On and on, making no preparation for the eternal world, taking everything by storm, overcoming all the obstacles put in the way of their destruction. Who will be brave enough to go out and throw himself in front of that stampede of men and women, and, swinging the sword of God's truth, cry: "Halt, halt, halt!"

My brothers and sisters in Jesus, it seems to me the time has come for something almost desperate! Ordinary solicitations will not do the work. You want a momentum gotten by a whole night of wrestling in prayer with the omnipotent God. Catch that soul before it makes the plunge! Put down everything and run to the rescue! To-morrow may be too late; to-night may be too late; three o'clock this afternoon may be too late. Seize that soul now before it flashes

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

into the great eternal world! There are houses aflame, and no ladder to the window; there are ships going down and no lifeboat. O God, whelm us with these realities! Kill our stupidity. Take from under us our couches of ease. Hurl us into the battle.

I need not rehearse to you the stereotyped illustrations of the fact that God answers prayer; I need not tell you of Hezekiah and the restored fifteen years, or of Elijah and the great rain, or of the *post-mortem* examination of the apostle James, who, it was found, had his knees calloused by much prayer, or of Richard Baxter, who stained the walls of his study with the breath of prayer, or of John Welch in the midnight plaid, or of Whitefield on his face before God whole nights imploring the divine mercy. I rather turn in upon yourself and have you think of the time when your soul was sinking and you cried to God and he heard you, of the time when your child was at the point of death and you cried to God and he restored the little one, or of that other time when your fortune went and God set into your empty pantry the cruse of oil and the measure of meal. I take the ladder of three rungs! I put that down at your feet, and I ask you to climb up and look off and see the salvation of ten thousand of your fellow-citizens—a ladder of three rungs: "Ask and it shall be given you. Seek and ye shall find. Knock and it shall be opened unto you." Put your right foot on the lower rung, and that will bring your left foot on the middle rung, and that will bring your right foot on the top rung, and there hold fast—hold fast until you see the surges of the divine mercy dashing clear above the topgallants.

My brethren, I do not know how you feel in regard to this matter, but my heart breaks with the longing I have for the redemption of this people. It seems to me if God denies me my prayer I cannot endure it. I

Mighty Awakening

offer myself, I offer my life to him. Take it, O Lord Jesus! and slay me if that be best. Whether by my life or by my death, let a multitude be brought to glory. If from the mound of my grave a greater multitude can climb into the kingdom of God, then, Lord, let me sleep the last sleep. It is sweet to live for Christ. I suppose it would be sweet to die for him. If eight million perished in the Napoleonic wars—if one hundred and eighty-seven million were sacrificed in the Roman wars—do you not think there ought to be some of us willing to be sacrificed for Christ?

Oh, I wish we knew how to pray! I do not. I mean the prayer that always brings the blessing—always, always. Would that we might be so overborne with desire for the salvation of the people that from ten o'clock at night until six in the morning we might be sleepless! If such a night as that should come, sleepless because full of prayer, let that be a night of weeping over our sin and of rejoicing in the divine mercy. Let there be wailing, wailing, wailing! Let there be shouting, shouting, shouting! But lest we might not have such a night as that, and lest before the setting of this day's sun our accounts should be made up, let us this moment go so low down before God that there shall be no lower depth of humiliation. Oh, that we might have a blood-red prayer, which would bow the heavens and bring all the unforgiven to the feet of a bleeding, dying, sympathetic Jesus, and this place be shaken as with tempest and earthquake, or that it might be as solemn as though we heard the rapturous and agonizing vociferation of three worlds!

ASTRAY: HOW TO GET BACK

Prov., 23: 35: "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet
again."

ASTRAY: HOW TO GET BACK

Prov., 23: 35: "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

With an insight into human nature such as no other man ever reached, Solomon, in my text, sketches the mental operations of one who, having stepped aside from the path of rectitude, desires to return. With a wish for something better, he said: "When shall I awake? When shall I come out of this horrid nightmare of iniquity?" But, seized upon by uneradicated habit, and forced down hill by his passions, he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try it once more."

Our libraries are adorned with an elegant literature addressed to young men, pointing out to them all the dangers and perils of life—complete maps of the voyage, showing all the rocks, the quicksands, the shoals. But suppose a man has already made shipwreck; suppose he is already off the track; suppose he has already gone astray, how is he to get back? That is a case comparatively untouched. I propose to address myself this morning to such. There are those who, with every passion of their agonized soul, are ready to hear such a discussion. They compare themselves with what they were ten years ago, and cry out against the bondage in which they are incarcerated. Now, if there be any who come with an earnest purpose, yet feeling they are beyond the pale of Christian sympathy, and that the sermon can hardly be expected to address them, then, at this moment, I give them my right hand, and call them brother. Look up. There is glorious and triumphant hope for you yet. I sound

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

the trumpet of Gospel deliverance. The Church is ready to spread a banquet at your return, and the hierarchs of heaven to fall into line of bannered procession at the news of your emancipation. So far as God may help me, I propose to show what are the obstacles to your return, and then how you are to surmount those obstacles.

The first difficulty in the way of your return is the force of moral gravitation. Just as there is a natural law which brings down to the earth anything you throw into the air, so there is a corresponding moral gravitation. In other words, it is easier to go down than it is to go up; it is easier to do wrong than it is to do right. Call to mind the comrades of your boyhood days—some of them good, some of them bad—which most affected you? Call to mind the anecdotes that you have heard in the last five or ten years—some of them are pure and some of them impure. Which the more easily sticks to your memory? During the years of your life you have formed certain courses of conduct—some of them good, some of them bad. To which style of habit did you the more easily yield? Ah, my friends, we have to take but a moment of self-inspection to find out that there is in all our souls a force of moral gravitation! But that gravitation may be resisted. Just as you may pick up from the earth something and hold it in your hand toward heaven, just so, by the power of God's grace, a soul fallen may be lifted toward peace, toward pardon, toward heaven. Force of moral gravitation in every one of us, but power in God's grace to overcome that force.

The next thing in the way of your return is the power of evil habit. I know there are those who say it is very easy for them to give up evil habits. I do not believe them. Here is a man given to intoxication. He knows it is disgracing his family, destroying his

Astray : How to Get Back

property, ruining him, body, mind, and soul. If that man, being an intelligent man, and loving his family, could easily give up that habit, would he not do so? The fact that he does not give it up proves it is hard to give it up. It is a very easy thing to sail down stream, the tide carrying you with great force; but suppose you turn the boat up stream, is it so easy then to row it? As long as we yield to the evil inclinations of our hearts, and to our bad habits, we are sailing

around, knowing what to do with himself. He cannot get up a line of figures. He cannot sleep nights. It seems as if the world had turned upside down. He feels his business is going to ruin. Where he was kind and obliging, he is scolding and fretful. The composure that characterized him has given way to a fretful restlessness, and he has become a complete fidget. What power is it that has rolled a wave of woe over the earth and shaken a portent in the heavens? He has tried to stop smoking or chewing! After a while he says: "I am going to do as I please. The doctor does not understand my case. I am going back to my old habit." And he returns. Everything assumes its usual composure. His business seems to brighten. The world becomes an attractive place to live in. His children, seeing the difference, hail the return of their father's genial disposition. What wave

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

of color has dashed blue into the sky and greenness into the mountain foliage and the glow of sapphire into the sunset? What enchantment has lifted a world of beauty and joy on his soul? He has gone back to tobacco!

The fact is, as we all know in our own experience, that habit is a taskmaster; as long as we obey it, it does not chastise us; but let us resist and we find we are to be lashed with scorpion-whips and bound with ship-cable, and thrown into the track of bone-breaking Juggernauts! Suppose a man after five or ten or

right? Why

ties in the window or a wine store. It was one long, bitter, exhaustive, hand-to-hand fight with inflamed, tantalizing, and merciless habit. When he thinks he is entirely free, the old inclinations pounce upon him like a pack of hounds with their muzzles tearing away at the flanks of one poor reindeer. In Paris there is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of revelry. He is riding on a panther at full leap. Oh, how suggestive! Let every one who is speeding on bad ways understand he is not riding a docile and well-broken steed, but he is riding a monster, wild and bloodthirsty, going at a death-leap.

I have also to say that if a man wants to return from evil practices, society repulses him. The prodigal, wishing to return, takes some member of a Christian association by the hand, or tries to. The Christian young man looks at him, looks at the faded apparel and the marks of dissipation, and instead of giving him

Astray : How to Get Back

a warm grip of the hand, offers him the tip-end of the long fingers of the left hand, which is equal to striking a man in the face. Oh, how few Christian people understand how much Gospel there is in a good, honest hand-shaking! Sometimes, when you have felt the need of encouragement, and some Christian man has taken you heartily by the hand, have you not felt thrilling through every fibre of your body, mind, and soul an encouragement that was just what you needed? You do not know anything at all about this, unless you have learned that when a man tries to return from evil courses of conduct he runs against repulsions innumerable. We say of some man, he lives a block or two from the church or half a mile from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from church. Vast deserts of indifference between them and the house of God. The fact is, we must keep our respectability, though thousands and tens of thousands perish. Christ sat with publicans and sinners. But if there come to the house of God a man with marks of dissipation upon him, people almost throw up their hands in horror, as much as to say, "Is it not shocking?" How these dainty, fastidious Christians in all our churches are going to get into heaven I do not know, unless they have an especial train of cars, cushioned and upholstered, each one a car to himself! They cannot go with the great herd of publicans and sinners. Oh, ye, who curl your lip of scorn at the fallen, I tell you plainly, if you had been surrounded by the same influences, instead of sitting to-day amid the cultured and the refined and the Christian, you would have been a crouching wretch in stable or ditch, covered with filth and abomination! It is not because you are naturally any better, but because the mercy of God has protected you. Who are

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

you that, brought up in Christian circles, and watched by Christian parentage, you should be so hard on the fallen?

I think men, also, are often hindered from return by the fact that churches are too anxious about their membership and too anxious about their denomination, and they rush out when they see a man about to give up his sin and return to God and ask him how he is going to be baptized, whether by sprinkling or immersion, and what kind of church he is going to join. It is a poor time to talk about Presbyterian catechisms and Episcopal liturgies and Methodist love-feasts and Baptist immersions to a man that is coming out of the darkness of sin into the glorious light of the Gospel. Why, it reminds me of a man drowning in the sea, and a life-boat puts out for him, and the man in the boat says to the man in the water: "Now, if I get you ashore, are you going to live in my street?" First get him ashore, and then talk about the non-essentials of religion. Who cares what church he joins, if he only joins Christ and starts for heaven? Oh, you ought to have, my brother, an illumined face and a hearty grip for every one that tries to turn from his evil way! Take hold of the same book with him, though his dissipations shake the book, remembering that he that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.

Now, I have shown you these obstacles because I want you to understand I know all the difficulties in the way; but I am now to tell you how Hannibal may scale the Alps, and how the shackles may be unriveted, and how the paths of virtue forsaken may be regained. First of all, my brother, throw yourself on God. Go to him frankly and earnestly and tell him these habits you have, and ask him, if there is any help

Astray : How to Get Back

in all the resources of omnipotent love, to give it to you. Do not go with the long rigmarole which some people call prayer, made up of "ohs" and "ahs" and "forever and forever amens!" Go to God and cry for help! help! help! and if you cannot cry for help just look and live. I remember in the war I was at Antietam. I went into the hospital after the battle, and I said to a man: "Where are you hurt?" He made no answer, but held up his arm, swollen and splintered. I saw where he was hurt. The simple fact is, when a man has a wounded soul, all he has to do is to hold it up before a sympathetic Lord and get it healed. It does not take any long prayer. Just hold up the wound. It is no small thing when a man is nervous and weak and exhausted, coming from his evil ways, to feel that God puts two omnipotent arms around about him and says: "Young man, I will stand by you! The mountains may depart and the hills be removed, but I will never fail you." And then, as the soul thinks the news is too good to be true, and cannot believe it, and looks up in God's face, God lifts his right hand and takes an oath, an affidavit, saying: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked."

Blessed be God for such a Gospel as this! "Cut the slices thin," said the wife to the husband, "or there will not be enough to go all around for the children; cut the slices thin." Blessed be God there is a full loaf for every one that wants it; bread enough and to spare. No thin slices at the Lord's table. I remember when the Master Street Hospital, in Philadelphia, was opened during the Civil War, a telegram came, saying: "There will be three hundred wounded men to-night; be ready to take care of them;" and from my church there went in some twenty or thirty men and women to look after these poor wounded fellows. As

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

they came, some from one part of the land, some from another, no one asked whether this man was from Oregon or from Massachusetts or from Minnesota or from New York. There was a wounded soldier, and the only question was how to take off the rags most gently and put on the bandage and administer the cordial. And when a soul comes to God, he does not ask where you came from or what your ancestry was. Healing for all your wounds. Pardon for all your guilt. Comfort for all your troubles.

Then, also, I counsel you, if you want to get back, to quit all your bad associations. One unholy intimacy will fill your soul with moral distemper. In all the ages of the Church there has not been an instance where a man kept one evil associate and was reformed. Among the fourteen hundred million of the race not one instance. Give up your bad companions, or give up heaven. It is not ten bad companions that destroy a man, nor five bad companions, nor three bad companions, but one. What chance is there for that young man I saw along the street, four or five young men with him, halting in front of a grog-shop, urging him to go in, he resisting, violently resisting, until after a while they forced him to go in? It was a summer night, and the door was left open, and I saw the process. They held him fast, and they put the cup to his lips, and they forced down the strong drink. What chance is there for such a young man?

I counsel you, also, seek Christian advice. Every Christian man is bound to help you. If you find no other human ear willing to listen to your story of struggle, come to me, and I will, by every sympathy of my heart and every prayer and every toil of my hand, stand beside you in the struggle for reformation; and as I hope to have my own sins forgiven, and hope to be acquitted at the judgment-seat of Christ, I will

Astray : How to Get Back

not betray you. First of all, seek God; then seek Christian counsel. Gather up all the energies of body, mind, and soul; and, appealing to God for success, declare this day everlasting war against all drinking habits, all gaming practices, all houses of sin. Half-and-half work will amount to nothing; it must be a Waterloo. Shrink back now and you are lost. Push on and you are saved. A Spartan general fell at the very moment of victory, but he dipped his finger in his own blood and wrote on a rock near which he was dying: "Sparta has conquered." Though your struggle to get rid of sin may seem to be almost a death struggle, you can dip your finger in your own blood and write on the Rock of Ages, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

What glorious news might these young men send home to their parents in the country these holidays which are coming. The old folks go to the post-office every day or two to see whether there are any letters from you. How anxious they are to hear. You might send them for a holiday present this season a book from one of our best publishing houses, or a complete wardrobe from the importer's palace—it would not please them half so much as the news you might send home to-morrow that you had given your heart to God. I know how it is in the country. The night comes on. The cattle stand under the rack through which burst the trusses of hay. The horses just having frisked up from the meadow at the night-fall, stand knee-deep in the bright straw that invites them to lie down and rest. The perch of the hovel is full of fowl, their feet warm under the feathers. In the old farmhouse at night no candle is lighted, for the flames clap their hands about the great back log, and shake the shadow of the group up and down the wall.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

Father and mother sit there for half an hour, saying nothing. I wonder what they are thinking of. After awhile the father breaks the silence and says: "Well, I wonder where our boy is in town to-night?" and the mother answers: "In no bad place, I warrant you; we always could trust him when he was home; and since he has been away there have been so many prayers offered for him, we can trust him still." Then, at eight o'clock—for they retire early in the country—they kneel down and commend you to that God who watches in country and in town, on the land and on the sea.

Some one said to a Grecian general: "What was the proudest moment in your life?" He thought a moment, and said: "The proudest moment in my life was when I sent word home to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the proudest and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you can send word to your parents that you have conquered your evil habits by the grace of God, and become eternal victor. Oh, despise not parental anxiety!

The time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you, and find them gone from the house and gone from the field and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, they will not answer. Dead! Dead! And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and think and wish that you had done just as they wanted you to, and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts. God pity the young man who has brought dis-

Astray : How to Get Back

grace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better if he had never been born—better if, in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been coffined and sepulchred. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery, rending the hair and wringing the hands, and crying, "Mother! Mother!" Oh, that to-day by all the memories of the past, and by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God. May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever!

LOST SHEEP

Isaiah, 53: 6: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

LOST SHEEP

Isaiah, 53: 6: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

Within ninety years at the longest this entire audience will be in eternity. During the next fifty years, you will nearly all be gone. The next ten years will cut a wide swath among the people. The present year will to some be the finality. This may be the last sermon that some one will hear. Under these circumstances, while I have a somewhat poetic nature and might indulge in trope and figure and simile, I dare not do so. God never gave to any man a greater fondness for mirth than I naturally have, and yet under this solemnity I would not dare to indulge it. This service, this hour in spiritual things, will be to some in this assemblage a life struggle or a death grapple.

The first half of my text is an indictment: "All we like sheep have gone astray." Some one says: "Can't you drop that first word? that is too general; that sweeps too great a circle." Some man rises in the audience and he looks over on the opposite side of the house, and says: "There is a blasphemer and I understand how he has gone astray. And there in another part of the house is a defrauder and he has gone astray. And there is an impure person and he has gone astray." Sit down, my brother, and look at home. My text takes us all in. It starts behind the pulpit, sweeps the circuit of the room and comes

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

back to the point where it started, when it says: "All we like sheep have gone astray." I can very easily understand why Martin Luther threw up his hands after he had found the Bible and cried out: "O, my sins, my sins!" and why the publican, according to the custom to this day in the East, when they have any great grief, began to beat himself and cry as he smote upon his breast: "God be merciful to me a sinner."

I was, like many of you, brought up in the country and I know some of the habits of sheep and how they get astray and what my text means when it says, "All we like sheep have gone astray." Sheep get astray in two ways: either by trying to get into other pasture or from being scared by the dogs. In the former way some of us got astray. We thought the religion of Jesus Christ short commons. We thought there was better pasturage somewhere else. We thought if we could only lie down on the banks of distant streams or under great oaks on the other side of some hill, we might be better fed. We wanted other pasturage than that which God through Jesus Christ gave our soul and we wandered on and we wandered on and we were lost. We wanted bread and we found garbage. The further we wandered, instead of finding rich pasturage, we found blasted heath and sharper rocks and more stinging nettles. No pasture. How was it in the clubhouse when you lost your child? Did they come around and help you very much? Did your worldly associates console you very much? Did not the plain Christian man who came into your house and sat up with your darling child, give you more comfort than all worldly associations? Did all the convivial songs you ever heard comfort you in that day of bereavement so much as

Lost Sheep

the song they sang to you, perhaps the very song that was sung by your little child the last Sabbath afternoon of her life?

There is a happy land, far, far away,
Where saints immortal reign, bright, bright as day.

Did your business associates in that day of darkness and trouble give you any especial condolence? Business exasperated you, business wore you out, business left you limp as a rag, business made you mad. You got dollars, but you got no peace. God have mercy on the man who has nothing but business to comfort him. The world afforded you no luxuriant pasturage.

A famous English actor stood on the stage impersonating, and thunders of applause came down from the galleries, and many thought it was the proudest moment of all his life; but there was a man asleep just in front of him and the fact that that man was indifferent and somnolent spoiled all the occasion for him, and he cried "Wake up, wake up!" So one little annoyance in life has been more pervading to your mind than all the brilliant congratulations and success.

Poor pasturage for your soul you found in this world. The world has cheated you, the world has belied you, the world has misinterpreted you, the world has persecuted you. It never comforted you. Oh, this world is a good rack from which a horse may pick his food; it is a good trough from which the swine may crunch their mess; but it gives but little food to a soul blood-bought and immortal. What is a soul? It is a hope high as the throne of God. What is a man? You say: "It is only a man." It is only a man gone overboard in sin. It is only a man gone overboard

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

in business life. What is a man? The battle ground of three worlds, with his hands taking hold of destinies of light or darkness. A man! No line can measure him. No limit can bound him. The archangel before the throne cannot outlive him. The stars shall die, but he will watch their extinguishment. The world will burn, but he will gaze on the conflagration. Endless ages will march on, he will watch the procession. A man! The masterpiece of God Almighty. Yet you say, "It is only a man." Can a nature like that be fed on husks of the wilderness?

Substantial comfort will not grow
On nature's barren soil;
All we can boast till Christ we know
Is vanity and toil.

Some of you got astray by looking for better pasturage; others by being scared of the dogs. The hound gets over into the pasture field. The poor things fly in every direction. In a few moments they are torn of the hedges and they are plashed of the ditch and the lost sheep never gets home unless the farmer goes after it. There is nothing so thoroughly lost as a lost sheep. It may have been in 1857 during the financial panic or during the financial stress in the fall of 1873, when you got astray. You almost became an atheist. You said: "Where is God, that honest men go down and thieves prosper?" You were dogged of creditors, you were dogged of the banks, you were dogged of worldly disaster and some of you went into misanthropy and some of you took to strong drink and others of you fled out of Christian association and you got astray. O man! that was the last time when you ought to have forsaken God. Standing amid the foundering of your earthly fortunes, how could you get along without a God to

Lost Sheep

comfort you and a God to deliver you and a God to help you and a God to save you?

You tell me you have been through enough business trouble almost to kill you. I know it. I cannot understand how the boat could live one hour in that chopped sea. But I do not know by what process you got astray; some in one way and some in another, and if you could really see the position some of you occupy before God this morning, your soul would burst into an agony of tears and you would pelt the heavens with the cry: "God have mercy!" Sinai's batteries have been unlimbered above your soul and at times you have heard it thunder: "The wages of sin is death." "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die."

When Sebastopol was being bombarded, two Russian frigates burned all night in the harbor throwing a glare upon the trembling fortress; and some of you, from what you have told me yourselves, are standing in the night of your soul's trouble; and the continued cannonade and conflagration must make the wings of God's hovering angels shiver to the tip.

But the last part of my text opens a door wide enough to let us all out and to let all heaven in. Sound it on the organ with all the stops out. Thrum it on the harps with all the strings atune. With all the melody possible let the heavens sound it to the earth and let the earth tell it to the heavens. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." I am glad that the prophet did not stop to explain whom he meant by "him." Him of the manger, him of the bloody sweat, him of the resurrection throne, him of the crucifixion agony. "On him the Lord hath laid

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

the iniquity of us all." "Oh!" says some man, "that isn't generous, that isn't fair; let every man carry his own burden and pay his own debts." That sounds reasonable. If I have an obligation and I have the means to meet it and I come to you and ask you to settle that obligation, you rightly say, "Pay your own debts." If you and I, walking down the street, both hale, hearty, and well, I ask you to carry me, you say and say rightly: "Walk on your own feet!" But suppose you and I were in a regiment and I was wounded in the battle and I fell unconscious at your feet with gunshot fractures and dislocations, what would you do? You would call to your comrades, saying, "Come and help, this man is helpless; bring the ambulance; let us take him to the hospital," and I would be a dead lift in your arms and you would lift me from the ground where I had fallen and put me in the ambulance and take me to the hospital and have all kindness shown me. Would there be anything mean in your doing that? Would there be anything bemeaning in my accepting that kindness? Oh, no! You would be mean not to do it. That is what Christ does. If we could pay our debts then it would be better to go up and pay them, saying, "Here, Lord, here is my obligation; here are the means with which I wish to settle that obligation; now give me a receipt; cross it all out." The debt is paid. But the fact is we have fallen in the battle, we have gone down under the hot fire of our transgressions, we have been wounded by the sabers of sin, we are helpless, we are undone." Christ comes. The loud clang heard in the sky on that Christmas night was only the bell, the resounding bell of the ambulance. Clear the way for the Son of God. He comes down to bind up the wounds and to scatter the darkness and to save the lost. Clear the way for

Lost Sheep

the Son of God. Christ comes down to us, and we are a dead lift. He does not lift us with the tips of his fingers, he does not lift us with one arm. He comes down upon his knee and then with a dead lift he raises us to honor and glory and immortality. "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."

Why, then, will no man carry his sins? You cannot carry successfully the smallest sin you ever committed. You might as well put the Apennines on one shoulder and the Alps on the other—how much less can you carry all the sins of your lifetime? Christ comes and looks down in your face and says: "I have come through all the lacerations of these days, and through all the tempests of these nights; I have come to bear your burdens and to pardon your sins and to pay your debts. Put them on my shoulder; put them on my heart." "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

Sin has almost pestered the life out of some of you. At times it has made you cross and unreasonable, and it has spoiled the brightness of your days and the peace of your nights. There are men who have been riddled of sin. The world gives them no solace. Gossamery and volatile the world, while eternity, as they look forward to it, is black as midnight. They writhe under the stings of a conscience which proposes to give no rest here and no rest hereafter; and yet they do not repent, they do not pray, they do not weep. They do not realize that just the position they occupy is the position occupied by scores, hundreds, and thousands of men who never found any hope. They went out of life just as they are now. They sat in the same place where you sit, then they heard the Gospel call, they rejected it, they passed out of life and their voice comes to us from the eternal world this morning, saying: "Take the Gospel; this is your

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

chance; my day is gone; I am undone! who will shove back this bolt? Who will put down this sorrow?" And the caverns forlornly echo, "Who, who?"

If this meeting should be thrown open and the people who are here could give their testimony, what thrilling experiences we should hear on all sides! There is a man in the gallery who would say: "I had brilliant surroundings, I had the best education that one of the best collegiate institutions of this country could give and I observed all the moralities of life and I was self-righteous and I thought I was all right before God as I am all right before men; but the Holy Spirit came to me one day and said, 'You are a sinner;' the Holy Spirit persuaded me of the fact. While I had escaped the sins against the law of the land, I had really committed the worst sin a man ever commits—the driving back of the Son of God from my heart's affections. And I saw that my hands were red with the blood of the Son of God, and I began to pray and peace came to my heart, and I know by experience that what you say this morning is true. 'On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all.'"

Yonder is a man who would say: "I was the worst drunkard in New York; I went from bad to worse; I destroyed myself, I destroyed my home; my children cowered when I entered the house; when they put up their lips to be kissed I struck them; when my wife protested against the maltreatment, I kicked her into the street. I know all the bruises and all the terrors of a drunkard's woe. I went on further and further from God until one day I got a letter saying: 'My Dear Husband: I have tried every way, done everything, and prayed earnestly and fervently for your reformation, but it seems of no avail. Since our little Henry died, with the exception of those few

Lost Sheep

happy weeks when you remained sober, my life has been one of sorrow. Many of the nights I have sat by the window, with my face bathed in tears, watching for your coming. I am broken-hearted, I am sick. Mother and father have been here frequently and begged me to come home, but my love for you and my hope for brighter days have always made me refuse them. That hope seems now beyond realization, and I have returned to them. It is hard, and I battled long before doing it. May God bless and preserve you, and take from you that accursed appetite and hasten the day when we shall be again living happily together. This will be my daily prayer, knowing that he has said: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

' From your loving wife,
' MARY.'

"And so I wandered on and wandered on," says that man, "until one night I passed a Methodist meeting-house, and I said to myself, 'I'll go in and see what they are doing,' and I got to the door and they were singing:

All may come, whoever will,
This Man receives poor sinners still.

"And I dropped right there where I was and I said, 'God have mercy,' and he had mercy on me. My home is restored, my wife sings all day long during work, my children come out a long way to greet me home, and my household is a little heaven. I will tell you what did all this for me. It was the truth that this day you proclaim: 'On him the Lord had laid the iniquity of us all.'"

Yonder is a woman who would say: "I wandered off from my father's house; I heard the storm that pelts on a lost soul; my feet were blistered on

VOL. XIX. 181

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

the hot rocks. I went on and on, thinking that no one cared for my soul, when one night Jesus met me and he said, 'Poor thing, go home! your father is waiting for you, your mother is waiting for you. Go home, poor thing!' and, sir, I was too weak to pray, and I was too weak to repent, but I just cried out, I sobbed out my sins and my sorrows on the shoulders of him of whom it is said: 'The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.' "

There is a young man who would say: "I had a Christian bringing up; I came from the country to city life; I started well; I had a good position, a good commercial position, but one night at the theatre I met some young men who did me no good. They dragged me all through the sewers of iniquity, and I lost my morals and I lost my position and I was shabby and wretched. I was going down the street, thinking that no one cared for me, when a young man tapped me on the shoulder and said: 'George, come with me and I will do you good.' I looked at him to see whether he was joking or not. I saw he was in earnest, and I said: 'What do you mean, sir?' 'Well,' he replied, 'I mean if you will come to the meeting to-night, I will be very glad to introduce you. I will meet you at the door. Will you come?' Said I, 'I will.'

"I went to the place where I was tarrying. I fixed up as well as I could. I buttoned my coat over a ragged vest and went to the door of the church and the young man met me and we went in; and as I went in I heard an old man praying, and he looked so much like my father, I sobbed right out and they were all around so kind and sympathetic that I just there gave my heart to God and I know this morning that what you say is true; I have it in my own experience." "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all."

Lost Sheep

Oh! my brother, without stopping to look as to whether your hand trembles or not, without stopping to look whether your hand is bloated with sin or not, put it in my hand, let me give you one warm, brotherly Christian grip, and invite you right up to the heart, to the compassion, to the sympathy, to the pardon of him on whom the Lord had laid the iniquity of us all. Throw away your sins. Carry them no longer. I proclaim emancipation this morning to all who are bound, pardon for all sin, and eternal life for all the dead. Some one comes here this morning, and I stand aside. He comes up these steps. He comes to this place. I must stand aside. Taking that place he spreads abroad his hands, and I see they were nailed. You look at his feet, they were bruised. He pulls aside the robe and shows you his wounded heart. I say, "Art thou weary?" "Yes," he says, "weary with the world's woe." I say, "Whence camest thou?" He says, "I come from Calvary." I say, "Who comes with thee?" He says, "No one; I have trodden the wine-press alone." I say, "Why comest thou here?" "Oh," he says, "I came here to carry all the sins and the sorrows of the people." And he kneels and he says: "Put on my shoulders all the sorrows and all the sins." And conscious of my own sins, first, I take them and put them on the shoulders of the Son of God. I say: "Canst thou bear any more, O Christ?" He says, "Yea, more." And I gather up the sins of all those who serve at these altars, the officers of the Church of Jesus Christ—I gather up all their sins and I put them on Christ's shoulders, and I say: "Canst thou bear any more?" He says: "Yea, more." Then I gather up all the sins of a hundred people in this house and I put them on the shoulders of Christ, and I say: "Canst thou

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

bear more?" He says, "Yea, more." And I gather up all the sins of this assembly and I put them on the shoulders of the Son of God and I say: "Canst thou bear them?" "Yea," he says, "more."

But he is departing. Clear the way for him, the Son of God. Open the door and let him pass out. He is carrying our sins and bearing them away. We shall never see them again. He throws them down into the abysm, and you hear the long reverberating echo of their fall. "On him the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." Will you let him take your sins to-day, or do you say, "I will take charge of them myself, I will fight my own battles, I will risk eternity on my own account?" O brother! then you will perish. I know not how near some of you have come to crossing the line.

A clergyman said in his pulpit one Sabbath: "Before next Saturday night, one of this audience will have passed out of life." A gentleman said to another seated next to him: "I don't believe it; I mean to watch, and if it doesn't come true by next Saturday night, I shall tell that clergyman his falsehood." The man seated next to him said: "Perhaps it will be yourself." "Oh, no!" the other replied, "I shall live to be an old man." That night he breathed his last.

To-day the Saviour calls. All may come. God never pushes a man off. God never destroys anybody. The man jumps off. It is suicide—soul suicide—if the man perishes, for the invitation is, "Whosoever will, let him come." Whosoever, whosoever, whosoever!

There may be in this audience just one man who will reject the Gospel. It seems to me that the vast multitude will see that the Gospel is reasonable and they will surrender themselves to God; but there may

Lost Sheep

be in this house just one who will refuse the Gospel, and pass out and pass down. Let me take solemn leave of such an one. Watch cautiously your health, for when your life ceases here, all pleasant experiences cease. Walk not near the scaffolding lest a brick or a stone should fall and you should be ushered into a world for which you have no preparation. To-morrow morning you will go over to the store or the bank or the factory, and they will say: "Where were you on the Sabbath?" You will say, "I was at the Tabernacle and I heard the Gospel preached; there were some things in the sermon I didn't believe, I could not receive, I could not accept." And so the days will go by and the hours and the moments until after a while eternity will rush upon you. I am speaking to just that one soul. Farewell, thou doomed spirit. As thou shovest off from hope I wave thee this salutation. Oh, it is hard to part forever! I bid thee a long, a last, a bitter, an eternal adieu.

While God invites, how blest the day,
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound;
Come, sinner, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

In this day of merciful visitation, while many are coming into the kingdom of God, join the procession heavenward.

Seated here during the last service we had was a man who came in and said: "I don't know that there is any God." That was on Friday night. I said: "We will kneel down and find out whether there is any God." And in the second seat from the pulpit we knelt. He said: "I have found him. There is a God, a pardoning God. I feel him here." He knelt in the darkness of sin. He arose two minutes afterward in the liberty of the Gospel; while another

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

sitting under the gallery on Friday night said: "My opportunity is gone; last week I might have been saved, not now; the door is shut." And another from the very midst of the meeting, during the week, rushed out the front door of the Tabernacle, saying: "I am a lost man."

"Behold! the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation." "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that—the judgment!"

COME

Gen., 7: 1: "Come." Rev., 22: 17: "Come."

COME

Gen., 7: 1: "Come." Rev., 22: 17: "Come."

Imperial, tender and all-persuasive is this word "Come." Six hundred and seventy-eight times is it found in the Scriptures. It stands at the front gate of the Bible as in my first text, inviting antediluvians into Noah's ark, and it stands at the other gate of the Bible as in my second text, inviting the postdiluvians of all later ages into the ark of a Saviour's mercy. "Come" is only a word of four letters, but it is the queen of words, and nearly the entire nation of English vocabulary bows to its sceptre. It is an ocean into which empty ten thousand rivers of meaning. Other words drive, but this beckons. All moods of feeling hath that word "Come." Sometimes it weeps and sometimes it laughs. Sometimes it prays, sometimes it tempts, and sometimes it destroys. It sounds from the door of the church and from the seraglios of sin, from the gates of heaven and the gates of hell. It is confluent and accrescent of all power. It is the heiress of most of the past and the almoner of most of the future. "Come!" You may pronounce it so that all the heavens will be heard in its cadences, or pronounce it so that all the woes of time and eternity shall reverberate in its one syllable. It is on the lip of saint and profligate. It is the mightiest of all sollicitants, either for good or bad.

To-day I weigh anchor and haul in the planks and set sail on that great word, although I am sure I will not be able to reach the farther shore. I will let down the fathoming line into this sea and try to

VOL. XIX. 189

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

measure its depths, and, though I tie together all the cables and cordage I have on board, I will not be able to touch bottom. All the power of the Christian religion is in that word, "Come." The dictatorial and commandatory in religion is of no avail. The imperative mood is not the appropriate mood when we would have people savingly impressed. They may be coaxed, but they cannot be driven. Our hearts are like our homes—at a friendly knock the door will be opened, but an attempt to force open our door would land the assailant in prison. Our theological seminaries, which keep young men three years at their curriculum before launching them into the ministry, will do well if in so short a time they can teach the candidates for the holy office how to say with right emphasis and intonation and power that one word, "Come!" That man who has such efficiency in Christian work, and that woman who has such power to persuade people to quit the wrong and begin the right, went through a series of losses, bereavements, persecutions, and the trials of twenty or thirty years before they could make it a triumph of grace every time they uttered the word "Come."

You must remember that in many cases our "Come" has a mightier "Come" to conquer before it has any effect at all. Just give me the accurate census, the statistics, of how many are down in fraud, in drunkenness, in gambling, in impurity, or in vice of any sort, and I will give you the accurate census or statistics of how many have been slain by the word "Come." "Come and click wine-glasses with me at this ivory bar." "Come and see what we can win at this gaming table." "Come, enter with me this doubtful speculation." "Come with me and read those infidel tracts on Christianity." "Come with me to a place of bad amusement." "Come with me in a gay

Come

bout through underground New York." If in this city there are twenty thousand who are down in moral character, then twenty thousand fell under the power of the word "Come." I was reading of a wife whose husband had been overthrown by strong drink, and she went to the saloon where he was ruined, and she said: "Give me back my husband." And the bartender, pointing to a maudlin and battered man drowsing in the corner of the barroom, said: "There he is; Jim, wake up; here's your wife come for you." And the woman said: "Do you call that my husband? What have you been doing with him? Is that the manly brow? Is that the clear eye? Is that the noble heart that I married? What vile drug have you given him that has turned him into a fiend? Take your tiger claws off of him. Uncoil those serpent folds of evil habit that are crushing him. Give me back my husband, the one with whom I stood at the altar ten years ago. Give him back to me." Victim was he, as millions of others have been, of the word "Come!"

Now, we want, all the world over, to harness this word for good, as others have harnessed it for evil; and it will draw the five continents and the seas between them—yea, it will draw the whole earth back to the God from whom it has wandered. It is that wooing and persuasive word that will lead men to give up their sins. Was skepticism ever brought into love of the truth by an ebullition of hot words against infidelity? Was ever the blasphemer stopped in his oaths by denunciation of blasphemy? Was ever a drunkard weaned from his cups by the temperance lecturer's mimicry of staggering step and hiccough? No. It was: "Come with me to church to-day and hear our singing;" "Come and let me introduce you to a Christian man whom you will be sure to admire;" "Come with me into associations that are cheerful

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage.

and good and inspiring;" "Come with me into joy such as you never before experienced."

With that word which has done so much for others I approach you to-day. Are you all right with God? "No," you say, "I think not; I am sometimes frightened when I think of him; I fear I will not be ready to meet him in the last day; my heart is not right with God." Come, then, and have it made right. Through the Christ who died to save you, come! What is the use in delaying? The longer you wait the farther off you are and the deeper you are down. Strike out for heaven! You remember that a few years ago a steamer called the *Princess Alice*, with a crowd of excursionists aboard, sank in the Thames, and there was a terrible loss of life. A boatman from the shore put out for the rescue, and he had a big boat, and he got it so full it would not hold another person, and as he laid hold of the oars to pull for the shore, leaving hundreds helpless and drowning, he cried out: "Oh, that I had a bigger boat!" Thank God I am not thus limited, and that I can promise room for all in this Gospel boat. Get in; get in! And yet there is room. Room in the heart of a pardoning God. Room in heaven.

I also apply the word of my text to those who would like practical comfort. If any ever escape the struggle of life, I have not found them. They are not certainly among the prosperous classes. In most cases it was a struggle all the way up till they reached the prosperity, and since they have reached these heights there have been perplexities, anxieties, and crises which were almost enough to shatter the nerves and turn the brain. It would be hard to tell which have the biggest fight in this world—the prosperities or the adversities, the conspicuities or the obscurities. Just as soon as you have enough success to attract the

Come

attention of others, the envies and jealousies are let loose from their kennel. The greatest crime that you can commit in the estimation of some is to get on better than they do. They think your addition is their subtraction. Five hundred persons start for a certain goal of success; one reaches it and the other four hundred and ninety-nine are mad. It would take volumes to hold the story of the wrongs, outrages and defamations that have come upon you as a result of your success. The warm sun of prosperity brings into life a swampful of annoying insects. On the other hand, the unfortunate classes have their struggles for maintenance. To achieve a livelihood by one who had nothing to start with, and after a while for a family as well, and carry this on until children are reared and educated and fairly started in the world, and to do this amid all the rivalries of business and the uncertainty of crops and the fickleness of tariff legislation—with an occasional labor strike and here and there a financial panic thrown in—is a mighty thing to do, and there are hundreds and thousands of such heroes and heroines who live unsung and die unhonored. What we all need, whether up or down in life or half-way between, is the infinite solace of the Christian religion. And so we employ the word "Come!" It will take all eternity to find out the number of business men who have been strengthened by the promises of God, and the people who have been fed by the ravens when other resources gave out, and the men and women who, going into this battle armed only with needle or saw or ax or yardstick or pen or type or shovel or shoe-last have gained a victory that made the heavens resound. With all the resources of God promised for every exigency, no one need be left in the lurch.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

I like the faith displayed years ago in Drury Lane, London, in an humble home where every particle of food had given out, and a kindly soul entered with tea and other table supplies, and found a kettle on the fire ready for the tea. The benevolent lady said: "How is it that you have the kettle ready for the tea when you had no tea in the house?" And the daughter in the home said: "Mother would have me put the kettle on the fire, and when I said, 'What is the use of doing so, when we have nothing in the house?' she said: 'My child, God will provide; thirty years he has already provided for me, through all my pain and helplessness, and he will not leave me to starve at last; he will send us help, though we do not yet see how.' We have been waiting all the day for something to come, but until we saw you we knew not how it was to come." Such things the world may call coincidences, but I call them almighty deliverances, and, though you do not hear of them, they are occurring every hour of every day and in all parts of Christendom.

But the word "Come" applied to those who need solace will amount to nothing unless it be uttered by some one who has experienced that solace. That spreads the responsibility of giving this Gospel call among a great many. Those who have lost property and been consoled by religion in that trial are the ones to invite those who have failed in business. Those who have lost their health and been consoled by religion are the ones to invite those who are in poor health. Those who have had bereavements, and been consoled in those bereavements, are the ones to sympathize with those who have lost father or mother or companion or child or friend. What multitudes of us are alive to-day and in good health and buoyant in this journey of life who would have

Come

been broken down or dead long ago but for the sustaining and cheering help of our holy religion! So we say, "Come!" The well is not dry. The buckets are not empty. The supply is not exhausted. There is just as much mercy and condolence and soothing power in God as before the first grave was dug or the first tear started or the first heart broken or the first accident happened or the first fortune vanished. Those of us who have felt the consolatory power of religion have a right to speak out of our own experiences and say, "Come!"

What dismal work of condolence the world makes when it attempts to condole! The plaster they spread does not stick. The broken bones under their bandage do not knit. A farmer was lost in the snow-storm on a prairie of the far West. Night coming on, and after he was almost frantic from not knowing which way to go, his sleigh struck the rut of another sleigh and he said: "I will follow this rut and it will take me out to safety." He hastened on until he heard the bells of the preceding horses, but, coming up, he found that that man was also lost and, as is the tendency of those who are thus confused in the forest, or on the moors, they were both moving in a circle, and the runner of the one lost sleigh was following the runner of the other lost sleigh around and around. At last it occurred to them to look at the north star, which was peering through the night, and by the direction of that star they got home again. Those who follow the advice of this world in time of perplexity are in a fearful round, for it is one bewildered soul following another bewildered soul; and only those who have in such time got their eye on the morning star of our Christian faith can find their way out, or be strong enough to lead others with an all-persuasive invitation.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

"But," says some one, "you Christian people keep telling us to 'come,' yet you do not tell us how to come." That charge shall not be true on this occasion. Come believing! Come repenting! Come praying! After all that God has been doing for six thousand years, sometimes through patriarchs and sometimes through prophets, and at last through the culmination of all tragedies on Golgotha, can any one think that God will not welcome your coming? Will a father at vast outlay construct a mansion for his son, and lay out parks white with statues and green with foliage and all a-sparkle with fountains and then not allow his son to live in the house or walk in the parks? Has God built this house of Gospel mercy, and will he then refuse entrance to his children? Will a government at great expense build life-saving stations all along the coast, and boats that can hover unhurt like a petrel over the wildest surge; and then when the life-boat has reached the wreck of a ship in the offing not allow the drowning to seize the life-line or take the boat for the shore in safety? Shall God provide at the cost of his only Son's assassination escape for a sinking world, and then turn a deaf ear to the cry that comes up from the breakers?

"But," you say, "there are so many things I have to believe, and so many things in the shape of a creed that I have to adopt, that I am kept back." No, no! You need believe but two things, namely, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that you are one of them. "But," you say, "I do believe both of those things." Do you, really, believe them with all your heart? "Yes." Why, then, you have passed from death into life. Why, then, you are a son or a daughter of the Lord Almighty. Why, then, if you are resolved to act on the belief and in Christ's strength renounce sin, you are an heir or an heiress

Come

of an inheritance that will declare dividends from now until long after the stars are dead. Hallelujah! Prince of God, why do you not come and take your coronet? Princess of the Lord Almighty, why do you not mount your throne? Pass up into the light. Your boat is anchored, why do you not go ashore? Just plant your feet hard down and you will feel under them the Rock of Ages. I challenge the universe for one instance in which a man in the right spirit appealed for the salvation of the Gospel and did not get it. Man alive! are you going to let all the years of your life go away without your having this great peace, this glorious hope, this bright expectancy? Are you going to let the pearl of great price lie in the dust at your feet because you are too indolent or too proud to stoop down and pick it up? Will you wear the chain of evil habit when near-by you is the hammer that could with one stroke snap the shackle? Will you stay in the prison of sin when here is a Gospel key that could unlock the door that perpetuates your incarceration? No, no!

As the one word, "Come," has sometimes brought many souls to Christ, I will try the experiment of piling up into a mountain and then sending down in an avalanche of power many of these Gospel "Comes." "Come thou and all thy house into the ark;" "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest;" "Come, for all things are now ready;" "Come with us and we will do you good;" "Come and see;" "The Spirit and the Bride say 'Come,' and let him that heareth say 'Come,' and let him that is athirst 'Come.' " The stroke of one bell in a tower may be sweet, but a score of bells well tuned and rightly lifted and skilfully swung in one great chime fill the heavens with music almost celestial. And no one who

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

has heard the mighty chimes in the towers of Amsterdam or Ghent or Copenhagen can forget them. Now, it seems to me, that in this Sabbath hour all heaven is chiming, and the voices of departed friends and kindred ring down the sky, saying, "Come!" The angels who never fell, bending from sapphire thrones, are chanting "Come!" Yea, all the towers of heaven, tower of martyrs, tower of prophets, tower of apostles, tower of evangelists, tower of the temple of the Lord God and the Lamb, are chiming, "Come! Come!" Pardon for all and peace for all and heaven for all who will come.

When Russia was in one of her great wars, the suffering of the soldiers had been long and bitter, and they were waiting for the end of the strife. One day a messenger in great excitement ran among the tents of the army shouting, "Peace! Peace!" The sentinel on guard asked, "Who says 'Peace'?" And the sick soldier turned on his hospital mattress and asked, "Who says 'Peace'?" And all up and down the encampment of the Russians went the question, "Who says 'Peace'?" Then the messenger responded, "The Czar says 'Peace.'" That was enough. That meant going home. That meant the war was over. No more wounds and no more long marches. So to-day, as one of the Lord's messengers, I move through these great encampments of souls and cry, "Peace between earth and heaven! Peace between God and man! Peace between your repenting soul and a pardoning Lord!" If you ask me, "Who says 'Peace'?" I answer, "Christ our King declares it." "My peace I give unto you!" "Peace of God that passeth all understanding!" Everlasting peace!

THE GOSPEL LOOKING-GLASS

Ex., 38: 8: "And he made the laver of brass, and the foot of it of brass, of the looking-glasses of the women assembling."

THE GOSPEL LOOKING-GLASS

Ex., 38: 8: "And he made the laver of brass, and the foot of it of brass, of the looking-glasses of the women assembling."

We often hear about the Gospel in John and the Gospel in Luke and the Gospel in Matthew; but there is just as surely a Gospel of Moses and a Gospel of Jeremiah and a Gospel of David. In other words, Christ is as certainly to be found in the Old Testament as in the New.

When the Israelites were marching through the wilderness, they carried their church with them. They called it the tabernacle. It was a pitched tent, very costly, very beautiful. The frame-work was made of forty-eight boards of acacia-wood set in sockets of silver. The curtains between these boards were purple and scarlet and blue and fine linen and were hung with most artistic loops. The candlestick of that tabernacle had shaft and branch and bowl of solid gold and the figures of cherubim that stood there had wings of gold; and there were lamps of gold and snuffers of gold and tongs of gold and rings of gold, so that skepticism has sometimes asked, Where did all that precious material come from? It is not my place to furnish the precious stones; it is only to tell that they were there.

I wish now more especially to speak of the laver that was built in the midst of that ancient tabernacle. It was a great basin in which the priests washed their hands and feet. The water came down from the basin in spouts and passed away after the cleansing. This laver or basin was made out of the looking-glasses

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

of the women who had frequented the tabernacle and who had made these their contribution to the furniture. These looking-glasses were not made of glass, but they were brazen. The brass was of a very superior quality and polished until it reflected easily the features of those who looked into it. So that this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in my text did double work; it not only furnished the water in which the priests washed themselves, but it also, on its shining, polished surface, pointed out the spots of pollution on the face which needed ablution. Now, my friends, as every thing in that ancient tabernacle was suggestive of religious truth, and for the most part positively symbolical of truth, I shall take that laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text as all-suggestive of the Gospel, which first shows us our sins as in a mirror, and then washes them away by divine ablution.

Oh happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

I have to say that this is the only looking-glass in which a man can see himself as he is. There are some mirrors that flatter the features and make you look better than you are. Then there are other mirrors that distort your features and make you look worse than you are; but I want to tell you that this looking-glass of the Gospel shows a man just as he is. When the priests entered the ancient tabernacle, one glance at the burnished side of this laver showed them their need of cleansing; so this Gospel shows the soul its need of divine washing. "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." That is one showing. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." That is another showing. "From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no health in us."

The Gospel Looking-Glass

That is another showing. The world calls these, defects, imperfections or eccentricities or erratic behavior or "wild oats" or "high living"; but the Gospel calls them sin, transgression, filth—the abominable thing that God hates. It was just one glance at that mirror that made Paul cry out: "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and that made David cry out: "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean;" and that made Martin Luther cry out: "Oh, my sins, my sins!" I am not talking about bad habits. You and I do not need any Bible to tell us that bad habits are wrong, that blasphemy and evil-speaking are wrong. But I am talking of a sinful nature, the source of all bad thoughts, as well as of all bad actions. The Apostle Paul calls their roll in the first chapter of Romans. They are a regiment of death encamping around every heart, holding it in a tyranny from which nothing but the grace of God can deliver it.

Here, for instance, is ingratitude. Who has not been guilty of that sin? If a man hand us a glass of water, we say: "Thank you;" but for the ten thousand mercies that we are every day receiving from the hand of God, how little expression of gratitude—for thirst slaked, for hunger fed, for shelter and sunshine and sound sleep and clothes to wear—how little thanks! I suppose there are men fifty years of age who have never yet been down on their knees in thanksgiving to God for his goodness. Besides that ingratitude of our hearts, there is pride (who has not felt it?)—pride that will not submit to God, that wants its own way—a nature that prefers wrong sometimes instead of right—that prefers to wallow instead of to rise up. I do not care what you call that; I am not going to quarrel with any theologian, or any man who makes any pretensions

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

to theology. I do not care whether you call it "total depravity," or something else; I simply make the announcement of God's word, affirmed and confirmed by the experience of hundreds of people in this house; the imagination of the heart of man is evil from youth. "There is none that doeth good; no, not one." We have a bad nature. We were born with it. We got it from our parents; they got it from their parents. Our thoughts are wrong; our action is wrong; our whole life is obnoxious to God before conversion; and after conversion, not one good thing in us but that which the grace of God has planted and fostered. "Well," you say, "I can't believe that to be so." Ah! my dear brother, that is because you have never looked into this laver of looking-glasses.

If you could catch a glimpse of your natural heart before God, you would cry out in amazement and alarm. The very first thing this Gospel does is to cut down our pride and self-sufficiency. If a man does not feel his lost and ruined condition before God, he does not want any Gospel. I think the reason that there are so few conversions in this day is because the tendency of the preaching is to make men believe that they are pretty good anyhow—quite clever, only wanting a little fixing up—a few touches of divine grace, and then you will be all right; instead of proclaiming the broad, deep truth that Payson and Baxter and Whitefield thundered to a race trembling on the verge of infinite and eternal disaster.

"Now," says some one, "can this really be true? Have we all gone astray? Is there no good in us?" In Hampton Court I saw a room where the four walls were covered with looking-glasses; and it made no difference which way you looked, you saw yourself. And so it is in this Gospel of Christ. If you once step within its full precincts, you will find your whole

The Gospel Looking-Glass

character reflected; every feature of moral deformity, every spot of moral taint. If I understand the Word of God, its first announcement is that we are lost. I care not, my brother, how magnificently you may have been born, or what may have been your heritage or ancestry, you are lost by reason of sin. "But," you say, "what is the use of all this—of showing a man's faults when he can't get rid of them?" None! "What was the use of that burnished surface to this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text, if it only showed the spots on the countenance and the need of washing, and there was nothing to wash with?" Glory be to God, I find that this laver of looking-glasses was filled with fresh water every morning, and the priest no sooner looked on its burnished side and saw his need of cleansing than he washed and was clean—glorious type of the Gospel of my Lord Jesus, that first shows a man his sin, and then washes it all away!"

I want you to notice that this laver in which the priest washed—the laver of looking-glasses—was filled with fresh water every morning. The servants of the tabernacle brought the water in buckets and poured it into this laver. So it is with the Gospel of Jesus Christ; it has a fresh salvation every day. It is not a stagnant pool filled with accumulated corruptions. It is living water, which is brought from the eternal rock to wash away the sins of yesterday—of one moment ago. "Oh," says some one, "I was a Christian twenty years ago!" That does not mean anything to me. What are you now? We are not talking, my brother, about pardon ten years ago, but about pardon now—a fresh salvation. Suppose a time of war should come and I could show the Government that I had been loyal to it twelve years ago, would that excuse me from taking an oath of allegi-

VOL. XIX.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

ance now? Suppose you ask me about my physical health and I should say I was well fifteen years ago—that does not say how I am now. The Gospel of Jesus Christ comes and demands present allegiance, present fealty, present moral health; and yet how many Christians there are seeking to live entirely in past experience, who seem to have no experience of present mercy and pardon! When I was on the sea and there came up a great storm and officers and crew and passengers all thought we must go down, I began to think of my life insurance, and whether, if I were taken away, my family would be cared for; and then I thought, Is the premium paid up? and I said, Yes. Then I felt comfortable. Yet there are men who in religious matters are looking back to past insurance. They have let it run out, and they have nothing for the present, no hope nor pardon—falling back on the old insurance policy of ten, twenty, thirty years ago. If I want to find out how a friend feels toward me, do I go to the drawer and find some old yellow letters written to me ten or twelve years ago? No; I go to the letter that was stamped the day before yesterday in the post office, and I find how he feels toward me. It is not in regard to old communications we had with Jesus Christ, it is communications we have now. Are we not in sympathy with him this morning and is he not in sympathy with us? Do not spend so much of your time in hunting in the wardrobe for the old, worn-out shoes of Christian profession. Come this morning and take the glittering robe of Christ's righteousness from the Saviour's hand. You say you were plunged in the fountain of the Saviour's mercy a quarter of a century ago. That is nothing to me; I tell you to wash now in this laver of looking-glasses and have your soul made clean.

The Gospel Looking-Glass

I notice, also, in regard to this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text, that the priests always washed both hands and feet. The water came down in spouts, so that, without leaving any filth in the basin, the priests washed both hands and feet. So the Gospel of Jesus Christ must touch the very extremities of our moral nature. A man cannot fence off a small part of his soul, and say, "Now this is to be a garden in which I will have all the fruits and flowers of Christian character, while outside it shall be the devil's commons." No, no; it will be all garden or none. I sometimes hear people say, "He is a very good man except in politics." Then he is not a good man. A religion that will not take a man through an autumn election will not be worth anything to him in June, July, and August. They say he is a useful sort of a man, but he overreaches in a bargain. I deny the statement. If he is a Christian anywhere, he will be in his business. It is very easy to be good in the prayer-meeting, with surroundings kindly and blessed, but not so easy to be a Christian behind the counter, when by one skilful twitch of the goods you can hide a flaw in the silk so that the customer cannot see it. It is very easy to be a Christian with a psalm-book in your hand and a Bible in your lap, but not so easy when you can go into a shop, and falsely tell the merchant you can get those goods at a cheaper rate in another store, so that he will sell them to you cheaper than he can afford to sell them. The fact is, the religion of Christ is all-pervasive. If you rent a house, you expect full possession of it. You say: "Where are the keys of those rooms? If I pay for this whole house, I want possession of those rooms." And the grace of God when it comes to a soul takes full possession of a

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

man, or goes away and takes no possession. It will ransack every room in the heart, every room in the life, from cellar to attic, touching the very extremities of his nature. The priests washed hands and feet.

I remark, further, that this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text was a very large laver. I always thought, from the fact that so many washed there that it needed to be large, and also from the fact that Solomon afterward, when he copied that laver in the Temple, built it on a very large scale; and so suggestive of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and salvation by him—vast in its provisions. The whole world may come and wash in this laver and be clean.

When the last war had ended, the Government of the United States made proclamation of pardon to the common soldiery in the Confederate army, but not to the chief soldiers. The Gospel of Christ does not act in that way. It says pardon for all, but especially for the chief of sinners. I do not now think of a single passage that says a small sinner may be saved, but I do think of passages that say a great sinner may be saved. If there be sins only faintly hued, just a little tinged, so faintly colored that you can hardly see them, there is no special pardon promised in the Bible for those sins; but if they be glaring, red like crimson, then they shall be as snow. Now, my brother, I do not state this to put a premium upon great iniquity. I merely say this to encourage that man in this house who feels he is so far gone from God that there is no mercy for him. I want to tell him there is a good chance. Why, Paul was a murderer; he assisted at the execution of Stephen; and yet Paul was saved. The dying thief did everything bad. The dying thief was saved. Richard Baxter swore dreadfully; but the grace of God met him, and Richard Baxter was saved. It is a vast laver. Go

The Gospel Looking-Glass

and tell everybody to come and wash in it. Let them come up from the penitentiaries and wash away their crimes. Let them come up from the almshouses and wash away their poverty. Let them come up from their graves and wash away their death. If there be anyone so worn out in sin that he cannot get up to the laver, you will take hold of his head and put your arms around him and I will take hold of his feet and we will plunge him in this glorious Bethesda, the vast laver of God's mercy and salvation.

In Solomon's Temple there were ten lavers and one molten sea—this great reservoir in the midst of the temple filled with water—these lavers and this molten sea adorned with figures of palm branch and oxen and lions and cherubim. This fountain of God's mercy is a vaster molten sea than that. It is adorned, not with palm branches, but with the wood of the cross; not with cherubim, but with the wings of the Holy Ghost; and around its great rim all the race may come and wash in the molten sea. I was reading the other day of Alexander the Great, who, when he was very thirsty and standing at the head of his army, had brought to him a cup of water. He looked off upon his host and said, "I cannot drink this, my men are all thirsty"; and he dashed it to the ground. Blessed be God! there is enough water for all the host—enough for captains and host. "Whosoever will may come and take of the water of life freely"—a laver broad as the earth, high as the heavens, and deep as hell.

But I notice, also, in regard to this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text, that the washing in it was imperative and not optional. When the priests come into the tabernacle (you will find this in the thirtieth chapter of Exodus), God tells them that they must wash in that laver or die. The priest might

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

have said, "Can't I wash elsewhere? I washed in the laver at home, and now you want me to wash here." God says, "No matter whether or not you have washed before. Wash in this laver or die." "But," says the priest, "there is water just as clean as this—why won't that do?" "Wash here," says God, "or die." So it is with the Gospel of Christ—it is imperative. There is only this alternative: keep our sins and perish, or wash them away and live. But says some one, "Why could not God have made more ways to heaven than one?" I do not know but he could have made half a dozen. I know he made but one. You say, "Why not have a long line of boats running from here to heaven?" I cannot say, but I simply know that there is only one boat. You say, "Are there not trees as luxuriant as that on Calvary?—more luxuriant, for that had neither buds nor blossoms; it was stripped and barked!" Yes, yes; there have been taller trees than that and more luxuriant; but the only path to heaven is under that one tree. Instead of quarreling because there are not more ways, let us be thankful to God there is one—one name given unto men whereby we can be saved—one laver in which all the world may wash. So you see what a radiant Gospel this is I preach. I do not know how a man can stand stolidly and present it, for it is such an exhilarant Gospel. It is not a mere whim or caprice; it is life or death; it is heaven or hell. You come before your child, and you have a present in your hand. You put your hands behind your back and say, "Which hand will you take? In one hand there is a treasure, in the other there is not." The child blindly chooses. But God our Father does not do that way with us. He spreads out both hands, and says, "Now this shall be very plain. In that hand are pardon and peace and life

The Gospel Looking-Glass

and the treasures of heaven; in that hand are punishment and sorrow and woe. Choose, choose for yourselves!" "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned."

Oh, my dear friends, I wish I could this morning coax you to accept this Gospel. If you could just take one look in this laver of looking-glasses spoken of in the text, you would begin now spiritual ablution. You will not feel insulted, will you, when I tell you that you are a lost soul without pardon? Christ offers all the generosity of his nature to you this morning. The love of Christ I dare not, toward the close of my sermon, begin to tell about it. The love of Christ! Do not talk to me about a mountain; it is higher than that. Do not talk to me about a sea; it is deeper than that.

An artist in his dreams had such a splendid vision of the transfiguration of Christ that he awoke and seized his pencil, and said, "Let me paint this and die." Oh, I have seen the glories of Christ! I have beheld something of the beauty of that great sacrifice on Calvary, and I have sometimes felt I would be willing to give anything if I might just sketch before you the wonders of that sacrifice. I would like to do it while I live, and I would like to do it when I die. "Let me paint this and die!" He comes along, weary and worn, his face wet with tears, his brow crimson with blood, and he lies down on Calvary for you. No; I mistake. Nothing was as comfortable as that. A stone on Calvary would have made a soft pillow for the dying head of Christ. Nothing so comfortable as that. He does not lie down to die; he stands up to die; his spiked hands outspread as if to embrace a world. Oh, what a hard end for these feet that had traveled all over Judea on ministries of mercy! What a hard end for those

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

hands that had wiped away tears and bound up broken hearts! Very hard, O dying Lamb of God! and yet there are those here this morning who do not love thee. They say, "What is all that to me? What if he does weep and groan and die, I don't want him." Lord Jesus Christ, they will not help thee down from the cross! The soldiers will come and they will tear thee down from the cross and put their arms around thee and lower thee into the tomb; but they will not help. They see nothing to move them. O dying Christ! turn on them thine eyes of affection now, and see if they will not change their minds!

I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

Oh, never till my latest breath
Will I forget that look!
He seemed to change me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

And that is all for you! Oh, can you not love him? Come around this laver, old and young. It is so burnished, you can see your sins; and so deep, you can wash them all away. O mourner, here bathe your bruised soul; and, sick one, here cool your hot temples in this laver. Peace! Do not cry any more, dear soul! Pardon for all thy sins, comfort for all thy afflictions. The black cloud that hung thundering over Sinai has floated above Calvary, and burst into the shower of a Saviour's tears.

I saw in Kensington Garden, London, a picture of Waterloo a good while after the battle had passed, and the grass had grown all over the field. There was a dismounted cannon, and a lamb had come up from the pasture and lay sleeping in the mouth of

The Gospel Looking-Glass

that cannon. So the artist had represented it—a most suggestive thing. Then I thought how the war between God and the soul had ended; and instead of the announcement, “The wages of sin is death,” there came the words, “My peace I give unto thee”; and amidst the batteries of the law that had once quaked with the fiery hail of death, I beheld the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.

I went to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad:
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

THE WORLD INSUFFICIENT

Eccles., 12: 8: "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher;
all is vanity."

THE WORLD INSUFFICIENT

Eccles., 12: 8: "Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher;
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When a book is placed in your hands, the first question you ask is, "Who wrote it?" Not all the political astuteness and classic grace and unparalleled satire of *Junius's Letters* can satisfy you, because you do not know who Junius was—whether John Horne Tooke or Bishop Butler or Edmund Burke or some one else. Mightier than a book always is the man who wrote the book.

Now, who is the author of this text? King Solomon. It seemed as if the world exhausted itself on that man. It wove its brightest flowers into his garland. It set its richest gems in his coronet. It pressed the rarest wine to his lip. It robed him in the purest purple and embroidery. It cheered him with the sweetest music in that land of harps. It greeted him with the gladdest laughter that ever leaped from mirth's lip. It sprinkled his cheek with spray from the brightest fountains. Royalty had no dominion, wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, flowers no sweetness, song no melody, light no radiance, upholstery no gorgeousness, waters no gleam, birds no plumage, prancing coursers no mettle, architecture no grandeur, but it was all his. Across the thick grass of the lawn, fragrant with tufts of camphire from En-ge-di, fell the long shadows of trees brought from distant forests. Fish-pools, fed by artificial channels that brought the streams from hills far away, were perpetually ruffled with fins, and golden scales shot from water-cave to water-cave with endless dive and

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

swirl, attracting the gaze of foreign potentates. Birds that had been brought from foreign aviary glanced and fluttered among the foliage and called to their mates far beyond the sea. From the royal stables there came up the neighing of twelve thousand horses, standing in blankets of Tyrian purple, chewing their bits over troughs of gold, waiting for the king's order to be brought out in front of the palace, when the official dignitaries would leap into the saddle for some grand parade, or, harnessed to some of the fourteen hundred chariots of the king, the fiery chargers, with flaunting mane and throbbing nostril, would make the earth jar with the tramp of hoofs and the thunder of wheels.

While within and without the palace you could not think of a single luxury that could be added or of a single splendor that could be kindled, down on the banks of the sea the dry-docks of Ezion-geber rang with the hammers of the shipwrights who were constructing larger vessels for a still wider commerce; for all lands and climes were to become tributary to Solomon's glory. No rest till his keels shall cut every sea, his axmen hew every forest, his archers strike every rare wing, his fishermen whip every stream, his merchants trade in every bazaar, his name be honored by every tribe and royalty shall have no dominion, wealth no luxury, gold no glitter, song no melody, light no radiance, waters no gleam, birds no plumage, prancing coursers no mettle, upholstery no gorgeousness, architecture no grandeur, but it was all his.

"Well," you say, "if there is any man happy, he ought to be." But I hear him coming out through the palace, and see his robes actually incrustated with jewels, as he stands in the front and looks out upon the vast domain. What does he say? King Solo-

The World Insufficient

mon, great is your dominion, great is your honor, great is your joy? No. While standing there amidst all that splendor, the tears start, and his heart breaks, and he exclaims, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." What! Solomon not happy yet? No, not happy.

I learn from this subject, in the first place, that official position will never give solace to a man's soul. I know there have been very happy men in high positions, such as Wilberforce, as Theodore Frelinghuyssen, as Governor Briggs, as Prince Albert. But the joy came not from their elevated position; it came from the Lord God, whom they had tried to serve. This man Solomon was king thirty-five years. All the pleasure that comes from palatial residence, from the flattery of foreign diplomats, from universal sycophancy, gathered around him. For a long while his throne stood firm and the people were loyal; and yet hear his awful sigh of disheartenment in the words of my text. How many people in all ages have made the same experiment with the same failure! How often you see people who think, "If I could only get in this or that position—if I could be a mayor or a governor or a senator or a president, I should be perfectly happy!" And they have gone on, climbing from one position to another, never finding the solace they anticipated.

Ask the men who have gone through the political life of the last forty years, in their old days, what they think of the honors of this world, and they will tell you, "Ashes! ashes!" An old man told me some time ago that he called at the White House just before the expiration of the second term of President Jackson. He sent a message in; the President came not. He sent a second time, and a third time. After a while the President came out in great indigna-

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

tion, and said, "Gentlemen, people envy me in this White House, and they long to get here; but I tell you, at the end of the second term, I am glad to get out of it, for it is a perfect hell." The honors and the emoluments of this world bring so many cares with them, that they bring also torture and disquietude. Pharaoh sits on one of the highest earthly eminences, yet he is miserable because there are some people in his realm that do not want any longer to make bricks. The head of Edward I aches under his crown because the people will not pay the taxes, and Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, will not do him homage, and Wallace will be a hero. Frederick William III of Prussia is miserable because France wants to take the Prussian provinces. The world is not large enough for Louis XIV and William III. The ghastliest suffering, the most shriveling fear, the most rending jealousies, the most gigantic disquietude, have walked amidst obsequious courtiers, and been clothed in royal apparel, and sat on judgment-seats of power.

Honor and truth and justice can not go so high up in authority as to be beyond the range of human assault. The pure and the good in all ages have been execrated by the mob who cry out, "Not this man, but Barrabas. Now, Barrabas was a robber." By patriotic devotion, by honesty, by Christian principle, I would have you, my hearers, seek for the favor and the confidence of your fellow-men; but do not look upon some high position in society as though that were always sunshine. The mountains of earthly honor are like the mountains of Switzerland, covered with perpetual ice and snow. Having obtained the confidence and the love of your associates, be content with such things as you have. You brought nothing into the world, and it is very certain you can carry nothing out. "Cease ye from man, whose

The World Insufficient

breath is in his nostrils." There is an honor that is worth possessing, but it is an honor that comes from God. This day rise up and take it. "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." Who aspires not for that royalty? Come now and be kings and priests unto God and the Lamb forever.

Still further, I learn from my subject that worldly wealth can not satisfy the soul's longing. The more money a man has, the better, if he gets it honestly and uses it lawfully. The whole teaching of the Word of God has a tendency to create those habits and that kind of mental acumen which leads on to riches. A man who talks against wealth as though it were a bad thing, is either a knave or a fool, not meaning what he says, or ignorant of the glorious uses to which money can be put. But the man who builds his soul's happiness on earthly accumulation is not at all wise, to put it in the faintest shape. To say that Solomon was a millionaire gives but a very imperfect idea of the property he inherited from David, his father. He had at his command gold to the value of six hundred and eighty million dollars, and he had silver to the value of one billion twenty-nine million three hundred and seventy-seven dollars. Balkis, the great Queen of Sheba, made him a nice little present of seven hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and Hiram made him a present of the same amount. If he had lost the value of a whole realm out of his pocket, it would have hardly been worth his while to stoop down and pick it up; and yet, with all that affluence, he writes the words of my text, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." Alas! if that man could not find in all his worldly possessions enough to satisfy his immortal soul, no amount that you and

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

I will ever gather by the sweat of our brow or by the strength of our arm, will make us happy.

I have been amused to hear people, when they start in life, say at what point in life they will be contented with worldly possessions. One man says, "I want to get twenty thousand dollars, and I will be satisfied." Another, "I want to get fifty or a hundred thousand or a million, and then I will be satisfied. Then I will say to my soul, 'Now, just look at that block of storehouses. Just look at those government securities. Just look at those bonds and mortgages. Just look what lucrative investments you have. Now, my soul, take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry!'" Thou fool! If you are not happy now with the smaller possessions, you will never be with the larger possessions. If with decent and comely apparel you are not grateful to God, you would be ungrateful if you had a prince's wardrobe crowded till the hinges burst. If you sat this morning at your table, and the fare was so poor that you complained, you would not be satisfied though you sat down to partridge and pineapple. If you are not contented with an income to support comfortably your household, you would not be contented though your income rolled in on you fifty or a hundred thousand dollars a year.

It is not what we get, it is what we are, that makes us happy or miserable. If that is not so, how do you account for the fact that many of those who fare sumptuously every day are waspish and dissatisfied and overbearing and foreboding and cranky and uncompromising; with a countenance in which wrath always lowers, and a lip which scorn curls; while many a time in the summer even-tide you see a laboring man going home in his shirtsleeves with a pail on his arm and a pickax over his shoulder, his face

The World Insufficient

bright with smiles and his heart with hope and the night of his toil bright with flaming auroras? It is an illustration and proof of the fact that it is not outward condition that makes a man happy.

Would I could, by the power of the Lord Almighty, break the infatuation of those men who are neglecting the present sources of satisfaction, hoping that there is to be something in the future for them of a worldly nature that will satisfy their souls. The heart right, all is right. The heart wrong, all is wrong. But I ask you to higher riches; to crowns that never fade; to investments that always declare dividends. Come up this day and get it—the riches of God's pardon, the riches of God's mercy, the riches of God's peace. Blessed are all they who put their trust in him.

I go still further, and learn from this subject that learning and science cannot satisfy the soul. You know that Solomon was one of the largest contributors to the literature of his day. He wrote one thousand and five songs. He wrote three thousand proverbs. His topics had world-wide range. The Bible says distinctly he wrote about plants, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that groweth out of the wall, and about birds and beasts and fishes. No doubt he put off his royal robes and put on hunter's trapping and went out with his arrows to bring down the rarest specimens of birds; and then with his fishing tackle he went down to the stream to bring up the denizens of the deep, and plunged into the forest and found the rarest specimens of flowers. Then he came back to his study and wrote books about zoölogy, the science of animals; about ichthyology, the science of fishes; about ornithology, the science of birds; about botany, the science of plants. Yet, notwithstanding all his

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

achievements, he cries out in my text, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity."

Have you ever seen a man try to make learning and science his God? Did you ever know such a fearful autobiography as that of John Stuart Mill, a man who prided himself on his philosophy, and had a wonderful strength of intellect; yet after his death, his autobiography goes forth to the world, showing that his whole life was a gigantic wretchedness. We have seen men go out with mineralogist's hammer and geologist's pry and botanist's knife and ornithologist's gun and storm the kingdom of nature in her barred castles of cave and grove and forest; and if there is any heaven on earth, it is that. With your eyes prepared for all beautiful sights and your ears for all sweet sounds and your soul for all great thoughts, if you go forth in the place where God breathes in the aroma of flowers and talks in the wind's rustling and sings in the roar of the forest and mountain cataract, then you know why Linnæus spent his life amidst plants and Cuvier found intelligent converse among beasts and Werner grew exhilarant among minerals and Audubon reveled among birds and Agassiz found untraveled worlds of thought in a fish. But every man who has testified, after trying the learning and science of the world for a solace, testified that it is an insufficient portion. The philosopher has often wept in astronomer's observatory and chemist's laboratory and botanist's herbarium. There are times when the soul dives deeper than the fish and soars higher than the bird, and, though it may be enraptured with the beauties of the natural world, it will long after trees of life that never wither and fountains that never dry up and stars that shall shine after the glories of our earthly nights have gone out forever.

The World Insufficient

Oh, what discontents, what jealousies, what uncontrollable hate have sprung up among those who depended upon their literary success! How often have writers, with their pens, plunged into the hearts of their rivals—pens sharper than cimeters, striking deeper than bayonets! Voltaire hated Rousseau. Charles Lamb could not endure Coleridge. Waller warred against Cowley. The hatred of Plato and Xenophon is as immortal as their works. Corneille had an utter contempt for Racine. Have you ever been in Westminster Abbey? In the "Poets' Corner," in Westminster Abbey, sleeps Drayton the poet; and a little way off, Goldie, who said the former was not a poet. There sleeps Dryden; and a little way off, poor Shadwell, who pursued him with fiend's fury. There is Pope; and a little way off is John Dennis, his implacable enemy. They never before came so near together without quarreling! Byron had all that genius could give a man and that sympathy with nature could give a man and that literary applause could give a man, and yet died in wretchedness.

I come to learn one more lesson from my subject, and that is that there is no comfort in the life of a voluptuary. I dare not draw aside the curtain that hides the excesses into which Solomon's dissoluteness plunged him. Though he waved a sceptre over others, there arose in his own soul a tyrant that mastered him. With a mandate that none dared disobey, he laid the whole land under tribute to his iniquity. Delilah sheared the locks of that Samson. From that princely seraglio there went forth a ruinous blight on the whole nation's chastity; but after a while remorse, with feet of fire, leaped upon his soul, and with body exhausted and loathsome and dropping

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

apart with putrefaction, he staggers out from the hell of his own iniquity to give warning to others.

Oh, how many have ventured out on that wild sea of sensuality, driven by fierce winds of passion, hurled against rocks, swallowed in the whirl of hell's maelstrom! That was the last of them. No! that was not the last of them. Oh, how many young men have gone on that path of sin because it seemed blooming with tropical splendor and the sky was bright and the air was balm and from the castles that stood on the shore of glittering seas there came ringing up laughter as merry as the waves that dashed on the crags beneath! By some infernal spell their eye was blinded and their ear was stopped, or they would have heard the clank of chains and the howl of woe, and across their vision would have passed spectres of the dead, with shrouds gathered up about faces blistered with pain and eyes starting from their sockets in agony. But, alas! they saw it not, they heard it not, until from the slippery places the long, lean, skeleton hands of despair reached up and snatched them down, destroyed without remedy!

Has this sorcerer cast his eye on you? O young man! have you been once and again to the places where the pure never go? Have you turned your back upon a mother's prayer and a sister's love? And, while I speak, does your conscience begin to toll dismally the burial of your purity and honor? Put back now or never. Put back! That shadow that falls upon thy soul is from no passing cloud, but from a night deep, starless, eternal. God's eye watcheth thy footsteps. A little farther on, and no tears can wash out thy sin and no prayer will bring a pardon. Put back now or never! I tear off the garlands which hide this death's head, and hold before you to-day the reeking skull of sinful pleasure.

The World Insufficient

Nations have gone down under this sin. Exhumed cities on broken pillars and on temple walls have preserved in infamous sculpture the memory of scenes before which the antiquarian turns his head and asks if there be a God where so long has slept his vengeance. The world still trembles under the weight of this behemoth of iniquity, and, from the myriad graves in which it holds the scarred carcasses of the slain, lifts up its hands, crying, "How long, O Lord, how long?" From Christian circles, from the very altars of God, the ranks of ruin are made up. They march on with scorched feet over a pathway of fire, the ground trembling with earthquake and the air hot with the breath of woe and sulphurous with the fleet lightnings of God's wrath. Scorpions strike out at every step and the "worm that never dies" lifts its awful crest, with horrid folds to crush the debauched. Oh, there is no peace in the life of a voluptuary! Solomon answers, "None! none!"

But if there is no complete satisfaction in worldly office, in worldly wealth, in worldly learning, in sinful indulgence—where is there any? Has God turned us out on a desert to die? Ah, no; look at this one that comes this morning—this fair one. Immortal garlands on her brow. The song of heaven bursting from her lips! "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." In Christ is peace. In Christ is pardon. In Christ is everlasting joy, and nowhere else.

Substantial comfort will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

ORDINARY PEOPLE

Romans, 16: 14, 15: "Salute Asyncritus, Phlegon, Her-
mas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus, and Julia."

THE FATAL LINE

Genesis, 6: 3: "My spirit shall not always **strive.**"

THE FATAL LINE

Genesis, 6: 3: "My spirit shall not always strive."

God was going to destroy the world with a universal deluge. He would give the people one hundred and twenty years in which to repent; but, in the chapter from which my text is taken he practically says: "That will be the utmost limit; I will not always importune men; my Spirit shall not always strive." What was true and appropriate before the flood is true and appropriate since the flood. God is going to give you, my friends, a fair chance for heaven. It shall not be told in the Judgment Day, or in eternity, that Satan was permitted, unchallenged, to impose upon any man, or that one had no opportunity for escape.

Some years ago a steamer burned on Long Island Sound. The hulk of it was beached, yet the bell of that steamer kept tolling during the day and tolling during the night and tolling for weeks, and it was very solemn to those who passed by. And I have to tell you, my brother, that wherever there is a moral shipwreck, wherever there is a spiritual catastrophe, God lifts a warning bell — rings through day and through night and through death and through hell — "Repent, Repent!"

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

men, telling them all I feel in regard to their present happiness and their eternal welfare. I come before you now with a special message. The trumpet shall give no uncertain sound. I stand between the living and the dead. Hear me, O immortal men and women! while I tell you how God's Spirit strives with the soul, and then, as well as I may, set forth the fact that there is a limit to that merciful ministration. "My Spirit shall not always strive." God help us!

In the first place, I remark that God strives with us through silent contemplation. I take it for granted that you are thinking people, not among those absurd persons who pride themselves on having no thought about this life and no thought about the future. You do not belong to that class. Some day, perhaps, you were in the store, and a thought of the great future flashed across your mind. You opened your account-books. You bethought yourself: "Oh, that long debit account of God's mercy toward me, and oh, that credit account—it is a blank page. "Are my accounts right with God?" You put your key into the money safe, you opened the door, you said to yourself: "If a fire should sweep down this street and destroy all my other valuables, those which I have put in this safe would be unharmed. Is my soul safe? Would it be safe in the conflagration which shall twist New York and Brooklyn and Boston and London and Paris with its tongue of flame as an ox's tongue twists a grass blade?" Then there came a thought across

The Fatal Line

Spirit of Almighty God moving through your soul in the hour of silent contemplation. There, with your letters on the file above you, samples of goods all around you, the weigher whistling thoughtlessly on the step, all the surroundings completely secular, the Holy Spirit touched your heart. Did you realize it? Or perhaps you were in your front parlor on Sabbath morning. You saw the people going down the street. You said: "Where are they going? To church, I suppose. What is the use of all this praying and preaching and singing? I wonder if those people will be any better off than I at the last. Let me see. I am getting old. Am I getting better? What is this within me? They say it is a soul. What is a soul? Where am I bound? To eternity. What is eternity? Will I be happy, or will I be wretched?" And there, perhaps, under sudden impulse, you ejaculated the prayer which a man once offered: "O God! if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul, from hell, if there be a hell." You did not hear the Holy Spirit stepping on the floor. You did not hear the rustling of his robes as he passed by, but he was there with a chalice. If you had taken one drop of water from that chalice it would have thrilled you with life eternal.

Sometimes the Spirit comes in on the pavement of the sunlight, and then he comes floating in on the wave of the midnight; but come to every one of you he does, come to every one of you he has. No door can shut him out. No darkness can make him lose his way. No distance can weary him. He came to you and he said: "Child immortal, pilgrim to the grave, traveler to the Judgment Day, heir of eternity, are you ready?"

But I remark in the second place that God strives with us through the preaching of the Gospel. The sermon may be a very poor sermon according to the

VOL. XIX.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

rules of human criticism; but did it present a sympathetic and a pardoning Christ to the woes and the wants and the sins of men? What is preaching? Is it a philosophical disquisition? Is it scientific exploration? Then let us have our pulpits covered with philosophical apparatus, and let us have disquisitions about air currents and Faraday's theory of electrical polarization. Preaching, I think, is hauling men out of their sins and starting them heavenward. If it do that, it does all. If it fail in that, it fails in all. Stand aside, then, with all your theories about how this thing ought to be done. Christ wants the people saved. That truth I mean to preach and pray and sing until every muscle of my body, every faculty of my mind, and every energy of my soul is exhausted. Glorious Gospel of the Son of God!

Well now, how many sermons have you heard? A hundred? Some of you have heard five hundred, yea, a thousand. I suppose there are some of you who have heard two thousand sermons during the course of your life. Did you surrender your heart to God? God was striving through all those sermons. Have they been piled up and piled up against the last day? Some of you go back to boyhood. You remember the time when in the old country meeting-house, your father at one end of the pew, your mother at the other end of the pew, praying people all around, the aged minister bending over with his gray locks, pleading for your salvation. How long ago was that? Twenty, forty, fifty years ago? You remember it as though it were yesterday. O man! that was your chance for heaven. You have not had so good a chance since. The Holy Spirit was striving with your heart. Why, then, my brother, did you not surrender?

But now you are in the house of God again. All things are propitious. Sun in mid-heavens shining

The Fatal Line

brightly, many consecrated men and women present, ready to pray for your soul, the Holy Spirit striving with your heart, you feeling your sense of duty. What will be the result of this service? Will you now say, "Lord God, I now take thee for mine, I take thee for time, and I take thee for eternity?" In this vast audience there is not one with whom the Spirit of God is not striving. "Oh," says some one, "I mean to become a Christian after ■ while, when I get rid of my bad habits!" My brother, you are going to work in the wrong way. Not the righteous, but sinners, Jesus came to call; and there is only one being in the whole universe that can get you out of your bad habits, and that is the Lord God, your Creator, Judge, and Saviour.

"Oh," says some one, "I am willing to become a Christian, but I can't understand that doctrine of the atonement, how Christ died for my sins." It is easily explained. You want it explained? During the Civil war, every day, you knew what substitution was—some man going into the war to save another from going, he taking the fatigues of the march, he taking the battle wounds, even dying for another. That is all there is in this doctrine of atonement. Christ taking our wounds, weeping our sorrows, bearing our burdens, dying our death. That is the meaning of the doctrine of the atonement. Substitution! Substitution! If you could get that doctrine into your soul you would march right out into the free land of the Gospel. In the name of the King of Heaven and Earth, I proclaim emancipation to all the enslaved. Oh, that God's Spirit with his omnipotent hammer would strike that truth into your soul!

Again I remark that God's Spirit strives with ■ man through business annoyances and embarrassments. Where is your property? Gone. It may

VOL. XIX. 251

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

have taken you twenty, thirty, forty years to accumulate it. How long did it take you to lose it? A year, a month, a week, perhaps only just long enough to write your name on the back of a note. Oh, you have seen hard times in business! You have had struggles, trials, and annoyances enough to kill you. That was a dark day when the store rent became due and you had not the money to pay it. That was a dark day when the house rent became due and you had not the money to pay it. That was a dark day for you when the winter was coming on, and you could not clothe your household as it was your ambition to do. That was a dark day for you when the school bill became due and you could not meet it. You have hard times, some of you. That was a dark day when you called your friends together and told them you would have to suspend payment. That was a dark day when your household goods went down under the auctioneer's mallet. That was a dark day when you had to give up your home.

I stand before men whose life has been a business tragedy. You cannot tell me anything about it: I know it. Perhaps there was an evening when the boat was coming from New York, and the passengers came to the front of the boat to land on the Brooklyn side and you went to the back part of the boat and got outside the chain and looked down into the water and thought how calm and peaceful it must be under the wave. Oh, yes; you have had trial, my brother, and God was striving through all that, he was telling you to make a higher investment, to seek after treasures that never fail, in banks that never break. By every bank protest, by every insulting dun, by every snap judgment, by every foreclosed mortgage, God was telling you to look beyond this scene of grip and gouge and loss and gain. Did you do it? No, my

The Fatal Line

brother, you went to the bank to get a discount, you went to the broker's to get a note discounted, you went to your creditors to get an extension of time and you went to a friend to get his name on your paper and you borrowed here to pay there and you went to every one but God, to whom, first of all, you ought to have gone, for he never saw a good man in trouble but he helped him out. But some of you to-morrow morning, at seven, eight, or nine o'clock, will go over to business, and what will become of you in that whirl of New York life before Saturday night, I know not. Men all the time going overboard in morals, overboard in business, no one to help them. Plenty of friends to help when you do not want any help, but when you want help, no friends.

"Oh!" you say when you see a man going overboard, "it's only a man, only one man." What is a man? A soul with imperishable hopes, high as the Throne of God. What is a man? The battle ground of three worlds, his hands taking hold of destinies of light or darkness. A man! No line can measure him, no boundary line can limit him, the archangel before the throne cannot outlive him. The stars will go out, but he will watch their extinguishment; the world will burn, but he will gaze on the conflagration; endless ages will march by; he will count their tramp! tramp! A man! A man! The masterpiece of the Lord Almighty. Yet you say it is only a man gone overboard!

Oh, when a man goes overboard, try to help him, get over the side of the ship, with your left arm cling to the ship, with your right hand clutch for his immortal soul, and may God give grip to your fingers and strength to your arms until you bring him clear over the gunwales! Know that through all bankruptcy, through all panic, through all insolvency,

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

through all business losses, through all financial embarrassments, God was striving, striving, striving with your soul.

I remark again: God strives with man through bereavement. Are your families all together to-day? How many families represented in this audience are unbroken? Not many. It is a sad thing to lose property, it is a sad thing to lose social position, it is a sad thing to lose a name, a good name; but bereavement in addition to all this loss—bereavement with fiery fingers taking hold of the roots of your soul and pulling until the tendrils snap! We have all tasted of that cup of bereavement, we know what it is. If you can keep your home, it does not make much difference about anything else. If the world abuses us outside, we go home, and there all is forgotten; if the world misinterprets us, we go home, there we are understood; but if the home be abolished or shadowed by some great bereavement, unto what resource shall the soul then run? But God knows best. A mother in my parish came to me and said: "I have buried my child, and the beauty and the attraction of the world are gone, and I have only one desire, and that is to get up into his companionship." You see that was the Holy Spirit drawing her upward into the kingdom. That is the way you got into the kingdom of God, my brother. I could indicate many who have told me this was the truth in regard to them. You see where Christ, the Shepherd, takes a lamb in his arms, the sheep will follow. A daughter was dying in a cabin in the West, and she said: "Father, lie down with me, it is so cold." He said: "My child, is the flood strong?" and she said, "Yes, the flood is strong, but I see angels on the other bank. Father, there is a mist in the room. You will be lonely, father, won't you? Is this death, father?" "My child, it is."

The Fatal Line

"Thank God," she said as her spirit vanished into the skies.

Through how many bereavements God has called you! Oh, you remember that day after the obsequies, when all your friends had left the house and you were alone. There was a voice whispering into your heart "Poor, beaten, broken spirit, in Christ is thy comfort. Go to him; not in wrath, but in mercy, cometh this stroke." Who was it that whispered that? The Spirit! The Spirit! Through sickness that well-nigh took you away, through abuse of false friends, through losses that put their foaming mouth into the fountain of your strength and drank it dry, God's Spirit has been striving with your soul.

But my text says God's Spirit will not always strive. What does that mean? It means that there is a line, a fatal line, beyond which if a man go unpardoned there is no mercy to be had. There are men who seem to have sinned away their day of grace. The city of Jerusalem was an illustration of this. That city was doomed to destruction forty years before it was destroyed. Christ said: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate." That was the announcement. Thereafter it stood forty years. Then the destruction came. In the courts there is a space of time between the sentence and the execution, and in religious things it may be so; the sentence may come at one time and the execution of that sentence be postponed for months or for years. If you go through a forest you will sometimes find a mark around a tree; the woodman has come with his ax and marked that tree. It is to be cut down after

VOL. XIX.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

a while. I am told by the woodman that that tree will not grow after it is marked in that way. It is girdled. So there are men who are marked for death. They have sinned away their day of grace. They have grieved away God's Spirit. Their opportunity is gone. They are girdled. Says some one, "Do you suppose there is any one present who has come into that condition and who has crossed that fatal line?" I do not know. I think not. My reason for thinking that no one present has crossed the line is because you are still attentive, thoughtful about your soul, and ambitious for heaven. This is the work of the Holy Ghost, and it makes me think the Spirit has not been fatally grieved away, and that you have not yet crossed the line. Let me say, however, the line of the grave will certainly be a line beyond which an unpardoned soul may not go and yet find mercy. There will be no place in all the sepulchre where we can kneel down and pray. Our friends may call to us, we cannot answer. "As the tree falleth, so it must lie." "My Spirit shall not always strive."

A minister came to a man eighty years of age, and implored him to be a Christian. "Why," said the man, "there is no chance for me; when I was twenty years of age, the Spirit of God strove with my heart; I grieved him away, and I haven't had a serious emotion since." "Well," said the minister, "it is not too late to pray." The aged man said, "It will do no good." But the minister persisted in praying and persisted in religious conversation. Some years passed on, and notwithstanding all that was done for that aged man's soul, his last words were: "I know I shall be lost." He had grieved away the Spirit, crossed the line. "The door was shut."

Why are you here to-day? Is it to hear what odd or peculiar thing the preacher may say? Is it because

The Fatal Line

you are tired of your home that you come forth? Is it because you want to see many people gathered together? Is it accidental that you are here? My brother, you remember that accidental calls decided your life. You made a business call one day that decided all your financial history. The event which seemed of so little importance you hardly thought it worth mentioning, decided everything; and though your coming here may seem to be accidental, it may decide your eternity. God says to his Spirit this moment, "Go to that man, knock at the gate of his soul, say to him, 'I come with pardon for thy sin, with comfort for thy trouble, with deliverance from thy captivity.'" Oh, what a moment! Charged with eternal destinies. You know that there is no pillow soft in the last hours but the bosom of Jesus. You know that there are no hands that can help you up the steep of heaven but the hands of Christ. You are a captive, you want to be free, you dash against the door of your prison house, the door partially opens, you almost get out but the door slams shut against you and crushes you against the door-post. Oh, when will the day of deliverance come? I wish it might come now. But I am powerless. Omnipotent spirit of God, seize that man and pull him back from ruin. Plant his feet upon the eternal rock.

Two men were standing among the Alps, and one of them remarked that the ground was insecure and they had better retreat; but before they could retreat, the ground broke under them. One was precipitated hundreds of feet. The other in his descent threw his arm around a tree and was saved. It seems we are standing, some of us, on a slippery place. Our hopes are going away, our prospects of heaven are going away, leaving us less and less chance. Some, perhaps, from this service will be precipitated. They will go

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

out farther from God and farther from heaven. Oh, throw your arm around the cross; there is a tree that can save you. Throw both arms around the cross of the Son of God. Your life is in it, your eternal life is in it. Believe and live. Refuse and die.

There will be many, I hope, who will start for heaven this morning. Here is a great multitude of young people. I think I hear them say, "I will not wait until my life is worn out, and I have nothing to surrender to the Lord; I will give him my best days, I will give him my physical health, I will give him all the hilarities of my spirit. My Father! Thou art the guide of my youth." There are young men here who are hardly beset in business matters—they had great temptations yesterday and Friday and Thursday and Wednesday, and they will have great temptations tomorrow—they will say this morning: "We want God, and we want him now. Lord God of my father, Lord God of my mother, have mercy on us."

Then I think there will be whole families who will this day turn into the kingdom of God. The father will say, "We have never had prayers at our house; we must have prayers to-day." The mother will say, "We have too long neglected religion; we have not brought up our children in the fear and love of God." The mother will come into the kingdom, and then the children will come, and there will be a whole family, one on earth and one in heaven. There will be an aged man tottering on his staff. Stand back and let him hasten to the cross. It is the eleventh hour with him. Let him pass. Put no impediment in the way. This is his last hour. God is waiting for him. Mercy even for the chief of sinners. The aged man will find the peace of the Gospel to-day. Here is some one in yonder gallery who says, "No one cares for my soul." I care for it, immortal man, I care for it. Enter the kingdom

The Fatal Line

of God. Do you know that you are very near it now? Do you know that there are only three steps?—I counted wrong; there are only two steps before you enter the kingdom of God. Nay, there is only one—one step. Believe, believe and live. Oh, take that step into the kingdom of God.

You may have read in history that Constantine marching with his army saw the figure of a cross on the night sky, and over it the words, "By this conquer." After this day is past and the night is come, I would God that you might see on the night sky the figure of a cross, the cross of a Saviour's suffering in your behalf, and that you might read, "By this conquer; by this conquer sin; by this conquer trouble; by this conquer death and hell." Come into the kingdom. I give a wide invitation. I do not allow one man, one woman, in all the audience to escape it. All, all may come. But not always. There is a fatal line that may be crossed.

Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh! shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee."

PLUMB-LINE RELIGION

Amos, 7: 8: "And the Lord said unto me, Amos, what seest thou? and I said, a plumb-line."

THE CHAIN OF INFLUENCES

Ezek., 7: 23: " Make a chain."

THE CHAIN OF INFLUENCES

Ezek., 7: 23: "Make a chain."

At school and in college, in enumerating the mechanical powers, we glorified the lever, the pulley, the inclined plane, the screw, the axle, and the wheel, but my text calls us to study the philosophy of the chain. These links of metal, one within another, attracted the old Bible authors, and we hear the chain rattle and see its coil all the way through from Genesis to Revelation, flashing as an adornment or restraining as in captivity or holding in conjunction as in case of machinery.

To do him honor, Pharaoh hung a chain of gold about the neck of Joseph, and Belshazzar one about the neck of Daniel. The high priest had on his breast-plate two chains of gold. On the camels' necks, as the Ishmaelites drove up to Gideon, jingled chains of gold. The Bible refers to the Church as having such glittering adornments, saying: "Thy neck is comely with chains of gold." On the other hand, a chain means captivity. The psalmist exults that power had been given over his enemies "to bind their kings with chains." The old missionary apostle cries out: "For the hope of Israel, I am bound with this chain." In the prison where Peter is incarcerated, you hear one day a great crash at the falling off of his chains. St. John saw an angel come down from heaven to manacle the powers of darkness, and having "a great chain in his hand," and the fallen angels are represented as "reserved in everlasting

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

chains," while in my text for the arrest and limitation of the iniquity of his time, Ezekiel thundered out: "Make ■ chain!"

What I wish to impress upon myself and upon you is the strength, in right and wrong directions, of consecutive forces, the superior power of ■ chain of influences above one influence, the great advantage of ■ congeries of links above one link; and in all family government and in all effort to rescue others and in all attempts to stop iniquity, take the suggestion of my text and make a chain!

That which contains the greatest importance, that which encloses the most tremendous opportunities, that which of earthly things is most watched by other worlds, that which has beating against its two sides all the eternities, is the cradle. The grave is nothing in importance compared with it, for that is only ■ gully that we step across in a second, but the cradle has within it a new eternity, just born and never to cease. When three or four years ago the Ohio river overflowed its banks and the wild freshets swept down with them harvests and cities, one day was found floating on the bosom of the waters a cradle with ■ child in it all unhurt, wrapped up snug and warm, and its blue eyes looking into the blue of the open heavens. It was mentioned as something extraordinary. But every cradle is, with its young passenger, floating on the swift currents of the centuries, deep calling to deep, Ohios and St. Lawrences and Mississippis of influence bearing it onward. Now what shall be done with this new life recently launched? Teach him an evening prayer? That is important, but not enough. Hear him as soon as he can recite some Gospel hymn or catechism? That is important, but not enough. Every Sabbath afternoon read him a Bible story? That is important, but not enough.

The Chain of Influences

Once in a while a lesson, once in a while a prayer, once in a while a restraining influence? All these are important, but not enough. Each one of these influences is only a link, and it will not hold him in the tremendous emergencies of life. Let it be constant instruction, constant prayer, constant application of good influences, a long line of consecutive impressions, reaching from his first year to his fifth and from his fifth year to his tenth and from his tenth year to his twentieth. "Make a chain!"

Spasmodic education, paroxysmal discipline, occasional fidelity, amount to nothing. You can as easily hold an anchor by one link as hold a child to the right by isolated and intermittent faithfulness. The example must connect with the instruction. The conversation must combine with the actions. The weekday consistency must conjoin with the Sunday worship. Have family prayers, by all means; but be petulant and inconsistent and unreasonable in your household, and your family prayers will be a blasphemous farce. So great in our times are the temptations of young men to dissipation and young women to social follies, that it is most important that the first eighteen years of their life be charged with a religious power that will hold them when they get out of the harbor of home into the stormy ocean of active life. There is such a thing as impressing children so powerfully with good, that sixty years will have no more power to efface it than sixty minutes.

What a rough time that young man has in doing wrong, carefully nurtured as he was! His father and mother have been dead for years, over in Scotland or England or Ireland; but they have stood in the doorway of every dramshop that he entered and under the chandelier of every house of dissipation, saying: "My son, this is no place for you. Have you

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

forgotten the old folks? Don't you recognize these wrinkles and this stoop in the shoulder and this tremulous hand? Go home, my boy, go home! By the God to whom we consecrated you, by the cradle in which we rocked you, by the grass-grown graves in the old country churchyard, by the heaven where we hope yet to meet you, go home! Go home, my boy, go home!" And some Sunday you will be surprised to find that young man suddenly asking for the prayers of the church. Some Sunday you will see him at the sacrament and perhaps drinking from the same kind of chalice that the old folks drank out of years ago when they commemorated the sufferings of the Lord. Yes, my lad, you do not have such fun in sin as you seem to have. I know what spoils your fun. You cannot shake off the influences of those prayers long ago offered or of those kind admonitions. You cannot make them go away, and you feel like saying: "Father, what are you doing here? Mother, why do you bother me with suggestions of those olden times?" But they will not go away. They will push you back from your evil paths, though they have to come down from their shining homes in heaven and stand in the very gates of hell and their backs scorched of the fiery blast and with their hand on your shoulder and their breath on your brow and their eyes looking straight into yours, they will say: "We have come to take you home, O son of many anxieties!" At last that young man turns, through the consecutive influences of a pious parentage, who out of fidelities innumerable made a chain. That is the chain that pulls mightily this morning on five hundred of you. You may be too proud to shed a tear, and you may, to convince others of your imperturbability, smile to your friend beside you; but there is not so much power in an Alpine avalanche

The Chain of Influences

after it has slipped for a thousand feet, and, having struck a lower cliff, is taking its second bound for fifteen hundred feet more of plunge, as there is power in the chain that pulls you this moment toward God and Christ and heaven. Oh, the almighty pull of the long chain of early gracious influences!

But all people between thirty and forty years of age, yes, between forty and fifty—ay, between fifty and sixty years—and all septuagenarians as well, need a surrounding conjunction of good influences. In Sing Sing, Auburn, Moyamensing, and all the other great prisons, are men and women who went wrong in mid-life and old age. We need around us a cordon of good influences. We forget to apply the well-known rule that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. If the chain be made up of a thousand links, and nine hundred and ninety-nine are strong, but one is weak, the chain will be in danger of breaking at that one weak link. We may be strong in a thousand excellences and yet have one weakness which endangers us. That is the reason that we sometimes see men distinguished for a whole round of virtues collapse and go down. The weak link in the otherwise stout chain gave way under the pressure.

The first chain bridge was built in Scotland. Walter Scott tells how the French imitated it in a bridge across the river Seine. But there was one weak point in that chain bridge. There was a middle bolt that was of poor material, but they did not know how much depended on that middle bolt of the chain bridge. On the opening day a procession started, led on by the builder of the bridge: and, when the mighty weight of the procession was fairly on it, the bridge broke and precipitated the multitudes. The bridge was all right except in that middle bolt. So the bridge of character may be made up of mighty

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

links strong enough to hold a mountain, but if there be one weak spot, that one point unlooked-after may be the destruction of everything. And what multitudes have gone down for all time and all eternity because in the chain bridge of their character there was lacking a strong middle bolt! He had but one fault, and that was avarice; hence, forgery. He had but one fault, and that was a burning thirst for intoxicants; hence, his fatal debauch. She had but one fault, and that an inordinate fondness for dress; and hence, her own and her husband's bankruptcy. She had but one fault, and that a quick temper; hence, the disgraceful outburst. What we all want is to have put around us a strong chain of good influences. Christian association is a link. Good literature is a link. Church membership is a link. Habit of prayer is a link. Scripture research is a link. Faith in God is a link. Put together all these influences. Make a chain!

Most excellent is it for us to get into company better than ourselves. If we are given to telling vile stories, let us put ourselves among those who will not abide such utterances. If we are stingy, let us put ourselves among the charitable. If we are morose, let us put ourselves among the good-natured. If we are given to tittle-tattle, let us put ourselves among those who speak no ill of their neighbors. If we are despondent, let us put ourselves among those who make the best of things. If evil is contagious, I am glad to say that good is also catching. People go up into the hill-country for physical health; so if you would be strong in your soul, get yourself up off the lowlands into the altitudes of high moral association. For many of the circumstances of our life we are not responsible. For our parentage we are not responsible. For the place of our nativity, not responsible;

The Chain of Influences

for our features, our stature, our color, not responsible; for the family relation in which we were born, for our natural tastes, for our mental character, not responsible. But we are responsible for the associates that we choose and the moral influences under which we put ourselves. Character seeks an equilibrium. A B is a good man. Y Z is a bad man. Let them now voluntarily choose each other's society, A B will lose a part of his goodness and Y Z a part of his badness and they will gradually approach each other in character and will finally stand on the same level. One of the old painters refused to look at poor pictures because he said it damaged his style. A musician cannot afford to dwell among discords nor can a writer afford to peruse books of inferior style nor an architect walk out among disproportioned structures. And no man or woman was ever so good as to be able to afford to choose evil associations. Therefore, I said, have it a rule of your life to go among those better than yourselves. Cannot find them? Then what a pink of perfection you must be! When was your character completed? What a misfortune for the saintly and angelic of heaven that they are not enjoying the improving influence of your society! Ah, if you cannot find those better than yourself, it is because you are ignorant of yourself. Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!

But, as I remarked in the opening, in sacred and in all styles of literature a chain means not only adornment and royalty of nature, but sometimes captivity. And I suppose there are those in that sense deliberately and persistently making a chain. Now here is a young man of good physical health, good manners, and good education. How shall he put together enough links to make a chain for the down-hill road? I will give him some directions.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

First, let him smoke. If he cannot stand cigars, let him try cigarettes. I think cigarettes will help him on this road a little more rapidly, because the doctors say there is more poison in them, and so he will be helped along faster; and I have the more confidence in proposing this because about fifty of the first young men of Brooklyn during a single year were, according to the doctor's reports, killed by cigarettes.

Let him drink light wines first, or ale or lager, and gradually he will be able to take something stronger, and as all styles of strong drink are more and more adulterated, his progress will be facilitated. With the old-time drinks a man seldom got delirium tremens before thirty or forty years of age; now he can get madness by the time he is eighteen.

Let him play cards, enough money put up always to add interest to the game. If the father and mother will play with him, that will help by the way of countenancing the habit. And it will be such a pleasant thing to think over in the Day of Judgment, when the parents give account of the elevated manner in which they have reared their children.

Every pleasant Sunday afternoon take a carriage ride and stop at the hotels on either side the road for Sabbath refreshments. Do not let the old-fogy prejudices against Sabbath-breaking dominate you. Have a membership in some club, where libertines go and tell about their victorious sins, and laugh as loud as any of them in derision of those who belong to the same sex as your sister and mother. Pitch your Bible overboard as old-fashioned and fit only for women and children. Read all the magazine articles that put Christianity at disadvantage, and go to hear all the lectures that malign Christ, who, they say, instead of being the Mighty One he pretended to be,

The Chain of Influences

was an impostor and the implanter of a great delusion. Go, at first out of curiosity, to see all the houses of dissipation, and then go because you have felt the thrall of their fascination. Getting along splendidly now.

Let me see what further can I suggest in that direction. Become more defiant of all decency, more loud-mouthed in your atheism, more thoroughly alcoholized, and instead of the small stakes that will do well enough for games of chance in a lady's parlor, put up something worthy, put up more, put up all you have. Well done! You have succeeded. You have made a chain—the tobacco habit one link, the rum habit one link, the impure club another link, infidelity another link, Sabbath desecration another link, uncleanness another link, and altogether they make a chain. And so there is a chain on your hand and a chain on your foot and a chain on your tongue and a chain on your eye and a chain on your brain and a chain on your property and a chain on your soul.

Some day you wake up and you say: "I am tired of this, and I am going to get loose from this shackle." You pound away with the hammer of good resolution, but cannot break the thrall. Your friends join you in a conspiracy of help, but fall exhausted in the unavailing attempt. Now you begin, and with the writhing of a Laocoön, to try to break away, and the muscles are distended and the great beads of perspiration dot your forehead and the eyes stand out from the sockets and with the concentrated energies of body, mind, and soul you attempt to get loose, but have only made the chain seek deeper. All the devils that encamp in the wine-flask and the rum-jug and the decanter—for each one has a devil of its own—come out and sit around you and chatter. In some

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

midnight you spring from your couch and cry: "I am fast! O God, let me loose! O ye powers of darkness, let me loose! Father and mother and brothers and sisters, help me to get loose!" And you turn your prayer to blasphemy and then your blasphemy into prayer and to all the din and uproar there is played an accompaniment—not an accompaniment by key and pedal, but the accompaniment is a rattle, and the rattle is that of a chain.

But I take a step higher, and tell you there is a power that can break any chain—chain of body, chain of mind, chain of soul. The fetters that the hammer of the Gospel has broken off, if piled together, would make a mountain. The captives whom Christ has set free, if stood side by side, would make an army. Quicker than a ship chandler's furnace ever melted a cable, quicker than a key ever unlocked a handcuff, quicker than the bayonets of revolution pried open the Bastile, you may be liberated, and made a free son or a free daughter of God. You have only to choose between serfdom and emancipation, between a chain and a coronet, between Satan and God. Make up your mind, and make it up quick.

When the King of Sparta had crossed the Hellespont, and was about to march through Thrace, he sent word to the people in the different regions, asking them whether he should march through their countries as a friend or an enemy. "By all means as a friend," answered most of the regions; but the King of Macedon replied, "I will take time to consider it." "Then," said the King of Sparta, "let him consider it; but meantime we march—we march!" So Christ, our King, gives us our choice between his friendship and his frown, and many of us have long been considering what we had better do; but mean-

The Chain of Influences

time he marches on, and our opportunities are marching by. And we shall be the loving subjects of his reign, or the victims of our own obduracy. So, I urge you to precipitancy rather than slow deliberation, and I write all over your soul the words of Christ I saw inscribed on the monument of Princess Elizabeth, in the Isle of Wight, the words to which her index-finger pointed in the open Bible when she was found dead in her bed, after her lifetime struggle: "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Is there a drunkard here? You may, by the Saviour's grace, have that fire of thirst utterly extinguished. Is there a defrauder here? You may be made a saint. Is there a libertine here? You may be made as pure as the light. When a minister, in an outdoor meeting in Scotland, was eulogizing goodness, there were hanging around the edge of the audience some of the most depraved men and women, and the minister said nothing about mercy for prodigals. And a depraved woman cried out, "Your rope is not long enough for the like of us." Blessed be God, our Gospel can fathom the deepest depths and reach to farthest wanderings, and here is a rope that is long enough to rescue the worst: "Whosoever will."

But why take extreme cases, when we all have been or are now the captives of sin and death? And we may, through the great Emancipator, drop our shackles and take a throne. You have looked at your hand and arm only as being useful now, and a curious piece of anatomy, but there is something about your hand and arm that makes me think they are an undeveloped wing. And if you would know what possibilities are suggested by that, ask the eagle, that has looked close into the eye of the noonday sun; or ask the albatross, that has struck its claw into the

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

black locks of the tempest; or ask the condor that this morning is descending to the highest peak of Chimborazo. Your right hand and arm and your left hand and arm, two undeveloped wings, ready for the empyrean.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace.

There have been chains famous in the world's history, such as the chain which fastened the prisoner of Chillon to the pillar—into the staple of which I have thrust my hand—on the isolated rock of the Lake of Geneva. Such as the chain Zenobia, the captive queen, wore when brought into the presence of Aurelian. Ay, there have been races in chains, nations in chains, and there has been a world in chains; but, thank God, the last one of them shall be broken, and, under the liberating power of the omnipotent Gospel, the shackles shall fall from the last neck and the last arm and the last foot. But these shattered fetters shall all be gathered up again from the dungeons and the workhouses and the mines and the rivers and the fields, and they shall again be welded and again strung link to link and polished and transformed until this world, which has wandered off and been a recreant world and a lost world, shall by that chain be lifted and hung to the throne of God, no longer the iron chain of oppression, but the golden chain of redeeming love. There let this old ransomed world swing forever! Roll on, ye years, roll on, ye days, roll on, ye hours, and hasten the glorious consummation!

THE GRAND REVIEW

Revelation, 19: 14: "And the armies which were in
heaven followed him upon white horses."

THE GRAND REVIEW

Revelation, 19: 14: "And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses."

We can not, in this age, understand the beauty and glory of the ancient horse. This animal comes to us through centuries of oppression and hard treatment, which have taken the gracefulness from his limbs and the flame from his eye and the arch of pomp from his neck. The finest horse that is now to be found prancing in the parks, an ancient king would not have been seen riding. Of old, the ox and the ass tilled the ground and carried the burdens; but the horse was used for coronations and triumphant processions, kings and chieftains sitting upon him. Job describes a war horse until I can almost hear the champing of his bit, and the clatter of his hoofs among the fallen shields. "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength. He goeth forth to meet the armed men. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage. He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off; the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

When my text, in figure, represents the armies of the glorified as riding upon white horses, it sets forth the strength, the fleetness, the victory, and the innocence of the redeemed. The horse has always been an emblem of strength. When startled by sudden sight or sound, how he plunges along the highway!

VOL. XIX. 293

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage.

The hand of the strong driver on the reins is like the grasp of a child. His hoofs strike fire, the harness is snapped, and the vehicle hurled over the rocks. With nostril panting, and foam flying in flakes, his head tossed on either side in wild triumph, he stops not for the missiles hurled at him, nor the loud whoa! whoa! of the multitude. Away he flies, irresistibly! Therefore, when the redeemed are represented as riding on white horses, their strength is set forth. The days of their invalidism and decrepitude are past. Never shall they be sick again or tired again. Take the strength of ten of the giants of earth, and the weakest inhabitant of heaven could master him. Oh, the day when, having put off the last physical impediment, you shall come to the mightiness of heavenly vigor! There will be hardly anything you cannot lift or crush or conquer.

The horse used in the text is also the emblem of fleetness. The wild horses on the plain, at the appearance of the hunter, make the miles slip under them as, with a snort, they bound away, and the dust rises in whirlwinds from their flying feet, until, far away, they halt with their faces to their pursuer, and neigh in gladness at their escape. More swift than they shall be the redeemed in heaven. Oh, the exhilaration of feeling that you can take worlds at ■ bound, vast distances instantly overcome—no difference between here and there! Heaven is said to be the centre of the universe. If so, how swift must ■ messenger-spirit fly, in order to reach us in any crisis of peril! Light flies one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, and yet there are worlds that have been created for ages whose light has only just reached us. If light, flying one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles a second, has taken ages to come from worlds this side of heaven, how swift must a

The Grand Review

messenger-spirit fly from heaven in order to minister unto us? Swifter than fleetest horse under lash or spur; swifter than eagle's wing, or light, are the redeemed.

The horse in the text is also a symbol of victory. He was not used on ordinary occasions; but the conqueror mounted him and rode on among the acclamations of the rejoicing multitudes. So all the redeemed of heaven are victors. Yea, they are more than conquerors through him that hath loved them.

My text places us on one of the many avenues of the Celestial City. The soldiers of God have come up from earthly battle and are on the parade. We shall not have time to see all the great hosts of the redeemed; but John, in my text, points out a few of the battalions: "And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses." You have sometimes stood in a street, waiting for hours for a procession to come up. Then you saw great excitement in the street and heard unusual shouting and you knew that the procession was near. I hear the sound of the heavenly host advancing. The shout of the redeemed from the mansions and palaces of heaven seems nearer. The procession is in sight, the marshals of heaven clear the way, and the great Commander rides past at the head of the host.

The Roman victor, having slain at least five thousand men in battle, rode into the ancient city with a robe gold-embroidered; in one hand a laurel, in the other a sceptre; the captives going before, the army coming after; the whole population, in holiday dress, cheering them along the line. But in my text the heavenly Commander rides with the sword of universal triumph, and on his head are many crowns. All the city turns out to greet him—the Conqueror of earth and heaven and hell. Strew flowers along the shining way! Wave all the banners of light! Ring all the bells of heaven! "Hosanna! Blessed is he

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!"

Now come on the battalions of the saved. Here pass the regiments of Christian martyrs. They endured all things for Christ. They were hounded; they were sawn asunder; they were hurled out of life. Here come the eighteen thousand Scotch Covenanters who perished in one persecution. Escaped from the clutches of Claverhouse and bloody M'Kenzie and the horrors of the Grass Market, they ride in the great battalion of Scotch martyrs: Hugh M'Kail and James Renwick, and others whose words are a battle-shout for the Church militant—men of high cheek-bones and strong arms and consecrated spirits. Grayfriars Churchyard took some of their bodies, but heaven took all their souls. They went on weary feet through the glens of Scotland in times of persecution and crawled up the crags on their hands and knees; but now they follow the Christ, for whom they fought and bled, on white horses of triumph. Ride on, ye conquerors! Victors of Dunottar Castle and Bass Rock and Rutherglen! Ride on!

Here comes the regiment of English martyrs. Queen Mary against King Jesus made an uneven fight. The twenty thousand chariots of God coming down the steep of heaven will ride over any foe. Queen Mary thought that by sword and fire she had driven Protestants down, but she only drove them up. Here they pass: Bishop Hooper and Rogers prebendary of St. Paul's; and Archbishop Cranmer, who got his courage back in time to save his soul; and Anne Askew, who, at twenty-five years of age, rather than forsake her God, submitted first to the rack without a groan, and then went with bones so dislocated she must be carried on a chair to the stake, her last words, rising through flames, being a prayer

The Grand Review

for her murderers. Oh, cavalcade of men and women, whom God snatched up from the iron fingers of torture into eternal life! Ride on, O glorious regiment of English martyrs!

Look at this advancing host of a hundred thousand. Who are they? Look upon the flag and upon their uniform and tell us. They are the Protestants who fell on St. Bartholomew's day in Paris, in Lyons, in Orleans, in Bordeaux, while the king looked out of the window and cried, "Kill! kill!" What a night, followed by what a day! Who would think that these on white horses were tossed out of windows and manacled and torn and dragged and slain, until it seemed that the cause of God had perished and cities were illuminated with infernal joy and the cannon of St. Angelo thundered the triumph of hell! Their gashed and bespattered bodies were thrown into the Seine, but their souls went up out of a nation's shriek into the light of God; and now they pass along the boulevards of heaven.

Soldier of God, well done!
Rest be thy loved employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Master's joy.

Ride on, ye mounted troops of St. Bartholomew's Day!

Here comes up another host of the redeemed: the regiment of Christian philanthropists. They went down into the battlefields to take care of the wounded; they plunged into the damp and moldy prisons, and pleaded before God and human governors in behalf of the incarcerated; they preached Christ among the besotted populations of the city; they carried Bibles and bread into the garrets of pain; but in the sweet river of death they washed off the filth and the loath-

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

someness of those to whom they had administered. Now they pass through the streets of heaven in glorious review. There is John Howard, who circumnavigated the globe in the name of him who said: "I was in prison, and ye visited me." What to him were the thanks of the House of Commons, or the recognition of all the governments of earth, compared with the joy of this day in which he rides on, followed by multitudes of those whom he found in dungeons of darkness and lazarettos of pain! Here go the Moravian missionaries, who were told that they could not go on a Christian errand to a hospital where the plague was raging unless they would consent to go in and never come out, yet deliberately making all arrangements and going in to take care of the sick and then lying down beside the dying, themselves to die. Here goes Eliot, who once toiled for Christ among savages, traveling on foot through the wilds, saying: "My feet are always wet, but I pull off my boots and wring my stockings and put them on again and go forward, trying to endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," defying the savages who bade him stop preaching or die, by saying to them: "I am about the work of the great God. Touch me if you dare!"

The Maid of Saragossa, the angel of the Spanish battlefields, passes by. Elizabeth Fry, followed by those whom she showed the way from Newgate Prison to heaven. Grace Darling, of the strong oar and the sea-bird's wing, with which she once swooped to the drowning from Alnwick Castle. The good Samaritan, who put the wounded man on his horse, while he himself walked, now riding more firmly for that charitable dismounting. Thousands of men and women who served God, and grandly did their duty—whole companies, regiments, and battalions. Pass

The Grand Review

on, great troop of God! It seems as if there were no end to it. Forward, ye army of Christian workers! Ride on, while the sufferers whom you healed and the ignorant whom you instructed and the abandoned whom you reclaimed come out on the streets of heaven to greet you! Ride on! Ride on!

Here comes a great column of the Christian poor. They always walked on earth. The only ride they ever had was in the hearse that took them to the Potter's Field. They went, day by day, poorly clad and meanly fed and insufficiently sheltered. They were jostled out of houses whose rent they could not pay and out of churches where their presence was an offense. Considering the insignificant way many of these went out of the world, the poor doctoring and the coarse shroud and the haste of the obsequies, you might have expected for them a tame reception on the other side; but a shining retinue was waiting beyond the river for their departing spirits; and as they passed a celestial escort confronted them and snow-white chargers of heaven were brought in and the conquerors mounted; and here they pass in the throng of the victors—poorhouse exchanged for palace, rags for imperial attire, weary walking for seats on the white horses from the King's stable. Ride on, ye victors!

Another retinue: that of the Christian invalids. These who pass now languished for many a year on their couches. From the firmness and the strength and the exhilaration with which they ride, you would not have supposed that they had been bent double with ailments and had crouched with pains irremediable and writhed in sufferings that were ghastly to the beholder. But after twenty years of useless prescription and all surgery had failed, in one moment they recovered. The black groom named Death

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

came out and put their foot in the stirrup and gave them one lift, by which in a moment they sprang upon white horses to ride forth—conquerors forever.

I heard Thomas Stockton, in the midst of a sermon about the Good Land, stop and cough for two or three minutes, until it seemed as if he never would get his breath, and then go on again; but, recovering his strength, he put his hand upon his lungs, and said: "Thank God, there is no coughing in heaven!" He is well now. Eloquent Thomas Stockton! Glorious Thomas Stockton! I had a friend who preached the Gospel in the West. He was seized by a disease which must prove fatal unless he submitted to a surgical operation. The prospect was that he would die in the hands of the surgeon; but there was a faint hope of recovery, and so he felt it his duty to submit. One Sabbath morning he stood in his pulpit supporting himself by a chair, and said to his congregation: "My dear people, to-morrow morning I start for New York to submit to a surgical operation, which will probably take my life, but there is a faint hope that it may restore me; and that faint hope leads me to go, but it is probable I shall never see you again. I shall now proceed to preach to you my farewell sermon." And then, with a face all illumined with joy and triumph, he said: "You will find my text in chapter four of Second Timothy, verses six and seven: 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day.'" The next Thursday morning, he was well; he was all well. In that land where they never say, "I am sick." Ride on, ye great host of recovered invalids, in the triumphal procession of heaven!

The Grand Review

Henry VIII brought Anne Boleyn to his palace. The river Thames was the scene of her triumphal entry. Fifty barges followed the lord mayor. Officials dressed in scarlet. Choirs chanting along the banks of the river. Flags adorned with bells that rang as the breeze stirred them. Anne Boleyn, in cloth of gold, and wearing a circlet of precious stones, stepped into the barge amidst the sound of trumpets and the shout of a kingdom; then, entering the street, seated on a richly caparisoned palfrey that sometimes walked on cloth of gold and velvet, led between houses adorned with scarlet and crimson, and defended by guards in coats of beaten gold, and along by fountains that were made on that day to pour out Rhenish wine for the people, until she at last, kneeling in Westminster Abbey, took the crown. But alas for the career of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn! They lived in worldliness and their splendor went out in darkness. Not so with those whom our King shall call to the honors of heaven. Along the river of death their barge shall glide amidst the shadows until it comes to the light of the city; and then, on streets of gold and amidst palaces of gold and greeted by harps of gold, they shall join the armies of the King, following on white horses.

But I cannot count the interminable troops of God as they pass—the redeemed of all ages and lands and conditions. One hundred and forty-four generations of people have lived since the world was made; and consequently thousands of millions of people have died—figures of which we can have no appreciation. A great proportion of these must have gone into glory, so that nothing but an archangel for a mathematician, with an arithmetic of eternity, could give any idea of the number who shall make up the throng that follow on white horses. Every hour the

VOL. XIX. 301

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

line is lengthening. They are going up by scores and by hundreds and thousands. At the beginning of this discourse, we took our position on the street of heaven to watch, but the first regiment has not passed yet; and I hear the clatter of the hosts still coming. Yea, stand at this point and watch until the century has gone and the world has perished and time has ended and myriads of ages have gone their slow round, still you will not have seen half of the first division who follow upon white horses. Go up on the highest tower of heaven; look to the north and look to the south; can you see the end? No! No! Coming! Coming! Forever and forever they pass on! "The armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses."

It has been to me a most anxious question—Will you and I join that great procession? Not unless on earth we belonged to the Lord's army, and followed after the King. You must know that the cavalry of heaven that you see passing fought with the cavalry of hell; and that the archdemon has had his victories, and that those whom he conquers he carries away in chains, to be reserved in darkness until the great day. Which side are you on? Those who do not follow Christ on earth shall not triumph with him in heaven. If you are on the wrong side, you had better cross over. If you belong to the black cavalry instead of the white cavalry, you had better head the other way. Plunge the spurs into the flanks and dash up under the standard of the cross!

I suppose, of course, that what the text says about the white horses of heaven is figurative; and yet I know not but in some sense it may be literal. It has seemed to me incomprehensible that horses should be maltreated and whipped and killed by the cruelty of their owners and have no other state of being by

The Grand Review

way of compensation. My little child then six years of age was overheard telling her brother of four years that there would be a heaven for the birds and another heaven for the horses. I had not the courage to correct her defective theology. If I wake up at last in heaven and find real white horses for the redeemed to ride upon, I shall not be sorry; but for the present I must take my text figuratively and learn from it the fleetness and the victory and the strength of the redeemed. Rejoice, O ye righteous, in the glorious prospect!

When the Civil War was ended, and the returning army passed in review at Washington, among the most impressive sights were the horses on which the generals rode. But those horses had not been in battle. They had been picked up at the close of the war; they had carried no burdens; they had seen no hardships, but came prancing along the line with arched necks and rounded limbs and princely trappings and flying feet and flaming eye. As they bounded to the roll of the drum and the trumpet-blast, their drivers bowed on either side to the almost interminable huzza! Oh, when Christ our King shall return to heaven with all the armies of the saved—nations and kingdoms and ages in the line—may you and I, through the infinite mercy of the King, be among those who shall follow him in the great cavalry troop of the redeemed! That will be the Grand Review of heaven.

THE DROWNED LADS

Deuteronomy, 33: 13: "The deep that coucheth beneath."

THE DROWNED LADS

Deuteronomy, 33: 13: "The deep that coucheth beneath."

Switzerland has the glaciers of Mont Blanc as a crown for her brow and Lake Geneva for an emerald on her right hand. In the Swiss rail-train, we are told that we must look out for the bridge where, as he emerges, there suddenly dashes upon the eye of the traveler one of the most extraordinary scenes of beauty and grandeur in all Europe. In the twinkling of an eye appears Lausanne, seated on her throne of three hills, with thirty-five thousand population; her cathedral, nine hundred years old, with apsed chapels and Byzantine capitals; her museums, distinguished the world over for the finest specimens in minerals and animals and shell-fish; her terraces and gardens, bewitching with aroma and luxuriance; her schools, which, by the rarest opportunity for culture, invite the youth of America and of all the world; Lake Geneva, deep, yet the clearest of waters, traversed by steamers crowded with passengers from all lands, and fishing-smacks here and there hauling out trout and pike and perch and salmon; and sail-boats going out from the castles on the beach, occupied by gentlemen of fortune. This sheet of water, skirted by mountains, Jura and the Alps, some green with verdure, some white with snow, some cleft with streams, crystalline and arrowy, the chalices of the floods emptying into this great bowl of the mountain. On the banks of this lake Gibbon, Rousseau, and Voltaire studied, and Byron dramatized, and John Kemble, the tragedian,

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

lies buried and Rothschild built his mansion and ten thousand men and women, far better than any I have mentioned have gone up and down, adoring the God who lifted the hills and sunk this great inland sea. May you all live to behold the Alps, cloud-turbaned, looking down into the mirror of beautiful Geneva!

One summer day, two lads of our own city, and much of the time of our own congregation, pushed out from Lausanne on those exquisite waters, on a pleasure excursion. It was in the leisure of school-hours. A sudden storm swept over the lake, capsizing that boat; or there was a defect in the vessel, and those precious lives were emptied into a watery grave. You say that they ought not to have gone where there was danger. I reply, where will you go and find no danger? You go down the street, a scaffold may fall on you. You go to the park, the horses may become unmanageable. You take the rail-train, a switch-man may turn the track the wrong way. You stay at home, the lightning may strike through the roof or miasma may come in through the open window. Dangers stand round us everywhere to press us to the tomb.

There is great health for a student in rowing with the oar, and great exhilaration in the spreading of the sail; but the lake that you stroke and fondle, thinking it harmless and asleep, sometimes proves treacherous to the yacht, and springs upon it like a panther, clutching it down with wrathful, overmastering strength. So that Moses, in the text, graphically and truthfully describes the fatal slyness of river and lake and sea when he says, "The deep that coucheth beneath."

The particulars of that sad event have not yet come to us; but never, through the coral caves of the Atlantic and amidst the gardens of sea-weed and along

The Drowned Lads

by the hulks of the wrecked shipping, could a more fearful message travel the submarine cable than that which came briefly announcing that two American students at Lausanne, Switzerland, had ended their mortal life in Lake Geneva. Such a transition is the easiest and most painless of all modes of getting out of this life. After one minute of submergence, generally, consciousness is gone. The Navarino sponge-divers cannot bear to stay under the water more than two minutes, notwithstanding all their experience; and yet persons who have been resuscitated tell us that the mind at such a time acts with wonderful velocity. And so I suppose these dear lads had time to think of home, and the sadness of the parental hearts whom they expected to join again in October. God decreed otherwise, and may his omnipotent grace soothe the bereaved and the desolate.

There is in this event a new illustration of a very old lesson. You tell me nothing but a stereotyped thing when you tell me of life's uncertainty. I have heard that a thousand times from ministers and prayer-meeting talkers and Sabbath-school teachers; and when you make that observation, I open my eyes no wider, nor does my heart beat quicker; but when you tell me that a boat flung two beloved lads into a watery grave, then I am stunned by the telegram, and compelled to read the truth written by pen of lightning stretched up from under the sea. How quickly our life comes, and how soon it goes! We pass along a perilous cliff, and we almost hold our breath and balance ourselves lest we fall off and, getting beyond the pass, we thank God for our deliverance, but perhaps lie down and die in the smooth plain beneath. Many a man has gone through three or four battles unclipped of bullet or sabre, who has had his life at last dashed out on the icy pavement

VOL. XIX. 309

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

in front of his doorstep or by the snapping of a whiffletree. You go two thousand miles in an express train unharmed, to lose your life at the hands of a reckless hackman in your own village. These two lads of whom I am speaking went through three thousand miles of stormy Atlantic unharmed, to find their death on a lake that they might have sailed across in thirty minutes. When we picture our exit from this world, we are very apt to think of a soft couch and a shaded room and careful attendants; but many of us will never have anything like that. It will be a rush and a plunge and a leap and a fall and the world flashes out and eternity flashes in!

You tell me that this lesson of life's uncertainty is appropriate only for the old, for the emaciated, for the sick. Ah, no! these lads did not come crawling down to the boat, they did not come on crutches, they were not fagged out. They came bounding into the boat, elastic, ruddy, robust. They expected to live seventy years. Their lungs sound, their hearts beating with healthful pulsation, their limbs lithe, their clear eye taking in the sheen of wave and the frown of crag and the azure of sky, they sprang to their places in the prow or stern with shout and laughter. They had no premonition that they were to go. So it will be with many of us. You pay a certain amount of money, premium for life insurance, that, when you are gone, your family may get relief from it; but what life insurance company would dare to say to a man, "You will live a year" or "You will live six months" or "You will live a week" or "You will live a day" or "You will live an hour" or "You will live a second"—and warrant it? I come to this platform strong and well, but that is no assurance that I shall go off alive. To-morrow morning you cross the ferry in good health; that is no assurance that you will

The Drowned Lads

come back without being helped. Our physical organism is such a delicate, intricate, elaborate piece of Divine mechanism that if but the little finger of disaster touch it too roughly it crushes into ruin. God, as if to show that you cannot depend upon physiological appearances, lets some invalid crawl on to eighty-five years of age, kept up by tonics and plasters, and helped by spectacles and ear-trumpets and canes, while there are thousands, muscular, roundly developed, and athletic, who drop dead under apoplectic stroke. Feel in your pockets and bring me out, if you can, a document rightly signed and sealed warranting you to get through this night alive. I saw plunging into Lake Geneva the River Rhone. It came on with swift uproar, and you could tell some distance back that it was coming on to that plunge. But who can tell at what moment, at what day, the river of our life shall empty into the deep, wide, infinite future? All the heavy shipping that goes out of New York goes through the "Narrows"; but by what different tack! to what different harbors!

One of the most fascinating excursions in Switzerland is to the Castle of Chalons, in the midst of those very Genevan waters. History and poetry tell us that Bonivard, the hero, was chained in that castle six years; and you can see the bolt and ring by which he was fastened and the circular depression in the ground where he tramped about. After a while a flotilla came down and he was freed; but he heard them coming before his shout of deliverance mingled with their shout of victory. Yet here, my friends, we go tramping around in this earthly prison-house, chained to a body from which we cannot get free, not knowing at what moment the forces of the great future may break in upon us to shatter these manacles of flesh, and disendungeon our immortal spirit, until the prisoner of Chalons shall become the victor of the skies,

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

Do you not feel that we walk amidst a vast uncertainty, not knowing what peril may swoop from above or what deep may be crouching beneath? Suppose you had been with those boys in that boat, would you have been ready? It was well for them that they were children of the Covenant—"I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee"—and that they were praying boys, in their Brooklyn home kneeling down with their mother and praying aloud, not ashamed to let the world hear any more than to let God hear. When the boat became unmanageable, and they were trying to haul in sail, they would not have had so good an opportunity for spiritual preparation as they had in their calm Brooklyn home, where they were not ashamed to acknowledge Jesus! Many of you may go out of life just as suddenly. Whether by flood or fire or earthquake or lightning flash or colliding rail-trains or a fatal slip on an orange peeling in the street, I know not; but you will have then no time to repent, and you will have no time to pray. If all the churches and cathedrals of the world should then go crying unto God in your behalf, it would not do you any good. All the preparation a man makes for the great future, he has to make this side the sharp line that divides the two residences.

I see in this event that hilarity and gladness cannot keep back the fatal attack. When three or four students are together, and in such a tonic and exhilarating air as that of Switzerland, there is mirth and exuberance unbounded. They did not see the soft paws of the wave reaching up around the gilded boat, nor did they imagine that the deep lay couched beneath, ready to spring upon them. I believe in mirth and in boating and in pleasure excursions; but I want you to understand that gladness and hilarity of sur-

The Drowned Lads

rounding cannot keep back our last moment. It may come treading over rose leaves; it may come keeping step to the thrum of the harp, while hands are clapping, while feet are bounding, while all sails are set over a glassy sea. So it came when the *Arctic* and the *Vesta*, mid-Atlantic, struck. So it came when the *Austria* burned on the high seas. So it came when Richmond Court-house fell. So it came when the *Ville du Havre* sank. "In such a day, and in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." Oh, this bell of warning that rings to-night has not attached to it a short rope that any sexton may seize, but a twisted strand of wire three thousand miles long, and the red fingers of the lightning pull it until it rings from continent to continent, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work nor device nor knowledge nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." What a voice for the youth of my congregation—the voice that comes from Lake Geneva to-night! Young people do not like anything dull or stupid. Neither do I, and I do not blame them for that; but there is nothing tame in this event. It comes with a great thrill, and it seems that your body and mind and soul must feel the shock.

They had every prospect of living. Just look at their pictures. See what broad shoulders they had, what stout chests, what ruddy cheeks, what grand foreheads. "Oh!" you say, "if they had only known how to swim, it would have been all right." They could swim; they could outswim you. They were as familiar with the water as many with the land. They were splendid swimmers. Their father had taught them how to take this exercise. But they were too far from shore, or the boom struck them, and they are gone. They had no power to stand up against a lake one thousand feet deep. Their father, who had

VOL. XIX. 313

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

often been with them on the water, was not there. He could give them no relief. But I think that he who walked Lake Gennesaret walked Lake Geneva, and that they are safe. O man! O woman! when your last moment comes, you want something more than a human arm to help you. No one but Jesus then; no one but Jesus now.

They had brilliant prospects. In Germany, in Paris, and in Switzerland they had studied, at the fountain-head, those languages through which comes so much of the culture and refinement of the world. The gates of knowledge and of success were open before them, but they died at the gates, and all the plans for earthly welfare ended then and there. Do not build too much upon this world. It is a glassy surface, with a thousand feet of graves beneath. Do you think you can sail that craft and clew down the topsail-yards and haul out the reef tackles? A sudden squall may come, and you will go down, unless there be a Christ sleeping in the hinder part of the ship, ready in the nick of time to rise up and hush the wind and silence the sea. I believe the Son of God was in that tossing boat, and that when these lads cried out, in their extremity, "Master, save us, we perish!" I think then and there he came to their spiritual and immortal rescue.

Let us pray God he will comfort those who are waiting for more minute tidings of this event. The tongue of the cable seems to have been palsied with the tidings, and it does not talk plainly. I wish their bodies might be found. It would be a satisfaction, though a sad satisfaction, to have them here in one of our own cemeteries. As the mother said to me a few hours later, it would seem like tucking them away in bed safely for the night. But if God shall deny these parents this, it will make no difference to the

The Drowned Lads

lads and the archangel's trumpet that wakes up the sea will wake up also the lake. And, after all, they can find no grander place to sleep than where they are sleeping now; the shadows of Jura and the Alps blanketing them in their slumbers, while vast, majestic Mont Blanc bends over them snow-white, the only fit type of the great white throne before which they and we shall be assembled.

Before they went away, on the finger of one of the lads was placed a gold ring with the inscription, "God bless you"; and on the finger of the other lad was placed a gold ring with the inscription, "Remember father and mother"; but God your Father would this night put upon your soul immortal the signet-ring of his everlasting affection. Will you wear it?

SAY SO

Psalm, 107: 2: "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

SAY SO

Psalm, 107: 2: "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

An overture, an antiphon, a doxology is this chapter, and in my text the Psalmist calls for an outspoken religion, and requests all who have been rescued and blessed no longer to hide the splendid facts, but to recite them, publish them, and, as far as possible, let all the world know about it. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

There is a sinful reticence which has been almost canonized. The people are quite as outspoken as they ought to be on all subjects of politics, and are fluent and voluble on the Philippine question and bi-metalism and tariffs, high and low and remodeled, and female suffrage, and you have to skilfully watch your chance if you want to put into the active conversation a modest suggestion of your own; but on the subject of divine goodness, religious experience, and eternal blessedness they are not only silent, but boastful of their silence. Now I have been redeemed of the Lord, and I will say so.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

By the last two words of my text the Psalmist calls upon all of us who have received any mercy at the hand of God to stop emulating the asylums for the dumb, and in the presence of men, women, angels, devils, and all worlds, "say so."

In these days, thousands of ministers and private Christians are wondering about the best ways of starting a revival of religion. I can tell you a way of starting a revival, continental, hemispheric, and world-wide. You say a revival starts in heaven. Well, it starts in heaven, just as a prosperous harvest starts in heaven. The sun must shine and the rains must descend, but unless you plow and sow and cultivate the earth you will not raise a bushel of wheat or a peck of corn between now and the end of the world. How, then, shall a universal revival start? By all Christian people telling the story of their own conversion. Let ten men and women get up next week in your prayer-meeting and, not in a conventional or canting or doleful way, but in the same tone they employ in the family or place of business, tell how they crossed the line, and the revival will begin then and there, if the prayer-meeting has not been so dull as to drive out all except those concerning whom it was foreordained from all eternity that they should be there.

Say So

that I lost my equilibrium. But after a while a Christian man got up in some meeting and told us how he was brought up by a devout parentage and had always been thoughtful about religious things and gradually the peace of the Gospel came into his soul like the dawn of the morning—no perceptible difference between moment and moment—but after a while all perturbation settled down into a hope that had consoled and strengthened him during all the vicissitudes of a lifetime. I said, "That is exhilarating; that was my experience," and so I was strengthened.

In another prayer-meeting a man got up and told us how he once hated God, and went through all the round of iniquity, until we were all on nettles lest he should go too much into the particulars, but one day he was by some religious power hurled flat, and then got up a Christian and had ever since been going around with a Bagster Bible with large flaps under his arm, a floating evangelist. Well, under this story many are not helped at all, for they knew they never hated God and they were never dissolute. But after a while some Christian woman arises and says, "I have nothing extraordinary to tell; yet I think the cares of life, the anxieties about my children, and two graves opened in our family plot made me feel the need of God, and weak and helpless and heart-broken, I flung myself upon his mercy, and I feel what the Bible calls the 'peace of God which passeth all understanding,' and I ask your prayers that I may live nearer to the Christ who has done so much for me." I declare that before that woman got through we were all crying, not bitter tears, but tears of joyful emotion, and in three days, in that neighborhood, all the ice had gone out of the river in a springtime freshet of salvation. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

I have but little interest in what people say about religion as an abstraction, but I have illimitable interest in what people say about what they have personally felt of religion. It was an expression of his own gratitude for personal salvation which led Charles Wesley, after a season of great despondency about his soul, and Christ had spoken pardon, to write that immortal hymn:

Oh, for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise.

It was after Abraham Lincoln had been comforted in the loss of "Tad," the bright boy of the White House, that he said: "I now see as never before the preciousness of God's love in Jesus Christ, and how we are brought near to God as our Father by him."

What a thrill went through the meeting in Portland, Oregon, when an ex-attorney-general of the United States arose and said: "Last night I got up and asked the prayers of God's people. I feel now perfectly satisfied. The burden is rolled off and all gone, and I feel that I could run or fly into the arms of Jesus Christ."

What a record for all time and eternity was made by Gellacius, the play-actor, in the theatre at Heliopolis. A burlesque of Christianity was put upon the stage. In derision of the ordinance of baptism a bath-tub, filled with water, was put upon the stage, and another actor, in awful blasphemy, dipped Gellacius, pronouncing over him the words, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." But coming forth from the burlesqued baptism, he looked changed and was changed, and he cried out to the audience, "I am a Christian; I will

Say So

die as a Christian." Though he was dragged out and stoned to death, they could not drown the testimony made under such awful circumstances, "I am a Christian." "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

What a confirmation would come if all who had answers to prayers would speak out! If all merchants who have been in tight places because of hard times would tell how, in response to supplication, they got the money to pay the note. If all farmers in time of drought would tell how, in answer to prayer, the rain came just in time to save the crop. If all parents who prayed for a wandering son to come home would tell how, not long after, they heard the boy's hand on the latch of the front door.

There lingers on this side of the river that divides earth and heaven, ready at any time to cross over, the apostle of prayer for this century, Jeremiah Calvin Lanphier,* the founder of the Fulton Street prayer-meeting, and if he should put on his spectacles and read this, I salute him as more qualified than any man since Bible times in demonstrating what prayer can do. Dear Brother Lanphier! The high heavens are full of his fame. That Fulton Street prayer-meeting which he founded has been a place where people have asked for prayer and answers to prayer have been announced and the throb of that great heart of supplication has thrilled not only into the heavens, but clear around the world. More than any spot on earth, that has been the place where the redeemed of the Lord said so!

Let the same outspokenness be employed toward those by whom we have been personally advantaged. We wait until they are dead before we say so. Your parents have planned for your best interests all these years. They may sometimes, their nervous sys-

*Mr. Lanphier died December 26, 1898.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

tem used up by the cares, the losses, the disappointments, the worriments of life, be more irritable than they ought to be, and they probably have faults which have become exasperating as the years go by. But those eyes, long before they took on spectacles, were watching for your welfare, and their hands, not as smooth and much more deeply lined than once, have done for you many a good day's work. Life has been to them more of a struggle than you will ever know about, and much of the struggle has been for you, and how much they are wrapped up in your welfare you will never realize. Have you by word or gift or behavior expressed your thanks? Or if you cannot quite get up to say it face to face, have you written it in some holiday salutation? The time will soon pass and they will be gone out of your sight and their ears will not hear and their eyes will not see. If you owe them any kindness of deed or any words of appreciation, why do you not say so? How much we might all of us save ourselves in the matter of regrets if we did not delay until too late an expression of obligation that would have made the last years of earthly life more attractive. The grave is deaf and epitaphs on cold marble cannot make reparation.

In conjugal life the honeymoon is soon past, and the twain take it for granted that each is thoroughly understood. How dependent on each other they become, and the years go by and perhaps nothing is said to make the other fully understand that sense of dependence. Impatient words sometimes come forth and motives are misconstrued and it is taken as a matter of course that the two will walk the path of life side by side until about the same time their journey shall be ended; but some sudden and appalling illness unloosens the right hands that were clasped

Say So

years before at the altar of orange blossoms, the parting takes place, and among the worst of all the sorrows is that you did not oftener, if you ever did at all, tell her or tell him how indispensable she was or how indispensable he was to your happiness, and that in some plain, square talk, long ago, you did not ask for forgiveness for infirmities and neglects, and by some unequivocal utterance make it understood that you fully appreciated the fidelity and re-enforcement of many years. Alas! how many such have to lament the rest of their lives, "Oh, if I had only said so!"

My subject takes a wider range. The Lord has hundreds of thousands of people among those who have never joined his army because of some high ideal of what a Christian should be or because of a fear that they may not hold out or because of a spirit of procrastination. They have never publicly professed Christ. They have as much right to the sacraments and as much right to all the privileges of the church as thousands who have for years been enrolled in church membership, and yet they have made no positive utterance by which the world may know they love God and are on the road to heaven. They are redeemed of the Lord, and yet do not say so. Oh, what an augmentation it would be if by some divine impulse all those outsiders should become insiders. I tell you what would bring them to their right places, and perhaps nothing else will. Days of persecution! If they were compelled to take sides as between Christ and his enemies, they would take the side of Christ, and the faggots and the instruments of torture and the anathemas of all earth and hell would not make them blanch. Martyrs are made out of such stuff as they are. But let them not wait for such days as I pray to God may never come. Drawn by the sense of fairness and justice and obli-

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

gation, let them show their colors. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so!

This chapter from which I take my text mentions several classes of persons who ought to be outspoken; among them all those who go on a journey. What an opportunity you have, you who spend so much of your time on rail-trains or on shipboard, whether on lake or river or sea! Spread the story of God's goodness and your own redemption wherever you go. You will have many a long ride beside some one whom you will never see again, some one who is waiting for one word of rescue or consolation. Make every rail-train and steamer a moving palace of saved souls. Casual conversations have harvested a great host for God. There are many Christian workers in pulpits, in mission stations, in Sabbath schools, in unheard-of places who are doing their best for God, and without any recognition. They go and come and no one cheers them. Perhaps all the reward they get is harsh criticism or repulse or their own fatigue. If you have ever heard of any good they have done, let them know about it. If you find some one benefitted by their alms or their prayers or their cheering word, go and tell them. They may be almost ready to give up their mission. They may be almost in despair because of the seeming lack of results. One word from you may be an ordination that will start them on the chief work of their lifetime.

A Christian woman said to her pastor, "My usefulness is done. I do not know why my life is spared any longer, because I can do no good." Then the pastor replied, "You do me great good every Sabbath." She asked, "How do I do you any good?" and he replied, "In the first place, you are always in your seat in the church, and that helps me; and in

Say So

the second place, you are always wide awake and alert, looking right up into my face, and that helps me; and in the third place, I often see tears running down your cheeks, and that helps me." What a good thing he did not wait until she was dead before he said so!

There are hundreds of ministers who have hard work to make sermons because no one expresses any appreciation. They are afraid of making him vain. The moment the benediction is pronounced they turn on their heels and go out. Perhaps it was a subject with the presentation of which he had taken special pains. He sought for the right text and then did his best to put the old thought into some new shape. He had prayed that it might go to the hearts of the people. He had added to the argument the most vivid illustrations he could think of. He had delivered all with a power that left him nervously exhausted. Five hundred people may have been blessed by it, and resolved upon a higher life and nobler purposes. Yet all he hears is the clank of the pew door or the shuffling of feet in the aisle or some remark about the weather, the last resort of inanity. Why did not that man come up and say frankly, "You have done me good"? Why did not some woman come up and say, "I shall go home to take up the burden of life more cheerfully"? Why did they not tell him so? I have known ministers, in the nervous reaction that comes to some after the delivery of a sermon with no seeming result, to go home and roll on the floor in agony.

But to make up for this lack of outspoken religion there needs to be and will be a Great Day, when amid the solemnities and grandeurs of a listening universe God will "say so." No statistics can state how many mothers have rocked cradles and hovered over infantile sicknesses and brought up their families to

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

manhood and womanhood and launched them upon useful and successful lives and yet never receive one "thank you" that amounted to anything. The daughters became queens in social life or were affianced in highest realms of prosperity; the sons took the first honors of the university and became radiant in monetary or professional spheres. Now the secret of all that uplifted maternal influence must come out. Society did not say so; the church did not say so; the world did not say so, but on that day of all other days, the Last Day, God will say so.

There are men to whom life is a grind and a conflict, hereditary tendencies to be overcome, accidental environments to be endured, appalling opposition to be met and conquered, and they never so much as had a rose pinned to their coat lapel in admiration. They never had a song dedicated to their name. They never had a book presented to them with a complimentary word on the fly-leaf. All they have to show for their lifetime battle is scars. But in the Last Day the story will come out and that life will be put in holy and transcendent rhythm and their courage and persistence and faith and victory will not only be proclaimed but rewarded. "These are they that came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." God will say so!

We miss one of the chief ideas of a Last Judgment. We put into the picture the fire and the smoke and the earthquake and the descending angels and the uprising dead, but we omit to put into the picture that which makes the Last Judgment a magnificent opportunity. We omit the fact that it is to be a day of glorious explanation and commendation. The first justice that millions of unrewarded and unrecognized and unappreciated men and women will

Say So

consolation in days of trouble and that the best friend a man ever had is Jesus and that heaven is absolutely sure to those who trust and serve the blessed Redeemer; to whom be glory and dominion and victory and song and chorus of white-robed immortals, standing on seas of glass mingled with fire. Amen and amen!

THE BUSYBODY

I Peter, 4: 15: "A busybody in other men's matters."

THE BUSYBODY

I Peter, 4: 15: "A busybody in other men's matters."

Human nature is the same in all ages. In the second century of the world's existence people had the same characteristics as people in the nineteenth century, the only difference being that they had the characteristics for a longer time. It was five hundred years of goodness or five hundred years of meanness, instead of goodness or meanness for forty or fifty years. Well, Simon Peter, who was a keen observer of what was going on around him, one day caught sight of a man whose characteristics were severe inspection and blatant criticism of the affairs belonging to people for whom he had no responsibility, and with the hand once browned and hardened by fishing-tackle drew this portrait for all subsequent ages: "A busybody in other men's matters."

That kind of person has been a trouble-maker in every country since the world stood. Appointing himself to the work of exploration and detection, he goes forth mischief-making. He generally begins by reporting the infelicity discovered. He is the advertising agent of infirmities and domestic inharmony and occurrences that but for him would never have come to the public eye or ear. He feels that the secret ought to be hauled out into light and heralded. If he can get one line of it into the newspapers, that he feels to be a noble achievement to start with. But he must not let it stop. He whispers it to his neighbors, and they, in turn, whisper it to their neighbors, until

VOL. XIX.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

the whole town is a-buzz and agog. You can no more catch it or put it down than you can a malaria. It is in the air and on the wing and afloat. Taken by itself, it seems of little importance, but after a hundred people have handled it, and each has given it an additional twist, it becomes a story, in size and shape marvelous. If it can be kept going, after a while it will be large enough to call the attention of the courts or the presbyteries or conferences or associations. The most of the scandals abroad are the work of the one whom Peter in the text styles, "A busybody in other men's matters."

First, notice that such a mission is most undesirable, because we all require all the time we can get to take care of our own affairs. To carry ourselves through the treacherous straits of this life demands that we all the time keep our hand on the wheel of our own craft. While, as I shall show you before I get through, we all have a mission of kindness to others, we have no time to waste in doing that which is damaging to others.

There is our worldly calling, which must be looked after or it will become a failure. Who succeeds in anything without concentrating all his energies upon that one thing? All those who try to do many things go to pieces, either as to their health or their fortune. They go on until they pay ten cents on the dollar, or pay their body into the grave. We cannot manage the affairs of others and keep our own affairs prosperous. While we are inquiring how precarious is the business of another merchant, and finding out how many notes he has unpaid and how soon he will probably be wound up or make an assignment or hear the sheriff's hammer smite his counter, our own affairs are getting mixed up and endangered. While we are criticising our neigh-

The Busybody

bor for his poor crops we are neglecting the fertilization of our own fields or allowing the weeds to choke our own corn. While we are trying to extract the mote from our neighbor's eye, we fall under the weight of the beam in our own eye. Those men disturbed by the faults of others are themselves the depot at which whole trains of faults arrive, and from which whole trains of faults start. The men who have succeeded in secular things or religious things will tell you that they have no time for hunting out the deficits of others. On the way to their counting-room they may have heard that a firm in the same line of business was in trouble, and they said: "Sorry, very sorry;" but they went in and sat down at their table and opened the book containing a full statement of their affairs to see if they were in peril of being caught in a similar cyclone.

Gadders about town, with hands in pockets and hats set far back on the head, waiting to hear baleful news, are failures now or will be failures. Christian men and women who go around with mouth and looks full of interrogation points to find how some other church member is given to exaggeration or drinks too much or neglects his home for greater outside attractions, have themselves so little grace in their hearts that no one suspects they have any. In proportion as people are consecrated and holy and useful, they are lenient with others and disposed to say: "Wait until we hear the other side of that matter. I cannot believe that charge made against that man or woman until we have some better testimony than that given by these scandal-mongers. I guess it is a lie."

If God had given us whole weeks and months and days with nothing to do but gauge and measure and scrutinize the affairs of others, there might be

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

some excuse for such employment, but I do not know anyone who has such ■ surplus of time and energy and qualification that he can afford much of the time to sit as a coroner upon the dead failures of others. I can imagine that an astronomical crank could get so absorbed in examining the spots on the sun as to neglect clearing the spots off his own character. A very successful man was asked how he had accumulated such vast fortune. He replied: "I have accumulated about one-half of my property by attending strictly to my business, and the other half by letting other people's alone."

Furthermore, we are incapacitated for the supervision of others because we cannot see all sides of the affair reprehended. People are generally not so much to blame as we suppose. It is never right to do wrong, but there may be alleviations. There may have arisen a conjunction of circumstances which would have flung any one of us. The world gives only one side of the transaction, and that is always the worst side. That defaulter at the bank who loaned money he ought not to have loaned did it for the advantage of another, not for his own. That young man who purloined from his employer did so because his mother was dying for the lack of medicine. That young woman who went wrong did not get enough wages to keep her from starving to death. Most people who make moral shipwreck would do right in some exigency, but they have not the courage to say No.

Better die than do the least wrong, but moderate your anathema against the wrongdoer by the circumstances which may yet develop. Be economical of your curses when all the community is hounding some man or woman. Wait, consider, pause and hope that which is charged is a base fabrication. Do

The Busybody

not be like a jury who should render verdict against the defendant without allowing him to present his side of the case. I know not what your observation has been, but I have never known a case of default in character but there were some circumstances which ought to weigh on the side of the recreant. The most repugnant character on earth to me is the man who believes everything he hears against others and hurls all the slandered down the same embankment of denunciation. I dislike such a one more than I dislike the offender for whom he has no mercy.

Furthermore, we make ourselves a disgusting spectacle when we become busybodies. What a diabolical enterprise those undertake who are ever looking for the moral lapse or downfall of others! As the human race is a most imperfect race, all such hunters find plenty of game. There have been sewing societies in churches which tore to pieces more reputations than they made garments for the poor. With their sarcasms and sly hints and depreciation of motives, they punctured more good names than they had needles. With their scissors they cut character bias, and backstitched every evil report they got hold of. Meetings of boards of directors have sometimes ruined good business men by insinuations against them. The bad work may not have been done so much by words, for they would be libelous, but by a twinkle of the eye or a shrug of the shoulder or a sarcastic accentuation of a word. "Yes, he is all right when he is sober." "Have you inquired into that man's history?" "Do you know what business he was in before he entered this?" "I move that the application be laid on the table until some investigations now going on are consummated." It is easy enough to start a suspicion that will never down, but what a despicable man is the one who started it!

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

There is not an honest man in Washington or New York or any other city who cannot be damaged by such infernalism. In a village where I once lived a steamboat every day came to the wharf. An enemy of the steamboat company asked one day: "I wonder if that steamboat is safe?" The man who heard the question soon said to his neighbor: "There is some suspicion about the safety of that steamboat." And the next one who got hold of it said: "There is an impression abroad that there will soon be an accident on that steamer." Soon all that community began to say: "That steamer is very unsafe," and as a consequence we all took the stage rather than risk our lives on the river. The steamer was entirely sound and safe, but one interrogation in regard to her started a suspicion that went on until the steamboat company was ruined. Precisely so noble reputations and good enterprises and useful styles of business are slain by interrogation points. Can you imagine any creature so loathsome as the one who feels himself or herself called to question all integrity, all ability, all honesty, all character? Buzzards looking for carrion.

While I believe enough in human depravity to be orthodox, I tell you that the most of the people whom I know are doing the best they can. Faults? Oh, yes; all people except you and I have faults. But they are sorry about it, repentant on account of it, and are trying to do better. About all the married people I know of are married to the one person best suited. Nearly all the parents with whom I am acquainted are doing the best they can for their children. All the clerks in stores, so far as I know, are honest; and all persons in official position, city, state, or nation, are fulfilling their mission as well as they can. The most of those who have failed in business, so far as I know, have failed honestly. The singers are

The Busybody

singing their best songs, the sculptors chiseling their best statues, the painters penciling their best pictures, the ministers preaching their best sermons. Take any audience that assembles in any church, and if there are five hundred people assembled, I think at least four hundred and fifty are doing the best they can, and if there be five thousand assembled, at least forty-five hundred are doing the best they can.

While I was thinking upon this subject, I made a visit to one of the national bureaus in this capital, and found that out of eleven hundred millions of money that had passed through the hands of more than four hundred employees, only three cents were unaccounted for, and the three cents were afterwards found. What a compliment to common honesty!

All people make mistakes—say things that afterward they are sorry for, and miss opportunity of uttering the right word and doing the right thing. But when they say their prayers at night these defects are sure to be mentioned somewhere between the name of the Lord, for whose mercy they plead, and the amen that closes the supplication. "That has not been my observation," says some one. Well, I am sorry for you, my brother, my sister. What an awful crowd you must have gotten into! Or, as is more probable, you are one of the characters that my text sketches. You have not been hunting for partridges and quail, but for vultures. You have been microscopizing the world's faults. You have been down in the marshes when you ought to have been on the uplands. I have caught you at last. You are "a busybody in other men's matters."

How is it that you can always find two opinions about any one, and those two opinions exactly opposite? I will tell you the reason. It is because there are two sides to every character—the best side and

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

the worst side. A well-disposed man chiefly seeks the best side. The badly-disposed seeks chiefly the worst side. Be ours the desire to see the best side, for it is healthier for us so to do and stirs admiration, which is an elevated state, while the desire to find the worst side keeps on in a spirit of disquietude and disgust and mean suspicion, and that is a pulling down of our own nature, a disfigurement of our own character. I am afraid the imperfections of others will kill us yet.

The habit I deplore is apt to show itself in the visage. A kindly man who wishes everybody well soon demonstrates his disposition in his looks. His features may fracture all the laws of handsome physiognomy, but God puts into that man's eyes and in the curve of his nostril and in the upper and lower lip the signature of divine approval. And you see it at a glance, as plainly as though it had been written all over his face in rose color: "This is one of my princes. He is on the way to coronation. I bless him now with all the benedictions that infinity can afford. Look at him. Admire him. Congratulate him."

On the other hand, if one be cynical about the character of others, and chiefly observant of defects and glad to find something wrong in character, the fact is apt to be demonstrated in his looks. However regular his features, and though constructed according to the laws of Kaspar Lavater, his visage is sour. He may smile, but it is a sour smile. There is a sneer in the inflation of the nostril. There is a mean curvature to the lip. There is a bad look in the eye. The devil of sarcasm and malevolence and suspicion has taken possession of him, and you see it as plainly as though from the hair line of the forehead to the lowest point in the round of his chin it were written: "Mine! Mine! I, the demon of the

The Busybody

pit, have soured his visage with my curse. Look at him! He chose a diet of carrion. He gloated over the misdeeds of others. It took all my infernal engineery to make him what he is—'a busybody in other men's matters.'"

The slanderer almost always attempts to escape the scandal he is responsible for. When in 1741 John Wesley was preaching at Bristol and showing what reason he had to trust in the Captain of his salvation, a hearer cried out: "Who was your captain when you hanged yourself? I know the man who saw you when you were cut down." John Wesley asked the audience to make room and let the slanderer come to the front, but when the way was open, the slanderer, instead of coming forward, fled the room. The author or distributor of slanders never wants to face his work.

On the day of Pentecost there were people endowed with what was called the "gift of tongues," and they spake for God in many languages. But there are people in our time who seem to have the gift of evil tongues, and there is no end to their iniquitous gabble. Every city, village, and neighborhood of the earth has had driven through it these scavenger carts. When anything is said to you defamatory of the character of others, imitate Joseph John Gurney, of England, who, when a bad report was brought to him concerning anybody, asked: "Dost thou know any good thing to tell us concerning her? Since there is no good to relate, would it not be kinder to be silent on the evil? Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity."

But there is a worthy and Christian way of looking abroad upon others, not for the purpose of bringing them to disadvantage or advertising their weaknesses or putting in "great primer" or "paragon"

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

type their frailties, but to offer help, sympathy, and rescue. That is Christlike, and he who does so wins the applause of the high heavens. Just look abroad for the people who have made great mistakes, and put a big plaster of condolence on their lacerations. Such people are never sympathized with, although they need an infinity of solace. Domestic mistakes. Social mistakes. Ecclesiastical mistakes. Political mistakes. The world has for such only jocosity and gesture of deploration. There is an unoccupied field for you, my brother. No one has been there. Take your case of medicines and go there and ask them where they are hurt and apply divine medicament.

There is a public man who has made a political mistake from which he will never recover. At the next elections he will be put back and put down into a place of disapproval from which he will never rise. Just go to that man, and unroll the scroll of one hundred splendid Americans who, after occupying high places of promotion, were relegated to private life and public scorn. Show him in what glorious company he has been placed by the anathema of the ballot-box.

There is a man or woman, who has made a conjugal mistake, and a vulture has been put into the same cage with a dove, or a lion and a lamb in the same jungle. The world laughs at the misfortune, but it is your business to weep with their woe. There is a merchant who bought at the wrong time or a manufacturer whose old machinery has been superseded by a new invention or who under change of tariff on certain styles of fabric has been dropped from affluence into bankruptcy. Go to him and recall the names of fifty business men who lost all but their honesty and God and heaven. Let them know there are hundreds of good men who have gone under that are

The Busybody

thought of in heavenly spheres more than many who are high up and going higher. All will acknowledge that good and lovely Arthur Tappan, who failed in business, was more to be admired than William Tweed in possession of his stolen millions.

Go to that literary man who is starving with a brilliant pen in his right hand, his literary position lost, his books unsalable, and tell him of the mightiest of the past and the present who suffered from nonappreciation. Show the discouraged author, whose manuscript the publishing house will not take, that among the rejected manuscripts of the publishing houses for a while were *Paradise Lost* and *Jane Eyre* and Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* and *Vestiges of Creation* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and that Shakespeare was comparatively unknown in England until Germany acclaimed its appreciation of the greatest of dramatists. Unroll before that discouraged public man the cartoons in the time of Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln and James G. Blaine, and show all the misinterpreted and pursued the fact that they have it no worse than many who have preceded them, and that in most cases it is jealousy at success that has caused the assault.

In literature it has always been hard for one man to speak well of another. Voltaire hated Rousseau. Charles Lamb could not endure Coleridge. Coleridge derides De Quincy because, while they both used opium, he says De Quincy took it for pleasure, while he (Coleridge) took it to relieve pain. Waller wars against Cowley. The hatred of Plato and Xenophon is as immortal as their works. Corneille had utter contempt for Racine. At Westminster Abbey, in the "Poets' Corner," sleeps Drayton, the poet, and Goldie, who said he was not a poet; and there rests Dryden, and not far off poor Shadwell, who had pur-

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

sued him with a fiend's fury; Pope and John Dennis, his implacable enemy. Show those wronged of criticism that they are not exceptional cases, and so comfort them to bear the outrage.

Hear it! the more you go to busying yourselves in other men's matters the better, if you have design of offering relief. Search out the quarrels, that you may settle them; the fallen, that you may lift them; the pangs, that you may assuage them. Arm yourself with two bottles of divine medicine, the one a tonic and the other an anæsthetic; the latter to soothe and quiet, the former to stimulate, to inspire to sublime action. That man's matters need looking after in this respect. There are ten thousand men and women who need your help, and need it right away. They do not sit down and cry. They make no appeal for help, but within ten yards of where you sit in church and within ten minutes' walk of your home there are people in enough trouble to make them shriek out with agony if they had not resolved upon suppression.

If you are rightly interested in other men's matters, go to those who are just starting in their occupations or professions and give them a boost. Those old physicians do not want your help, for they are surrounded with more patients than they can attend to, but cheer those young doctors who are counting out their first drops to patients who cannot afford to pay. Those old attorneys at the law want no help from you, for they take retainers only from the more prosperous clients, but cheer those young attorneys who have not had a brief at all lucrative. Those old merchants have their business so well established that they feel independent of banks, of all changes in tariffs, of all panics, but cheer those young merchants who are making their first mistake in bargain and

The Busybody

sale. That old farmer who has two hundred acres in best tillage, and his barns full of harvested crops, and the grain merchant having bought his wheat at high prices before it was reaped, needs no sympathy from you; but cheer up that young farmer, whose acres are covered with a big mortgage and the drought strikes them the first year. That builder, with contracts made for the construction of half a dozen houses and the owners impatient for occupancy, is not to be pitied, but give your sympathy to that mechanic in early acquaintance with hammer and saw and bit, and amid all the limitations of a journeyman.

We pity people who have met with bereavements or accidents or great losses, but there are "other men's matters" that are never reported, though they are crushing to the last degree. Search them out. Alleviate them. Give them practical help. Have a word of appropriate sympathy. Do not go in at some case of bereavement and quote conventionally from the Bible, as I have heard it quoted amid such circumstances: "We all do fade as a leaf." "Man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of trouble," and so on. The Bible, like an apothecary store, has many medicines, and they are all good, but are not alike suited to all cases. I have heard verses of the Bible quoted when they were no more appropriate to the particular case than would be a chapter of Homer's *Iliad* or Virgil's *Georgics*.

Go forth to be a busybody in other men's matters, so far as you can helping them out, and help them on. The world is full of instances of those who spend their life in such alleviations. But there is one instance that overtops and eclipses all others. He had lived in a palace. Radiant ones waited upon him. He was charioted along streets yellow with gold and stopped at gates glistening with pearl and

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

hosannaed by immortals coroneted and in snowy white. Centuries gave him not a pain. The sun that rose on him never set. His dominions could not be enlarged, for they had no boundaries, and uncontested was his reign. Upon all that lustre and renown and environment of splendors he turned his back and put down his crown at the foot of his throne, and on a bleak December night trod his way down to a stone house in Bethlehem of our world. Wrapped in what plain shawl and pursued with what enemies on swift camels and howled at with what brigands and thrust with what sharp lances and hidden in what sepulchral crypt, until the subsequent centuries have tried in vain to tell the story by sculptured cross and painted canvas and resounding doxologies and domed cathedral and redeemed nations.

He could not see a woman doubled up with rheumatism, but he touched her, and inflamed muscles relaxed and she stood straight up. He could not meet a funeral of a young man, but he broke up the procession and gave him back to his widowed mother. With spittle on the tip of his finger he turned the midnight of total blindness into the midnoon of perfect sight. He could not see a man down on his mattress helpless with palsy without calling him up to health, and telling him to shoulder the mattress and walk off. He could not find a man tongue-tied, but he gave him immediate articulation. He could not see a man with the puzzled and inquiring look of the deaf without giving him capacity to hear the march of life beating on the drum of the ear. He could not see a crowd of hungry people but he made enough good bread and a surplus that required all the baskets.

He scolded only twice that I remember, once at the hypocrites with elongated visage and the other

The Busybody

time when a sinful crowd had arraigned an unfortunate woman, and the Lord with the most superb sarcasm that was ever uttered gave permission to any one who felt himself entirely commendable to hurl the first missile. All for others. His birth for others. His ministry for others. His death for others. His ascension for others. His enthronement for others.

That spirit which leads one to be busy for the betterment of others is going to Edenize the round earth. That spirit induced John Pounds to establish "Ragged Schools" and Father Matthew to become a temperance reformer and Peter Cooper to establish his Institute and Slater to contribute his fund for schools and Baroness Hirsch to leave more than one hundred million dollars for the improvement of her race and Cornelius Vanderbilt to flood churches and charitable institutions with his beneficence. And though our means be limited and our opportunities circumscribed, we can do the same thing on a small scale. "Other men's matters!" Be busybodies in improving them. With kind words, with earnest prayers, with self-sacrificing deeds, with enlarging charities, let us go forth on a new mission.

And now my words are to the invisible multitudes I reach week by week, but yet will never see in this world, but whom I expect to meet at the bar of God, and hope to see in the blessed heaven. The last word that Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, said to me at Plainfield, New Jersey, and he repeated the message for me to others, was: "Never be tempted under any circumstances to give up your weekly publication of sermons throughout the world." That solemn charge I will heed as long as I have strength to give them and the newspaper types desire to take them. Oh, ye people back there in the Sheffield mines of England and ye in the sheep pastures of Australia

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

and ye amid the pictured terraces of New Zealand and ye among the cinnamon and color-enflamed groves of Ceylon and ye Armenians weeping over the graves of murdered households in Asia Minor and ye amid the idolatries of Benares on the Ganges and ye dwellers on the banks of the Androscoggin and the Alabama and the Mississippi and the Oregon and the Shannon and the Rhine and the Tiber and the Danube and the Nile and the Euphrates and the Caspian and Yellow seas; ye of the four corners of the earth who have greeted me again and again, accept this point-blank offer of everything for nothing; of everything of pardon and comfort and illumination and safety and heaven, "without money and without price." What a Gospel for all lands, all zones, all ages! Gospel of sympathy! Gospel of hope! Gospel of emancipation! Gospel of sunlight! Gospel of enthronement! Gospel of eternal victory! Take it, all ye people, until your sins are all pardoned and your sorrows all solaced and your wrongs all righted and your dying pillow be spread at the foot of a ladder which, though like the one that was let down to Bethel, may be thronged with descending and ascending immortals, shall nevertheless have room enough for you to climb, foot over foot, on rungs of light, till you go clear up out of sight of all earthly perturbation, into the realm where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

FULL CHALICES

Luke, 14: 17: "Come, for all things ~~are~~ now ready."

FULL CHALICES

Luke, 14: 17: "Come, for all things are now ready."

It was an exciting time in English history when Queen Elizabeth visited Lord Leicester at Kenilworth Castle. The clocks in all the towers and throughout the castle were stopped at the moment of her arrival, so continuing to point to that moment as the one surpassing all others in interest. The doors of a great banquetting hall were opened. The queen marched in to the sound of the trumpeters. Four hundred servants waited upon the guests. It was a scene that astonished all nations when they heard of it. Five thousand dollars a day did the banquet cost as it went on day after day. She was greeted to the palace gates with floating islands and torches and the bomb of cannon and fireworks that set the night ablaze and a burst of music that lifted the whole scene into enchantment. Beginning in that way, it went on from joy to joy and from excitement to excitement and from rapture to rapture. That was the great banquet that Lord Leicester spread in Kenilworth Castle.

Cardinal Wolsey entertained the French ambassadors in Hampton Court. The best cooks of all the land provided for the table. The guests were kept hunting in the parks all the day so that their appetite might be keen, and then in the evening hour they were shown into the banquetting hall, the table aglitter with imperial plate and ablush with the very costliest wines, and the second course of that feast was made of foods in all shapes, of men and birds and

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

beasts and dancing groups and jousting parties riding upon each other with uplifted lances. Lords and princes and ambassadors, their cups gleaming to the brim, drank first to the health of the King of England, and then to the health of the Emperor of France. That was the banquet that Cardinal Wolsey spread in Hampton Court. But to-day, my brothers and sisters, I invite you to a grander entertainment. My Lord, the King, is the banqueter. Angels of God are the cupbearers, all the redeemed are the guests; the halls of eternal love frescoed with light and paved with joy and curtained with unfading beauty are the banqueting place, the harmonies of eternity are the music, the chalices of God are the plate, and I am one of the servants come out with invitations to all the people, and oh, that you might break the seal of the invitation and read written in ink of blood and with the tremulous hand of a dying Christ: "Come, come, for all things are now ready."

Sometimes there have been great disappointment at a banquet. The wine has given out or the servants have been rebellious or the lights have failed; but I walk all around the banqueting table of my Lord to-day and I find everything complete and I swing open the door of this banqueting house and I say: "All things are now ready."

Illustrating my text, I go on and in the first place say that the Lord Jesus Christ is ready. Cardinal Wolsey did not come into the banqueting hall until the second course of the feast, and when he entered booted and spurred, all the guests arose and cheered him; but I have to tell you that our banqueter, the Lord Jesus Christ, comes in at the beginning of the feast. Ah, he has been waiting for his guests, waiting for some of them eighteen hundred and ninety-two years, waiting with mangled feet, waiting with

Full Chalice

hand on the punctured side, waiting with hand on the lacerated temples, waiting, waiting! Wonder it is that the banqueter did not get weary and say: "Shut the door and let the laggard stay out." No, he has been waiting. How much he is in earnest. Shall I show you? I gather up all the tears that flooded his cheek in sympathy, all the blood that channeled his brow and back and hand and foot to purchase our redemption. I gather up all the groans coming from midnight chill and mountain hunger and desert loneliness, and I put them into one bitter cry—I gather up all the pangs that shot from cross and spike and spear, into one groan—I take one drop of sweat from his brow and I put it under the glass of the Gospel, and it enlarges to lakes of sorrow, to oceans of agony. That Christ to-day, emaciated and worn and weary, comes here, and with a pathos in which every word is a heartbreak and every sentence a martyrdom, he says to you and he says to me: "Come, come, for all things are now ready."

Ahasuerus made a feast that lasted one hundred and eighty days. This lasts forever. Lords and princes were invited to that. You and I are invited to this. Yes, he has been waiting, he is waiting now. Other kings wrap themselves in robes of beauty and power before they come into a banquet. So does Christ. Oh, he is the fairest of the fair. In his hands is the omnipotent surgery that opened blind eyes and straightened crooked limbs and hoisted the pillars of heaven and swung the twelve gates which are twelve pearls.

Oh, what a Christ—a Christ of beauty, a Christ of power. There are not enough cups on earth to dip up this river of beauty. There are not ladders to scale these heights of love. Oh, thou flower of eternity, thy breath is the perfume of heaven. Oh,
VOL. XIX.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

thou daybreak of the soul, let all nations clap their hands in thy radiance. Chorus! Come men and angels and cherubim and seraphim and archangel, all heights, all depths, all immensities. Chorus! Roll on through the heavens in chariot of universal acclaim, over bridges of hosanna, under arches of coronation, by the towers chiming with eternal jubilee. Chorus! Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood and made us kings and priests unto God, to him be glory.

Ah! there is one word of five letters that I would like to write; but I have no sheet fair enough to write it on, and there is no pencil good enough to inscribe it. Give me a sheet from the heavenly records and some pencil used by an angel in describing a victory and then with hand struck by supernatural energy and with pencil dipped in the everlasting morning, I will write it out in capitals of love: J-E-S-U-S, Jesus! It is this one that is waiting for you and for me, for we are on the same platform before God. How long he waited for me! How long has he waited for you? Waiting as a banqueter waits for his delayed guests, the meats smoking and beakers brimming and the minstrel with his finger on the stiff string ready to strike it at the first clash of the hoofs at the gateway. Waiting as a mother waits for her boy that ten years ago went off dragging her bleeding heart after him. Waiting. Oh, can you not give me some comparison intense enough, importune enough, high as heaven, deep as hell, and vast as eternity? Not expecting that you can help me with such a comparison, I simply say he is waiting as only an all-sympathetic Christ knows how to wait for a wandering soul.

Bow the knee and kiss the Son,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

Full Chalices

But I remark again, not only Christ is waiting, but the Holy Spirit is waiting. Why are some sermons a dead failure? Why are there songs that do not get their wing under the people? Why are there prayers that go no higher up than a hunter's halloo? Because there is a missing link that only the Holy Spirit can make. If that Spirit should come through this assemblage this morning, there would be a power

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

gallery and said to himself: "I have never rendered one acceptable offering of gratitude to God in all my life. Here, Lord, I am thine forever." By that one passage of Scripture he was brought into the kingdom, and if I might tell my own experience I might tell how one Sabbath afternoon I was brought to the peace of the Gospel by reading of the Syrophœnician's cry to Christ where she said: "Even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the master's table." Philosophic sermons never saved anybody. Metaphysical sermons never saved anybody. But the minister ~~one~~ ^{some} Sabbath to his pulpit worn

Full Chalice

Ghost straight to the heart. Come, Holy Ghost. Ay, he is here this morning. He fills all the place. Did I say Christ was ready? I tell you the Holy Ghost is ready. At the great day of eternity it will be found that the most souls have been brought to Christ not by the Massillons and Bourdaloues but by humble men, who, in the strength of God and believing in the Eternal Spirit, invited men to Jesus.

There were wise salves, there were excellent ointments, I suppose, in the time of Christ, for blind and inflamed eyes. But Jesus turned his back upon them and put the tip of his finger to his tongue, and then with the spittle that adhered to the finger he anointed the eyes of the blind man and daylight poured into his blinded soul. So it is now that the Spirit of God takes that humble prayer-meeting talk, which seems to be the very saliva of Christian influence, and anoints the eyes of the blind and pours the sunlight of pardons and peace upon the soul. I wish I could feel it more and more that if any good is done it is by the power of God's omnipotent Spirit. I do not know what hymns may bring you to Jesus. I do not know what words of Scripture lesson I read may save your soul. Perhaps the Spirit of God may hurl the very text into your heart, "Come, for all things are now ready."

Then I go on and tell you the church is ready. There are those here who say: "No one cares for my soul." We do care for it. You see a man bowing his head in prayer and you say: "That man is indifferent." That man bows his head in prayer that the truth may go to every heart. The air is full of prayers. They are going up this morning from this assembly. Hundreds of prayers straight to the throne of a listening God. Prayers ascending noon by noon from Fulton Street prayer-meeting, Friday night by

VOL. XIX. 359

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

Friday night all over this land, going up from praying circles. Yea, there is not a minute of an hour of any day that there are not supplications ascending to the throne of mercy. The church is ready. And if you should this morning start for your Father's house, there would be hundreds and thousands in this assemblage who would say if they knew it: "Make room for that man, make room for him at the holy sacrament; bring the silver bowl for his baptism; give him full right to all the privileges of the Church of Jesus Christ." I know there are those who say the church is a mass of hypocrites, but they do not really think so. It is a glorious church. Christ purchased it. Christ built it. Christ swung all its gates. Christ curtained it with upholstery crimson with crucifixion carnage. Come into it. I do not pick out this man or that man and say: "You may come." I say all may come—whosoever will. "Come with us and we will do you good. The Lord hath promised good concerning Israel."

We are a garden walled around
Chosen and made peculiar ground,
A little plot enclosed by grace
Out of the world's wild wilderness.

Do not say you have never been invited. I invite you now to the King's feast. One and all. All! All!

But I go further and tell you that the angels are ready. Some people think when we speak about angels we are getting into the region of fancy. They say it is very well for a man when he has just entered the ministry to preach about the angels of heaven, but after he has gone on further it is hardly worth while. My friends, there is not any more evidence in the Bible that there is a God than that there are

Full Chalice

angels. Did they not swarm around Jacob's ladder? When Lazarus' soul went up did they not escort it? Did not David say: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels"? Are they not represented as the chief harvesters of the judgment day? Did not one angel in one night slay one hundred and eighty thousand of Sennacherib's troops? Oh, yes, our world is in communication with two other worlds: heaven and hell. All that communication is by angels. When a bad man is to die, a man who has despised God and rejected the Gospel, the bad spirits come upon sulphurous wing and they shackle him and they try to push him off the precipices into the ruin and they lift a guffaw of diabolical exultation. But there is a line of angels, bright and beautiful and loving angels, mighty angels, reaching all the way from earth to heaven, and I suppose the air is full of them. They hover. They flit about. They push down iniquity from your heart. They are ready to rejoice. Look! There is an angel from the throne of God. One moment ago, it stood before Christ and heard the doxology of the redeemed. It is here now. Bright immortal, what news from the golden city? Speak, spirit blest. The answer is melting on the air: "Come, come, for all things are now ready." Angels ready to bear the tidings. Angels ready to drop the benediction. Angels ready to kindle the joy. All ready. Ready, cherubim and seraphim. Ready, thrones and principalities and powers. Ready, Michael the archangel.

Yes, I go further and say that your glorified kindred are ready. I have not any sympathy with modern spiritualism. I believe it is born in perdition. When I see the ravages it makes with human intellects, when I see the homes that it has devastated, when I see the bad morals that very often follow in

VOL. XIX.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

its wake, I have no faith in modern spiritualism. I think if John Milton and George Whitefield have not anything better to do than to crawl under Rochester tables and rattle the leaves they had better stay home in glory. While I believe that modern spiritualism is bad because of its mental and domestic ravages, common sense, enlightened by the Word of God, teaches us that our friends in glory sympathize with our redemption. "There is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," and if the angels hear it, do not our departed kindred there hear it? There are those there who toiled for your salvation, and when they bade you good-by in the last hour, and they said, "Meet me in heaven," there was hovering over the pillow the awful possibility that you might not meet. But, oh, the pathos when that hand was thrust out from the cover, and they said good-by. For how long a good-by was it? Now, suppose you should pass into the kingdom of God this morning, suppose you should say: "I'm done with the sins of this world. Fie upon all these follies. O Christ! I take thee now, I take thy service, I respond to thy love, thine am I forever"—why, before the tear of repentance had dried on your cheek, before your first prayer had closed, the angel standing with message for thy soul, would cry upward, "He is coming!" and angels poising mid-air would cry upward: "He is coming!" and all along the line of light from doorway to doorway, from wing tip to wing tip, the news would go upward until it reached the gate, and then it would flash to the house of many mansions, and find your kindred out, and those before the throne would say: "Rejoice with me, my prayers are answered. Give me another harp with which to strike the joy. Saved, saved, saved!"

Full Chalice

Now, my friends, if Christ is ready and the Holy Ghost is ready and the church is ready and the angels of God are ready and your glorified kindred are ready, are you ready? I give with all the emphasis of my soul the question. If you do not get into the King's feast it will be because you do not accept the earnest invitation. Arms stretched out soaked with blood from elbow to finger-tip, lips quivering in mortal anguish, two eyes beaming everlasting love while he says: "Come, come, come, for all things are now ready."

At Kenilworth Castle, I told you, they stopped the clocks when Queen Elizabeth arrived, that the hand of time might point to that moment as the one most significant and tremendous, but if this morning, the King should enter the castle of your soul, well might you stop all the clocks and have the finger of time pointing to this moment as the one most stupendous in all your life. Would that I could come all through these aisles and all through these galleries, not addressing you perfunctorily, but taking you by the hand as a brother takes a brother by the hand, and saying to one and all: "Come, come, the door is open, enter now and sit down at the feast."

Old man, God has been waiting for thee long years. Would that some tear of repentance might trickle down thy wrinkled cheek. Has not Christ done enough in feeding thee and clothing thee all these years to win from thee one word of gratitude? Come, all the young. Christ is the fairest of the fair. Wait not until thy heart gets hard. Come, the furthest away from Christ. Drunkard, Christ can put out the fire of that thirst. He can restore thy broken home. He can break that shackle. Come now, today, and get his pardon and its strength. Libertine, Christ knew where you were last night. He knows

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

all the story of thy sin. Come to him this day. He will wash away thy sin and he will throw around thee the robe of his pardon. Harlot, thy feet foul with hell, thy laughter the horror of the street—O Mary Magdalen! Christ waits for thee. And the one furthest off, further than any I have mentioned, a case not so hopeful as any I have mentioned: Self-righteous man, feeling thyself all right, having no need of Christ, no need of pardon, no need of help—O self-righteous man! dost thou think in those rags thou canst enter the feast? Thou canst not. God's servant at the gate would tear off thy robe and leave thee naked at the gate. O self-righteous man! the last to come. Come to the feast. Repent thy sin. Take Christ for thy portion. Day of grace going away. Shadows on the cliff reaching further and further over the plain. The banquet has already begun. Christ has entered into that banquet to which you are invited. The guests are taking their places. The servant of the King has his hand on the door of the banqueting room, and he begins to swing it shut. Now is your time to go in. Now is my time to enter. I must go in. You must go in. He is swinging the door shut. Now it is half shut. Now it is three-fourths shut. Now it is just ajar. After a while, it will be forever shut!

ARMAGEDDON

Revelation, 16: 16: "And he gathered them together in
■ place called in the Hebrew tongue, Armageddon."

ARMAGEDDON

Revelation, 16: 16: "And he gathered them together in a place called in the Hebrew tongue, Armageddon."

Megiddo is the name of a mountain that looks down upon Esdraelon, the greatest battle-field that the world has ever seen. There Barak fought the Canaanites; there Gideon fought the Midianites; there Josiah fought the invading Egyptians. The whole region stands for battle, and the Armageddon of my text borrows its name from it, and is here used, not geographically, but figuratively, while setting forth the idea that there is to be a world's closing battle, the greatest of all battles, compared with which the conflicts of this century and all other centuries were insignificant, because of the greater number of combatants engaged, the greater victory, and the greater defeat. The exact date of that battle we do not know, and the exact locality is uncertain. It may be in Asia, Europe, Africa, or America; but the fact that such a battle will take place is as certain as God's eternal truth. When I use the superlative degree in regard to that coming conflict, I do not forget that there have been wars all along on stupendous scale. As when, at Marathon, Miltiades brought on his men, not in ordinary march, but in full run, upon the horsemen of Persia and the black archers of Ethiopia, and scattered them, and crying, "Bring fire! Bring fire!" set into flame the ships of the invaders. As when Pizarro overcame Peru. As when Philip II. triumphed over Portugal. As when the Huns met the Goths. As when three hundred Spartans sacrificed themselves at Thermopylae.

VOL. XIX.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

pylæ. As when the Carthaginians took Agrigentum. As when Alexander headed the Macedonian phalanx. As when Hannibal invaded Italy. Battle of Hastings! Battle of Valmy! Battle of Pultowa! Battle of Ar-bela! Battle of Tours! Battle of Borodino! Battle of Lucknow! Battle of Solferino! Battle of Fontenoy where one hundred thousand were slain! Battle of Chalons where three hundred thousand were mas-sacred! Battle of Herat where Genghis Khan destroyed one million six hundred thousand lives! Battle of Neis-har where one million seven hundred and forty-seven thousand went down to death! One million eight hun-dred sixteen thousand slain at Troy! And battles of our own wars still too near us to allow us to appre-ciate their awful grandeur and significance. But all the battles I have named put together will not equal in numbers enlisted or fierceness or grandeur or tri-umph or rout the coming Armageddon contest. Whether it shall be fought with printers' type or keen steel, whether by brain or muscle, whether by pen or carbine, whether by booming cannon or thunders of Christian eloquence, I do not know, and you may take what I say as figurative or literal, but take as certain what St. John, in his vision on the rocks of the Grecian archipelago, is pleased to call "Armageddon."

My sermon will first mention the regiments that will be engaged in the conflict; then will say some-thing of the commanders on both sides; and then speak of the battle itself and the stupendous issues. Beginning with those who will fight on the wrong side, I first mention the Regiments Diabolic. In this very chapter from which my text is taken we are told that the spirits of devils will be there. How many millions of them no one can tell, for the statistics of the satanic dominions have never been reported and the roll of that host has never on earth been called;

Armageddon

but from the direful and continental and planetary work they have already done, and the fact that every man and woman and child on earth has a tempter, there must be at least sixteen hundred millions of evil spirits familiar with our world. Perhaps as many more are engaged on especial enterprises of abomination among the nations and empires of the earth. Beside that there must be an inconceivable number of inhabitants in realms pandemoniac, staying there to keep the great capitals of sin going from age to age. Many of them once lived in heaven, but engaging in conspiracy to put Satan on the throne, they were hurled out and down, and they are now among the worst thugs of the universe. Having been in three worlds—heaven, earth, and hell—they have all the advantages of great experience. Their power, their speed, their cunning, their hostility wonderful beyond all statement! In the Armageddon they will, I doubt not, be present in full array. They will have no reserve corps, but all will be at the front. There will not only be soldiers in that battle who can be seen and aimed at, but troops intangible and without corporeity, and weapons may strike clear through them without giving them hurt. With what shout of defiance will they climb up the ladders of fire and leap from the battlements of asbestos into the last campaign of hell! Paul, the bravest of men, was impressed with their might for evil when he said, "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities and against powers and against the rulers of the darkness in this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." Oh, what an agitating moment, when the ranks diabolic move up and take their places for conflict in the Armageddon!

Other regiments who will march into the fight will be the Regiments Alcoholic. They will be made up

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

of the brewers' companies, distillery owners, and liquor-dealers' associations, and the hundreds of millions of their patrons. They will move into the ranks with what the Bible calls the "Song of the drunkard." And what a bloated and soaked and bleared and blasted and hiccoughing and nauseating host! If now, according to a scientist, in England there are fifty thousand deaths annually from strong drink, and in the United States, according to another estimate, ninety-eight thousand deaths annually from strong drink, what an army of living drunkards that implies, coming up from the whole earth to take their places in the last battle, especially as the evil increases and the millions now staggering on their way may be joined by other millions of reenforcements; brigade after brigade, with drunkards' bones drumming on the head of beer barrels the dead march of souls. These millions of victims of alcohol joined by the millions of the victims of arrack, the spirituous liquor of China and India and Arabia and Egypt and Ceylon and Siam!

Other regiments who will march into the fight on the wrong side will be the Regiments Infidel. God gave but one revelation to the human race, and these men have been trying to destroy it. Many of the books, magazines, and newspapers, and some of the universities, through perpetual scoff at Christianity, have become recruiting agencies for those regiments. The greatest brigadier of all those regiments, Voltaire, who closed his life of assault upon Christianity by writing: "Happiness is a dream, and only pain is real. I have thought so for eighty-four years, and I know no better plan than to resign myself to the inevitable and to reflect that flies are born to be devoured by spiders and man to be consumed by care. I wish I had never been born." Oh, the God-defying

Armageddon

regiments of infidels, who, after having spent their life in antagonizing the only influence that could make the earth better, gather with their low wit and their vile sneer and their learned idiocy and their horrible blasphemy, to take part against God and righteousness in the great Armageddon!

Other regiments who will march in on the wrong side in the battle will be the Regiments Mohammedan. At the present time there are about one hundred and seventy-five million Moslems. Their plain mission is to kill Christians, demean womanhood, and take possession of the earth in the interest of ignorance, superstition, and moral filth. The massacre of fifty thousand Armenians in the last few years is only one chapter in their effort to extirpate from the earth everything but themselves. So determined are they in their bad work that all the nations of the earth put together dare not say to them, "Stop! or we will make you stop." My hope is that long before that last battle of which I speak, the Turkish Government, and with it Mohammedanism, may be wiped out of existence. The Turkish power for the last four hundred years has been the mightiest hindrance on earth to religious liberty and moral improvement. Her extermination is prophesied in the Book of Revelations in the figure of the drying up of the River Euphrates, and she is going rapidly, thank God! In 1820, by the Greek insurrection, she received the first destructive blow. In 1823, the Turkoman army of thirty thousand was destroyed and the cause of liberty advanced. In 1827, England, France, and Russia, not so cautious as they have since been, at Navarino humiliated the Turkish fleets, and Greece was free. Weaker and weaker the Turkish power has become, and it has lost Algiers and Wallachia and Roumania and Roumelia and Bulgaria and, more than all, during the past

VOL. XIX.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

decade, through her cruelty, has lost the sympathy of every good man and woman in all the earth, and if William E. Gladstone had been prime minister of England during the Armenian outrages, the Turkish Government would have been compelled either to quit her outrages or go down under bombardment. But if the Bible prophecy concerning the drying up of the Euphrates is not fulfilled before the battle mentioned in my text, Mohammedanism will march in with sword and poison and torch, to take her part in the great Armageddon.

Yea! to show the magnitude of the forces on the wrong side, I have to tell you that what is left of heathenism at that time will march into the conflict. There are one hundred and fifty million fetish idolaters, one hundred and ninety million Hindus, one hundred and forty-seven million Buddhists, three hundred and thirteen million Chinese heathen. Through the sublimest movement of this century, the missionary movement, all the time gathering in momentum, I believe all or nearly all of that eight hundred millions of heathendom will be converted to God. But that which is not converted will come into the Armageddon on the wrong side.

Other regiments on that wrong side will be made up of offenders of all sorts—the defrauders, the libertines, the dynamiters, the anarchists, the oppressors and the foes of society, the criminals of all nations, by whatever name they are now called, or may then be called. They may not before that have openly taken sides, but then they will be compelled to take sides. With what venom, with what violence, with what desperation they will fall into line at the great Armageddon! Is it not appalling, these uncounted regiments of the earth, to be joined by the uncounted regiments from perdition? Can any power cope with them? Espe-

Armageddon

cially when I tell you who their commander is, for so much in all wars depends upon the chieftain. Their leader will not be a political accident or a military "happen so." By talent and adroitness and courage and unceasing industries he has come to the bad eminence. He disputed the throne of heaven with the Almighty, but no one has ever disputed the throne of eternal night with this monarch who will in the last battle take the field in person. Milton calls him Lucifer, Goethe calls him Mephistopheles, the Hebrew calls him Abaddon, the Greek calls him Apollyon. He is the impersonation of all malevolence, of all oppression, of all cruelty, the summing up of all falsehood. In his make-up nothing bad was left out and nothing good was put in, and he is to be the general, the commander-in-chief of all the forces on the wrong side in the great Armageddon. He has been in more battles than you have ever read about, and he has gained more victories than have ever been celebrated in this world. But this old warrior of Pandemonium will not have an undisputed field. There will be an army to dispute with his forces. I have mentioned the supremacy of this world. Our troops will not have to run when, on the day mentioned in my text, all the infernal batteries shall be unlimbered. We have been reviewing the troops diabolic. We have been measuring the caliber of their guns. We have been examining their ammunition wagons. Now let us look at the forces to be marshaled in the Armageddon on the right side.

First of all, I mention the Regiments Angelic, Alas! that the subject of demonology seems better understood than the subject of angelology. But the glorious spirits around the throne and all the bright immortals that fill the galleries and levels of the universe are to take part in that last great fight, and the

VOL. XIX.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

regiments angelic are the only regiments capable of meeting the regiments plutonic. To show you something of an angel's power, I ask you to consider that just one of them slew one hundred and eighty-five thousand of Sennacherib's hosts in a night, and it is not a tough arithmetical question to solve, if one angel can slay one hundred and eighty-five thousand troops in a night, how many can five hundred millions of them slay? The old Book says that "They excel in strength." It is not a celestial mob, but a disciplined host, and they know their rank. Cherubim, seraphim, thrones, principalities, and powers! And the leader of those regiments is Michael the Archangel. David saw just one group of angels sweep past, and they were twenty thousand charioted. Paul, who in the Gamalian college had his faculties so wonderfully developed, confesses his incapacity to count them by saying, "Ye are come to Mount Zion and an innumerable company of angels." If each soul on earth has a guardian angel, then there must be sixteen hundred million angels on earth to-day. Besides that, heaven must be full of angels, those who stay there; not only the twelve angels who, we are told, guard the twelve gates, but those angels who help in the worship and go on mission from mansion to mansion in heaven and help to build the hosannas and enthroned the hallelujahs and roll the doxologies of the service that never ends. But they all, if required, will be in the last fight between holiness and sin. Heaven could afford to adjourn just one day, and empty all its temples and mansions and palaces and boulevards into that one battle. I think all the angels of God will join in it. The one that stood with sword of flame at the gate of Paradise. The one that pointed Hagar to the fountain in the wilderness. The one that halted Balaam on the highway. The two that

Armageddon

warned Lot to flee the doomed city. The one that took part with Joshua against the Canaanites. The one that informed Mary of the approach of the Nativity. The one that wrestled with Jacob at the brook Jabbok. The one that swung open the gate for the incarcerated apostle Peter. The one that strengthened Christ in his last paroxysm. All, I think, will be there—their velocities inconceivable, so that when Daniel was in prayer, Gabriel, we are told, came from heaven to speak to him, and if heaven be at the center of the universe, that angel must have traveled thousands of millions of miles in a few hours. Daniel speaks of his arriving in the evening. Talk of earthly regiments on double-quick march! What will be the speed of the regiments angelic, when, at the command of the archangel, “Down to earth! Forward into the battle!” those regiments angelic, lightning-winged, rainbow-girdled, fire-footed, shall sweep into the great Armageddon!

The next regiments that I see marching into the fight will be the Regiments Ecclesiastic. According to the last account, and practically only in the beginning of the great Gospel movement which proposes to take the whole earth for God, there are eighteen million six hundred thousand Methodists, nine million two hundred and twenty-five thousand Baptists, twelve million two hundred and fifty thousand Presbyterians, two million eight hundred thousand Lutherans, and twenty-nine million two hundred thousand Episcopalians. But the present statistics of churches will be utterly swamped when, after all the great denominations have done their best work, the slowest of all the sects will have more numbers than the present enrolment of all denominations throughout Christendom. You see, by that time an atheist or an infidel will be a curiosity, and he will be looked

VOL. XIX, 375

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

at as we look at a man with long hair reaching below his shoulders and long finger-nails that are never cut and a stare in the eyes indicating incipient lunacy—not to be argued with, but to be pitied; while it will not be any unusual thing to see men as much devoted to their religion as Francis Xavier was devoted to his religion, when he went through the streets asking all to come to hear his faith expounded, in ten years planting the Gospel in fifty nations and baptizing over a million souls. And the great hosts of believers will fill the earth, making the two million three hundred and seventeen thousand combatants that Xerxes reviewed a corporal's guard in comparison. I see them, the regiments ecclesiastic, moving into that last battle. The Lutherans headed by some great Martin Luther yet to be born. The Methodists headed by some John Wesley yet to come. The Presbyterians headed by some John Knox yet to arise. The Episcopalians headed by some Bishop Charnock yet to be enrobed. The Baptists headed by some Missionary Carey yet to bless the world. The Congregational Church headed by some Doctor Kirk of pentecostal power yet to take tongue of fire. I see them moving into the ranks, carrying a standard striped and starred; striped as suggesting him by whose stripes we are healed, and starred as with the promise that those who turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars, forever and ever. Into that battle on our side will roll those mighty engines of power, the printing-presses of Christendom. Into that battle will also move the mightiest telescopes, that shall bring the stars in their courses to fight for our God.

Again, the regiments elemental will come into that battle on the right side. The winds! God showed what he could do with them when the splintered timbers of the ships of the Spanish Armada were strewn

Armageddon

on the rocks of Scotland, Norway, and the Hebrides. The waters! He showed what he could do with them when he put the whole earth under them, leaving it subaqueous one hundred and fifty days. The earthquakes! He showed what he could do with them when he let Caracas drop into the open mouth of horror and the islands of the sea went into entombment. The lightnings! He showed what he could do with them when he wrapped Mount Sinai in flame, and we have all seen their flashing lanterns moving with the chariots of the midnight hurricane. All the regiments elemental will come in on our side in the great Armageddon. Come and let us mount and ride along the line, and review the troops of Immanuel, and find that the regiments terrestrial and celestial that come into that battle on the right side are, as compared with those on the wrong side, two to one, a hundred to one, a thousand to one.

But who is the commander-in-chief on this side? Splendid armies have been ruined, caught in traps, flung over precipices, and annihilated through the incompetence or treachery of their general. Who commands on our side? Jehovah-Jireh! so-called in one place. "Captain of Salvation," so-called in another place. King of kings. Lord of lords. Conqueror of conquerors. His eye omniscient. His arm omnipotent. He will take the lead. He will draw the sword. He will give the command. And when he plants his foot for the combat, the foundations of the earth will quake, and when he shall give the battle-shout, all the gates of hell will tremble.

But do not let us shout until after we have seen the two armies clash in the last struggle. The battle all time and all eternity opens. "Forward!" "Forward!" is the command on both sides given. The long lines of both armies waver and swing to and

VOL. XIX.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

fro. Swords of truth against engines infernal. Black-horse cavalry of perdition against white-horse cavalry of heaven. The redemption of this world and the honor of the Throne of God to vindicate, how great is the battle! The army of righteousness seems giving way; but no! It is only a part of the maneuver of the infinite fight. It is a deploy of the host celestial. What a meeting in this field of splendor and wrath, of the angelic and of the diabolic, of hosanna and blasphemy, of song and curse, of the divine and the satanic. The thunderbolts of the Almighty burst and blaze upon the foe. Boom! Boom! By the torches of lightning that illumine the scene, I see that the crisis of the Armageddon has come. It is the turning-point of this last battle. The next moment will decide all. Ay! the forces of Apollyon are breaking ranks. See! See! They fly. Some on foot, some on wing; they fly. Back over the battlements of perdition they go down with infinite crash, all the regiments diabolic! Back to the mountains and caves the armed hosts of earth, crying as they retreat to the rocks and mountains, "Fall on us and hide us from the face of him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb, for the great day of his wrath has come, and who shall be able to stand." And while Apollyon, the prisoner of war, is being dragged in chains to his dungeon, and our Conqueror is remounting his throne, I look off upon the battle-field, and among the slain I find the carcasses of Mohammedanism and paganism and atheism and infidelity and dissipation and fraud and multitudinous wrong, strewing the plain, and I hear the angel that standeth in the sun crying in the words of Revelation, to all the fowls that fly in the midst of heaven—the eagles and the vultures and the hawks and the albatrosses: "Come and gather yourselves together unto the sup-

Armageddon

per of the great God, that ye may eat the flesh of kings and the flesh of captains and the flesh of mighty men and the flesh of horses and of them that sit on them."

The prophesied Armageddon of the text has been fought, and Christ and his followers have won the day. The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ. All the Christian workers of our time and you, and all the Christian workers of all the ages, have helped on the magnificent result, and the victory is ours as much as theirs.

Inviting all outsiders, through the ransomed blood of the everlasting Covenant, to get into the ranks of the conquerors, and under the banner of our Leader, I shall now give out the Moravian Hymn, by James Montgomery, appropriate when written in 1819, but more appropriate to-day, and ask you, with full voices, as well as with grateful hearts, to chant it:

See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
Sheathed his sword: he speaks,— 't is done
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

THE NEW EARTH; OR, THE WORLD AS IT WILL BE

II Peter, 3: 13: "A new earth, wherein dwelleth
righteousness.

THE NEW EARTH ; OR, THE WORLD AS IT WILL BE

II Peter, 3: 13: "A new earth, wherein dwelleth
righteousness.

Down in the struggle to make the world better and happier we sometimes get depressed with the obstacles to be overcome and the work to be accomplished. Will it not be a tonic and an inspiration to look at the world as it will be when it has been brought back to paradisaical condition? So let us for a few moments transport ourselves into the future and put ourselves forward in the centuries, and see the world in its rescued and perfected state, as we will see it if in those times we are permitted to revisit this planet, as I am sure we will. We all want to see the world after it has been thoroughly Gospelized and all wrongs have been righted. We will want to come back, and we will come back, to look upon the refulgent consummation toward which we have been on larger or smaller scale toiling. Having heard the opening of the orchestra, on whose strings some discords traveled, we will want to hear the last triumphant bar of the perfected oratorio. Having seen the picture as the painter drew its first outlines upon canvas, we will want to see it when it is as complete as Reuben's "Descent from the Cross," or Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment." Having seen the world under the gleam of the star of Bethlehem, we will want to see it when, under the full shining of the Sun of Righteousness, the towers shall strike twelve at noon.

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

There will be nothing in that coming century of the world's perfection to hinder our terrestrial visit. Our power and velocity of locomotion will have been improved infinitely. It will not take us long to come here, however far off in God's universe heaven may be. The Bible declares that such visitation is going on now. "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?" Surely, the gates of heaven will not be bolted, after the world is Edenized, so as to hinder the redeemed from descending for a tour of inspection and congratulation and triumph.

You know with what interest we look upon ruins—ruins of Kenilworth Castle, ruins of Melrose Abbey, ruins of Rome, ruins of Pompeii. So this world in ruins is an enchantment to look at, but we want to see it when re-built, re-pillared, re-towered, re-altered, re-dedicated. The exact date of the world's moral restoration I cannot foretell. It may be that through mighty awakenings it will take place in the middle of the near-by twentieth century. It may be at the opening of the twenty-first century, but it would not be surprising if it took more than one hundred years to correct the ravages of sin which have wrought for six thousand years. The chief missionary and evangelistic enterprises were started in this century, and be not dismayed if it takes a couple of centuries to overcome evils that have had full swing for sixty centuries. I take no responsibility in saying on what page of the earthly calendar it will roll in, but God's eternal veracity is sworn to it that it will roll in; and as the redeemed in heaven do as they please and have all the facilities of transit from world to world, you and I, my hearer or reader, will come and look at what my

The New Earth; or, The World as It Will Be

text calls "A new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."

I imagine that we are descending at that period of the world's complete Gospelization. There will be no peril in such a descent. Great heights and depths have no alarm for glorified spirits. We can come down through chasms between worlds without growing dizzy, and across the spaces of half a universe without losing our way. Down and farther down we come. As we approach this world we breathe the perfume of illimitable gardens. Floralization that in centuries past was here and there walled in, lest reckless and dishonest hands pluck or despoil it, surges its billows of color across the fields and up the hillsides, and that which was desert blossoms as the rose. All the foreheads of crag crowned with flowers; the feet of the mountains slippered with flowers. Oh, this perfume of the continents, this aroma of hemispheres. As we approach nearer and nearer we hear songs and laughter and hosannas, but not one groan of distress, not one sob of bereavement, not one clank of chain.

Alighted on the redeemed earth, we are first accosted by the spirit of the twenty-first century, who proposes to guide and show us all that we desire to see. Without his guidance we would lose our way, for the world is so much changed from the time when we lived in it. First of all, he points out to us a group of abandoned buildings. We ask this spirit of the twenty-first century, "What are those structures whose walls are falling down and whose gates are rusted on the hinges?" Our escort tell us: "Those were once penitentiaries filled with offenders, but the crime of the world has died out. Theft and arson and fraud and violence have quitted the earth. People

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

have all they want, and why should they appropriate the property of others, even if they had the desire? The marauders, the assassins, the buccaneers, the Herods, the Nana Sahibs, the ruffians, the bandits are dead, or, transformed by the power of the Christian religion, are now upright and beneficent and useful. Prisons are of no more use in this world, except as places to be visited by curiosity seekers, as farther back in the annals of time tourists visited the fortress where the prisoner of Chillon was incarcerated, or Devil's Island, where Dreyfus endured four years of cruelty."

After passing on amid columns and statues erected in memory of those who have been mighty for goodness in the world's history, the highest and the most exquisitely sculptured those in honor of such as have been most effectual in saving life or improving life, rather than of those renowned for destroying life, we come upon another group of buildings that must have been transformed from their original shape and adapted to other uses. "What is all this?" we ask our escort. He answers: "Those were almshouses and hospitals, but accuracy in making, and prudence in running machinery of all sorts, have almost abolished the list of casualties, and sobriety and industry have nearly abolished pauperism, so that those buildings, which once were hospitals and almshouses, have been turned into beautiful homes for the less prospered; and if you will look in you will see the poorest table has abundance and the smallest wardrobe luxury and the harp waiting to have its strings thrummed, leaning against the piano, waiting for its keys to be fingered. Yes; we have on the shelves of our free libraries the full story of dispensaries and crutches and clinics and surgery, and what a time of suffering there must have been on those battle-fields

The New Earth; or, The World as It Will Be

of Sedan and Gettysburg and South Africa one or two hundred years ago. We can hardly believe now that the science of wholesale murder and multiform assassination was so popular that in the United States in four years five hundred thousand men on one side went forth to put to death five hundred thousand men on the other side.

"Hospitals and almshouses must have been a necessity once, but they would be useless now. And you see all the swamps have been drained. The sewerage of the great towns has been perfected. And the world's climate is so improved that there are no pneumonias to come out of the cold or rheumatisms out of the dampness or fevers out of the heat. Consumptions banished. Pneumonias banished. Diphtheria banished. Ophthalmia banished. Neuralgias banished. As near as I can tell from what I have read, our atmosphere of this century is a mingling of the two months of May and October of the nineteenth century."

And we believe what our escort says, for as we pass on we find health glowing in every cheek, and beaming in every eye and springing in every step and articulating in every utterance and you and I whisper to each other as our escort has his attention drawn to some new sunrise upon the morning sky, and we say, each to the other, "Who would believe that this is the world we lived in over a hundred years ago? Look at those men and women we pass on the road! How improved the human race! Such beauty! Such strength! Such gracefulness! Such geniality! Faces without the mark of one sorrow! Cheeks that seem never to have been wet by one tear! A race sublimated! A new world born!"

But I say to our escort: "Did all this merely happen so? Are all the good here spontaneously

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

good? How did you get the old shipwrecked world afloat again, out of the breakers into the smooth seas?" "No, no," responds our twenty-first century escort. "Do you see those towers? Those are the towers of churches, towers of reformatory institutions, towers of Christian schools. Walk with me, and let us enter some of these temples." We enter, and I find that the music is in the major key, and none of it in the minor, *Gloria in Excelsis* rising above *Gloria in Excelsis*. Tremolo stop in the organ not so much used as the trumpet stop. More of Ariel than of Naomi. More chants than dirges. Not a thin song, the words of which no one understands on the lip of a soloist, but mighty harmonies that roll from outside door to chancel and from floor to groined rafter, as though Handel had come out of the eighteenth century into the twenty-first, and had his foot on the organ pedal, and Thomas Hastings had come out of the early part of the nineteenth century into the twenty-first and was leading the voices. Music that moves the earth and makes heaven listen.

But I say to our twenty-first century escort: "I cannot understand this. Have these worshipers no sorrows, or have they forgotten their sorrows?" Our escort responds: "Sorrows! Why, they had sorrows more than you could count, but by a divine illumination that the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries never enjoyed; they understand the uses of sorrow, and are comforted with a supernatural condolence, such as previous centuries never experienced."

I ask again of the interpreter: "Has death been banished from the world?" The answer is, "No, but people die now only when the physical machinery is worn out, and they realize it is time to go and that they are certainly and without doubt going into a

The New Earth; or, The World as It Will Be

world where they will be infinitely better off and are to live in a mansion that awaits their immediate occupancy." "But how was all this effected?" I ask our escort. Answer: "By floods of Gospel power. You who lived in the nineteenth century never saw a revival of religion to be compared with what occurred in the latter part of the twentieth and the early part of the twenty-first century. The prophecy has been fulfilled that 'a nation shall be born in a day'; that is, ten or twenty or forty million people converted in twenty-four hours. In our church history we read of the great awakening of 1857, when five hundred thousand souls were saved; but that was only a drop of the coming showers that since then took into the kingdom of God everything between the Atlantic and the Pacific, between the Pyrenees and the Himalayas." The evils that good people were in the nineteenth century trying to destroy have been overcome by celestial forces. What human weaponry failed to accomplish has been done by omnipotent thunderbolts.

As you and I see in this terrestrial visitation of the coming centuries that the church has, under God, accomplished so much, we ask our escort, the spirit of the twenty-first century, to show us the different kinds of churches. So we are taken in and out of the churches of different denominations, and we find that they are just as different in the twenty-first century as they were different in the nineteenth, when we worshipped in them. There is unity in them as to the great essentials of salvation. But we enter the Baptist church and it is baptismal day and we see the candidates for membership immersed. And we go into a Presbyterian church and see a group of parents around the baptismal font holding up their children for the christening. And we enter the Episcopal

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

church and hear the solemn roll of her liturgies and her ministers are gowned and surpliced. And we enter the Lutheran church and we hear in the sermon preached the doctrines of the greatest of German reformers. And we go into the Methodist church just in time to sit down at a love-feast and give audible "Amen" when the service stirs us. At least fifty kinds of churches in the twenty-first century, as there were one hundred and fifty different kinds of churches in the nineteenth century.

"O spirit of the twenty-first century, will you not show us something of the commercial life of your time?" He answers, "To-morrow I will show you all." And on the morrow he takes us through the great marts of trade and shows us the bargain-makers and the shelves on which the goods lay, or the tierces and hogsheads in which they are contained. I notice that the fabrics are of better quality than anything I ever saw in our nineteenth century, for the factories are more skilful, and the wheels that turn and the looms that clack and the engines that rumble are driven by forces that were not a century ago discovered.

The prices of the fabrics indicate a reasonable profit, and the firm in the counting-room and the clerks at the counter and the draymen at the doorway and the errand-boy on his rounds and the messenger who brings the mail and the men who open the store in the morning, as well as those who close it at night, all look as if they were satisfied and well treated. No swallowing up of small houses of merchandise by great houses. No ruinous underselling until those in the same line are bankrupt, and then the prices lifted. No unnecessary assignment to defraud creditors. No overdrawing of accounts. No ab-

The New Earth ; or, The World as It Will Be

scondings. No sharp practise. No snap judgments. But the manufacturer right in his dealings with the wholesaler and the wholesaler with the retailer and the retailer with the customer. No purchasing of goods that will never be paid for. All right behind the counter. All right before the counter. No repetition of what Solomon describes, when he writes: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer ; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth." "O spirit of the twenty-first century, how glad I am that you showed us these stores and factories and places of bargain and sale ! It was not always so in the nineteenth century, when we were earthly residents. Many of those merchants who are good at ciphering out other rules in arithmetic never could cipher out that sum in the rule of Loss and Gain, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"But what is yonder row of buildings, majestic for architecture?" The spirit of the twenty-first century says: "Those are our legislative halls and places of public trust, and if you would like it I will show you the political circles, the modes of preferment, the styles of election, the character of public men in this century." "Thank you," I reply. "I can easily understand how Gospelization would improve individual life and social life and commercial life, but I would like to see what it can do for political life." "Let me tell you," says the spirit of the twenty-first century, "that I have read about political chicanery and corruption of more than a hundred years ago—the nineteenth century, in which you lived here --but the low political caucus has gone from the face of the earth and the stuffed ballot-box and the bribery by money and by promise of office and the jobs got

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

through legislatures and congresses by lobbyists. We have nothing like a Credit Mobilier scandal, or those harbor and river appropriations—the most of which never improved the harbors or rivers—or speeches to kill time and prevent a vote, or promotion to high place of political accidents, and the only bosses we have now, boss because they have more brain and purity than those who are bossed. The money barrel to buy votes and to decide who shall be elected did not roll into this century. All those in high office in township, State and nation are men superior for intelligence and sagacity and moral equipment and fitness for the posts they occupy. All intrigue and Machiavelism and temporization are gone. The last corrupt judge of election was buried fifty years ago, the preacher officiating at the obsequies taking for his text Proverbs, 10: 7: ‘The name of the wicked shall rot’; or Jeremiah, 22: 19: ‘He shall be buried with the burial of an ass, drawn and cast forth beyond the gates of Jerusalem.’ Our laws are good and well executed. Men do not in our century have to wade chin deep through moral slush in order to gain office. The word ‘politics,’ which in your century, the nineteenth, often stood for chicanery and falsehood and Billingsgate and moral turpitude and filth, now stands for honor and justice and truth and righteousness. Such men as were in your Congresses and Parliaments and Reichstags pointed out as exceptions of statesmanship and patriotism and public-spiritedness and eloquence and moral power would not be pointed out now, for all our public men are thus characterized. Politics has been swept, garnished, glorified, ennobled, until nothing more is to be desired. Walk through all aldermanic councils and sheriffalities and gubernatorial rooms

The New Earth; or, The World ■ it Will Be

and presidential mansions, and find the truth of what I, the spirit of the twenty-first century, tell you, who were of the nineteenth century, and now come down on terrestrial visitation."

As in company with our escort we pass down from the heights on which these buildings stand, I see ■ dismounted cannon planted on the side of the hill and I go to examine it and I read the inscription, cut in letters of bronze, "This is the last gun that was fired in the last battle of the last war that will ever be fought. Presented by the last regiment of war just before disbanding." Then I look up, and our escort says: "Do you see that large structure on our right? That was a fortress, but now it is ■ college and instead of guns aiming out of the port-holes are looking the students of a higher literature and ■ wiser science and ■ grander civilization than the world ever before imagined. And those students are taught by a professorate of men as renowned for piety as for science. Archæologist's hammer and geologist's crowbar and chemist's laboratory and explorer's journey, have joined in ■ confirmation of the truth of the Holy Scriptures until there is not an unbeliever in all the earth. The astronomer through his telescope has seen the Morning Star of the Redeemer and the geologist has found the Rock of Ages and the geometrician has demonstrated that heaven is the city which "lieth four square, and the length and the breadth and the height of it are equal."

"What!" I say to our escort, "no skeptics? No infidels? No agnostics?" His reply is: "Absolutely none. The last fool who 'said in his heart there is no God,' was buried a half-century ago, without any liturgical service, although perhaps a quartet of unbelievers may have stood around the casket and

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

sung a verse or two out of the gloom of Poe's 'Raven':

"Perched above his chamber door—
Only this, and nothing more."

"Well," I say to our escort, "where are Tom Paine's *Age of Reason* and Ingersoll's *Mistakes of Moses* and David Hume's and Voltaire's celebrated tirades against the Bible?" "I never heard of them," says our escort. "What are you talking about? A bigger bonfire of books than that which in apostolic time was kindled in the streets of Ephesus was lighted in all our cities, and the corrupt literature of the world turned into ashes many, many years ago. I saw the last leaf curl up in the flame and scatter."

In response to my question as to what had brought all this change—obliterated all the evil and fully inaugurated all the good—our escort, the spirit of the twenty-first century, tells me that Gospelization had directly or indirectly done it. It was a practical Gospel that not only changed the heart, but made the man honest. A practical religion, which did not expend all its energy in singing "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel," but gave something to make it fly.

The good work was helped on by the fact that it became a general habit among millionaires and multi-millionaires to provide churches and schools and institutions of mercy, not to be built after the testators were dead, but built so that they might be present at the laying of the corner-stone and at the dedication, and leave less inducement for the heirs-at-law to prove in Orphans' Court that when the testators made their last will and testament they were crazy. The telegraphic wires in the air and the cables under the sea thrill with Christian invitation. Phonographs

The New Earth ; or, The World as It Will Be

charged with Gospel sermons stand in every neighborhood. The five thousand million of the world's inhabitants in that century are five thousand million disciples.

"But," I say to our escort, the spirit of the twenty-first century, "you have shown us much of the world emparadised, but what about international conditions? When we lived on earth it was a century that bled with Marengo and Chalons and Lodi-Bridge and Lucknow and Solferino and Leipsic and Waterloo and San Juan." Our escort replies: "Come with me to this building of white marble and glittering dome." As we pass up and on we are taken into a room where the mightiest and best representatives of all nations are assembled to settle international controversies. As we enter I hear the presiding officer opening the Council of Arbitration, reading the second chapter of Isaiah: "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." Questions which in our long-past nineteenth century caused quarrel and bloodshed, as when Germany and France were deciding about Alsace and Lorraine, as when the United States and Spain were deciding about Cuba—such questions in this twenty-first century settled in five minutes, one drop of ink doing more than once could have been accomplished by a river of blood.

But we cannot stay long in this hall of arbitration, for it is almost time for us to retrace our way heavenward. This voluntary exile must soon end. And passing out of this hall of arbitration, we go through a national museum, where we are shown, among the curiosities, an Enfield rifle, a howitzer, a Hotchkiss shell, an ambulance—curiosities to that age, but, alas!

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

no curiosity to us of the nineteenth century, for some of our own kindred went down under their stroke, or were carried off the field by those wheels.

"But," I say to our escort, the spirit of the twenty-first century, and you and I say to each other, "we must go home now, back again to heaven. We have stayed long enough on this terrestrial visitation to see that all the best things foretold in the Scriptures, and which we read during our earthly residence, have come to pass, and all the Davidic, Solomonic and Paulinian and Johannean prophecies have been fulfilled, and that the earth, instead of being a ghastly failure, is the mightiest success of the universe. A star redeemed! A planet rescued! A world saved! It started with a garden and it is going to close with a garden. What a happiness that we could have seen this old world after it was righted and before it burned, for its internal fires have nearly burned out to the crust, according to the geologist, making it easy for the theologian to believe in the conflagration that the Bible predicts. One element taken from the water and that will burn and another element taken from the air and that will burn and surrounding planets will watch this old ship of a world on fire and wonder if all its passengers got safely off. Before that planetary catastrophe, hie us back to heaven. Farewell, spirit of the twenty-first century. Thanks for your guidance! We can stay no longer away from doxologies that never end, in temples never closed, in a day that has no sundown. We must report to the immortals around the throne the transformations we have seen, the victories of truth on land and sea, the hemispheres irradiated, and Christ on the throne of earth, ~~as~~ he is on the throne of heaven."

And now you and I have left our escort ~~as~~ we

The New Earth; or, The World as It Will Be

ascend, for the law of gravitation has no power to detain ascending spirits. Up through immensities, and by stellar and lunar and solar splendors, which cannot be described by mortal tongue, we rise higher and higher, till we reach the shining gate as it opens for our return, and the questions greet us from all sides: "What is the news? What did you find in that earthly tour? What have you to report in this city of the sun?" Prophetic, apostolic, saintly inquiry. And standing on the steps of the house of many mansions, we cry aloud the news: "Hear it all ye glorified Christian workers of all the past centuries! We found your work was successful, whether on earth you toiled with knitting needle or rung a trowel on a rising wall or smote a shoe last or endowed a university or swayed a scepter; whether on earth you gave a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, or at some Pentecost preached three thousand souls into the kingdom. In that world we have just visited the deserts are all abloom, and the wildernesses are bright with fountains. Sin is extirpated. Crime is reformed. Disease is cured. The race is emancipated. 'The earth is full of the knowledge of God, as the waters cover the sea.' Let the harpers of heaven strike the glad tidings from the strings of their harps and the trumpeters put them in the mouth of their trumpets and the orchestras roll them into the Grand March of the Eternities and all the cathedral towers of the great capital of the universe chime them all over heaven."

And now I look up and see the casting down of the bejeweled and radiant crowns at the sacred feet of the enthroned Jesus. Missionary Carey is casting down before those feet the crown of India saved. Missionary Judson is casting down the crown of Bur-

Sermons by T. DeWitt Talmage

mah saved. Missionary Abeel casting down the crown of China saved. David Livingstone casting down at those feet the crown of Africa saved. Missionary Brainerd casting down the crown of this country's aborigines saved. Souls that went up from all the denominations of America in holy rivalry seeking which could soonest cast down the crown of this continent at the Saviour's feet, and America saved.

But often you and I who were companions in that expedition from heaven to earth, seated on the green bank of the river that rolls through the paradise of God, will talk over the scenes we witnessed in that parenthesis of heavenly bliss, in that vacation from the skies, in our terrestrial visitation—we who were earthly residents in the nineteenth century, escorted by the spirit of the twenty-first century, when we saw what my text describes as “a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.”

INDEXES

INDEXES

PREFATORY NOTE

A glance at the following Indexes will show their purpose and value. The **Texts** of Sermons are first given in Biblical order, they then appear in conjunction with the **Titles** of Sermons in alphabetical order. The titles are indexed as fully as cross-references will permit. The Index of **Anecdotal** and **Historical Illustrations** will afford a mine of wealth to the preacher, Sunday-school teacher and Christian worker. In the Index of **Subjects** those dwelt upon at any length will be found in groups, while others more lightly touched upon are dismissed with a line. While nothing short of a concordance would exhibit all the variety of Dr. Talmage's presentations of truth, familiarity with these Indexes will prove their thoroughly practical and comprehensive character.

INDEX OF TEXTS

Text.	Page.	Text.	Page.
Genesis, 6: 3.....	245	Luke, 14: 18.....	103
Genesis, 6: 18.....	187	Luke, 14: 23.....	91
Exodus, 38: 8.....	199	Luke, 18: 13.....	79
Leviticus, 14: 5, 7.....	119	Romans, 9: 3.....	9
Deuteronomy, 33: 13.....	305	Romans, 16: 14, 15.....	229
Psalms 107: 2.....	317	I. Corinthians, 6: 20.....	49
Proverbs, 23: 35.....	157	II. Corinthians, 5: 10.....	65
Ecclesiastes, 12: 8.....	215	I. Timothy, 1: 11.....	23
Isaiah, 53: 6.....	171	Hebrews, 12: 2.....	37
Ezekiel, 7: 23.....	277	I. Peter, 4: 15.....	333
Amos, 7: 8.....	261	II. Peter, 3: 13.....	381
Malachi, 3: 1.....	143	Revelation, 16: 16.....	365
Matthew, 27: 22.....	131	Revelation, 19: 14.....	291
Luke, 14: 17.....	351		

Index

INDEX OF TITLES AND TEXTS

- AMOS, 7: 8—Plumb-line Religion, 261.
 Apologies, 103.
 Armageddon, 365.
 Astray: How to Get Back, 157.
 Awakening, Mighty, 143.
 Busybody, The, 333.
 Chain of Influences, The 277.
 Chalice, Full, 351.
 Cleansed, Sprinkled and, 119.
 Come, 187.
 Compulsion, Kind, 91.
 I. CORINTHIANS, 6: 20—The Ransomed, 49.
 II. CORINTHIANS, 5: 10—The Judgment, 65.
 DEUTERONOMY, 33: 13—The Drowned Lads, 305.
 Drowned Lads, The, 305.
 Earth, The New; or, the World as It Will Be, 381.
 ECCLESIASTES, 12: 8—The World Insufficient, 215.
 EXODUS, 38: 8—The Gospel Looking-glass, 199.
 EZEKIEL, 7: 23—The Chain of Influences, 277.
 Fatal Line, The, 245.
 Full Chalice, 351.
 GENESIS, 6: 3—The Fatal Line, 245.
 GENESIS, 6: 18—Come, 187.
 Glorious Gospel, The, 9.
 Gospel, The Glorious, 9.
 Gospel Looking-glass, The, 199.
 Grand Review, The, 291.
 HEBREWS, 12: 2—The Saving Look, 37.
 Influences, The Chain of, 277.
 ISAIAH, 53: 6—Lost Sheep, 171.
 Jesus, What to Do With, 131.
 Judgment, The, 65.
 Kind Compulsion, 91.
 Lads, The Drowned, 305.
 LEVITICUS, 14: 5, 7—Sprinkled and Cleansed, 119.
 Look, The Saving, 37.
 Looking-glass, The Gospel, 199.
 Line, The Fatal, 245.
 Lost Sheep, 171.
 LUKE, 14: 17—Full Chalice, 351.
 LUKE, 14: 18—Apologies, 103.
 LUKE, 14: 23—Kind Compulsion, 91.
 LUKE, 18: 13—The Publican's Prayer, 79.
 MALACHI, 3: 1—Mighty Awakening, 143.
 MATTHEW, 27: 22—What to do With Jesus, 131.
 Mighty Awakening, 143.
 New Earth; The, or, the World as It Will Be, 381.
 Ordinary People, 229.
 Passion for Souls, A, 9.
 People, Ordinary, 229.
 I. PETER, 4: 15—The Busybody, 333.
 II. PETER, 3: 13—The New Earth; or, the World as It Will Be, 381.
 Plumb-line Religion, 261.
 Prayer, The Publican's, 79.
 PROVERBS, 23: 35—Astray: How to Get Back, 157.
 PSALM 107: 2—Say So, 317.
 Publican's Prayer, The, 79.
 Ransomed, The, 49.
 Religion, Plumb-line, 261.
 REVELATION, 16: 16—Armageddon, 365.
 REVELATION, 19: 14—The Grand Review, 291.
 Review, The Grand, 291.
 ROMANS, 9: 3—A Passion for Souls, 9.
 ROMANS, 16: 14, 15—Ordinary People, 229.
 Saving Look, The, 37.
 Say So, 317.
 Sheep, Lost, 171.
 Souls, A Passion for, 9.
 Sprinkled and Cleansed, 117.
 I. TIMOTHY, 1: 11—The Glorious Gospel, 23.
 What to Do With Jesus, 131.
 World Insufficient, The, 215.
 World as It Will Be, The; or, the New Earth, 381.

Index

INDEX OF ANECDOTAL AND HISTORICAL ILLUSTRATIONS

- Addison's vision of Mirza, 114.
 Agnostic who found God in tabernacle pew, 185.
 Alexander, Army of, digging through snow, 44.
 Alexander the Great and the declined draught of water, 209
 Alps, Traveler on, saved by throwing arms around tree, 257.
 Artist who refused to look at poor pictures because of effect on style, 285.
 Artist's dream of Transfiguration of Christ, 211.
 Askew, Anne, Martyrdom of, 296.
 Attorney-General, Stirring testimony of, 322.
 Augustine, Text that saved, 357.
 Baskingridge, New Jersey, Revival in, 149.
 Battle lost by indigestion, 233.
 Blackboard, Dumb girl's sentence on the, 242.
 Boatman, Rescuing, who wished he had a larger boat, 192.
 Boleyn, Anne, Coronation of, 301.
 Bonivard, Rescue of, from Chalons, 311.
 Bridge, Chain, first built in Scotland, 283.
 Bridge over River Seine, Wreck of chain, through one weak bolt, 283.
 Brothers, Two, and their differing careers, 272.
 Bucher and soldier violinist, 101.
 Cable, Atlantic, Finding the, 62.
 Chalons, Castle, and Bonivard's deliverance, 311.
 Chambers, Dr., on Talmage's mother, 147.
 Chaplain, Wounded, rolling over to wounded soldier, 59.
 Chemist Welliston, Small laboratory of, 40.
 Child dying in Western cabin who saw angels on other bank, 254.
 Child in church praying for father, 100.
 Child who wanted to be taken to Jesus "now," 135.
 Christians, Names of unknown, 231.
 Clay, Christ making birds out of, Legend about, 129.
 Coat of mail, Napoleon's, 54.
 Commission, Christian, and the scant bread supply, 137.
 Constantine and the cross in the night sky, 259.
 Cradle afloat on Ohio river, 280.
Delirium tremens, Man who died of, after long abstinence, 270.
 Drunkard's wife's bitter cry for her husband, 191.
 Eliot and his privations in carrying the Gospel to savages, 298.
 Elizabeth, Princess, Monument of, in Isle of Wight, 289.
 Farmer lost on prairie guided by pole star, 195.
 Fasting, Long experience of, by *Juno's* crew, 53.
 Father and mother in old homestead thinking of son in city, 168.
 Fisk's, General, story of slave sale, 126.
 Freyburg, Talmage hears wonderful organ at, 96.
 Friend who suggested how to clean meeting-house, 10.
 Gellacius and the mock baptism, 322.
 General, Grecian, Proudest moment of, 168.
 General, Spartan, dying victorious and writing in blood, 167.
 Girl, deaf and dumb, Sublime responses of, 242.
 Gurney's, Joseph John, plan of dealing with bad reports of others, 343.
 Indigestion, Battle lost by, 233.
 Invalid, Scotch, returning to waters on own estate, 275.
 Jackson, President, weary of White House, 220.
Juno, Crew of, and long experience of fasting, 53.
 Kennedy, Rev. S., story of ■ lost sermon, 149.

Index

- Kettle, Boiling, a faint story, 194.
 Life as a bridge, Addison's description of, 114.
 Lincoln, Abraham, Testimony of, 322.
 Long Island Sound and tolling bell on wrecked ferry-boat, 247.
 Longevity of the soul, 13.
 Luther and his sins, 174.
 Man and tract on Hudson river boat with word eternity, 357.
 Man, Young, saved by Thanksgiving text, 357.
 Merchants who dissolved business because sufficiently rich, 267.
 Mill, John Stuart, Gigantic wretchedness of, 224.
 Minister and son climbing mountain, 99.
 Mirza, Addison's vision of, 114.
 Mother whose one desire was to regain deceased child's companionship, 254.
 Murderer, Plant called the, 40.
 Napoleon and the abusive cartoons, 240.
 Napoleon subject of continental curses, 240.
 Napoleon's tested coat of mail, 54.
 Navarino sponge-divers, Experience of the, 309.
 Negro, converted, Bow of, to Rev. S. K. Talmage, 88.
 Octogenarian who said there was no chance of salvation for him, 256.
 Orator, French, Outburst of, eloquent, 358.
 Organ, Freyburg's wonderful, 96.
 Paracelsus and the rose ashes, 273.
 Peter the Great, Condescension of, 138.
 Philadelphia, Caring for wounded soldier in, 165.
 Physician who won brother physician by Christian love, 99.
 Plant called the murderer, 40.
 Prayer of man struggling with doubt, 249.
Princess Alice, Foundering of, and rescuing boatman's regret, 192.
 Prisoner who heard pen scratchings, 73.
 Rope, Minister whose, was not long enough, 289.
 Russia, Peace declared in, 198.
 Sailor boy who prayed before going aloft, 56.
 Scotch minister and the short rope sermon, 289.
 Sebastopol and the two burning frigates, 177.
 Slices, Cutting, thin in Civil War times, 165.
 Soap-bubbles, Talmage's child and the, 269.
 Soldier, Wounded, and splintered arm, 165.
 Soldiers, Russian, and declaration of peace, 198.
 Sparta's, King of, challenge march, 288.
 Steamboat, The, with damaged reputation, 340.
 Stockton, Thomas, and the interrupting cough, 300; the surgical operation, 300.
 Success, Successful man's two rules for, 338.
 Talmage, Friend of, who died through rum after long abstinence, 270.
 Talmage's uncle and the converted negro's bow, 88.
 Text, Thanksgiving, that saved a soul, 357.
 Text that gave Luther peace, 357.
 Text that saved Augustine, 357.
 Text that saved Hedley Vicars, 357.
 Thanksgiving text that saved a soul, 357.
 Tract, Story of a torn, 357.
 Turner studying ocean storms, 42.
 Unsaved, Great multitude of, 150.
 Waterloo, Picture of, with lamb in cannon's mouth, 212.
 Welliston, Small chemical laboratory of, 40.
 Wesley, Chas., Testimony of, 322.
 Wesley, John, Slanderer of, escapes, 343.
 Woman beaten off life-raft, 86.
 Woman who unconsciously helped pastor, 326.
 Young man who rushed out of tabernacle saying, "I am a lost man," 186.

Index

INDEX OF SUBJECTS

- Acknowledgment of benefits called for, 324; between husband and wife, 324; of Christ, 326; of usefulness of other Christians, 326; of pastor's usefulness, 327.
- Advance of God's cause, Slowness of, 150.
- Advice, Christian, to be sought by returning wanderer, 166.
- Admonition, Value of kindly, 99.
- Agencies, Insignificant, used to save souls, 357.
- Ahasuerus, Banquet of, 355.
- Alcohol, Forces of, at Armageddon, 368.
- "Alls," Two important, 173.
- Amber, India, Deserted palace of, 32.
- America and God's plumb-line, 274.
- Anecdotes, impure, Clinging memory of, 160.
- Angels, 360; part of, in soul's conversion, 361.
- Angels, Great number of, 374; power of, 374; swiftness of, 375.
- Annoyance, Pervading nature of a single, 175.
- Answers to prayer should be acknowledged, 323.
- Antietam, Talmage at, 165.
- Apologetics in religion not needed, 26.
- Apologies for not entering the Christian life, 105. (*See EXCUSES.*)
- Appetite, Power of evil, 161.
- Architecture, church, Forbidding nature of, 98.
- Argument of a holy life an argument that infidels cannot answer, 98.
- Armageddon, Battle of, 367; date and locality uncertain, 368; forces to be engaged in, 368; diabolic forces in, 368; alcoholic forces in, 368; infidel forces in, 370; Mohammedan forces in, 371; heathen forces in, 372; offenders of all classes in, 372; Satan leader on one side of, 373; angelic forces in, 373; ecclesiastic forces in, 375; elements to fight at, 376; Christ a leader in, 377; issues at stake in, 378; Satanic forces defeated in, 378.
- Armenians, Massacre of, 372.
- Ashman, Jehudi, lifting Christ's standard in Africa, 106.
- Assault like a Turkish bath, 330.
- Associations, evil, Power of, 166; to be quit by returning wanderer, 166.
- Association of our betters to be cultivated, 284; of good with bad, lowers moral tone of the good, 285.
- Associations, Men responsible for the, they cultivate, 285.
- Astray, How souls get, 176.
- Astray: how to get back, 159. (*See RETURN OF WANDERING MEN.*)
- Australia, Traveler in, who died of thirst, 140.
- Awakening needed, 147. (*See REVIVAL OF RELIGION NEEDED.*)
- Babe of Bethlehem, Worshiping the, 53.
- Bacchus on panther, Sculpture of, 162.
- Bachus's, Dr., dying prayer for souls, 11.
- Balm in Christ for every wound, 46.
- Banquets, Great, 353; Lord Leicester to Queen Elizabeth, 353; Wolsey to French ambassadors, 353; of Ahasuerus, 355; Christ offers a greater, 354.
- Bargains, Fraud in making, 265.
- Battle of Armageddon, 367. (*See ARMAGEDDON, BATTLE OF.*)
- Battles, Memorable, of the past, 368.
- Baxter's, Richard, passion for souls, 11.
- Beggar, The transformed, 127.
- Believing, Meaning of, 41.
- Bells, Bible "Comes" a chime of, 197.

Index

- Bells not to be forgotten; Amsterdam, Ghent, Copenhagen, 198; of the Gospel, 198.
- Benefits from others, Acknowledgment called for, 324.
- Bereavement, God strives with men through, 254.
- Betterment, Workers for world's, should begin with themselves, 10.
- Bible like an apothecary store, 347.
- Bible on final Judgment Day, 67.
- Bible a lantern, 27.
- Bible needs no apologetics, 26.
- Birds, Dead, around Bartholdi's statue light, 27.
- Birds used at temple sacrifices, 119; the leper's two, 119; one meant Jesus, other meant the sinner, 120; first a type of Christ because a clean bird, 121; because a defenseless bird, 122; second bird a type of sinner cleansed in Christ's blood, 123; ■ ceremony essential to salvation, 124; a type of sinner released, 125; upward flight of second suggests redeemed soul's upward flight, 128.
- Birth, Christ's obscure, 52.
- Blasphemers on the Judgment Day, 72.
- Blood, Shedding of, necessary to salvation, 123; in Old Testament and New, 124.
- Body purchased by Christ on cross, 61.
- Boleyn, Anne, Coronation of, 19.
- Boundaries of sorrow's heritage, 58.
- Burden-bearer, The great, 178.
- Business, embarrassments, God strives with men through, 251.
- Business, Fraud in, confidence lacking in, 266.
- Business life, Heroism in, 267.
- Business men, Many, like neglected clocks, 235.
- Business men, Ordinary, and their need of grace, 236.
- Busybody, St. Peter's portrait of, 335; a perpetual trouble-maker, 335; advertiser of domestic in-harmony, 335; mission of, undesirable because we all require our time for care of our own affairs, 336; because we are incapacitated for the supervisal of others since we cannot see all sides of the affair reprehended, 338; because we make ourselves a disgusting spectacle when we become busybodies, 339.
- Busybodying that is commendable, 346; Christ the noblest illustration of, 347; spirit of, will Edenize the world, 349.
- Busying one's self in other people's affairs, Right kind of, 346.
- Byron, Foolish copying of, 43.
- Captives, Sin's, relieved by Christ, 41.
- Care needed in Christian work, 97.
- Cares of household, Importance of, 233.
- Caricature of Napoleon, 240.
- Carpenters and what they need to bear, 238.
- Cause of God, Slow advance of, 150.
- Chain of influence, The, 279; chains in the Bible, 279; power of influence in a chain, 280; in family training and discipline, 280; as against spasmodic discipline, 281; to continue through Sunday and week days, 281; bad effects of one weak link in chain, 283; chains mean sometimes ornament, sometimes captivity, 285; prescription for making chain for downward road, 285; smoking, drinking, gambling, Sabbath-breaking, libertinism, infidelity, 286; a hard chain to break, 287; Christ can break power of, 288; chains famous in the world's history, 290; chain of the world to be broken by Christ, 290.
- Chalmers, Thos., and his sermons and sickness, 358.
- Chalons, Castle of, and Bonivard's deliverance, 311.
- Character cut bias with busybodies' scissors, 339.
- Character, Infallible test of, 264; influence of single deflection in, 271.

Index

- Child, Right training of, needs chain of good influences and impressions, 287; paroxysmal discipline of, useless, 281.
- Children, Christ's part in death of, 59.
- Chrysostom's frequent reading of Paul's epistle to Corinthians, 14.
- Christ accepting perdition to save souls, 16.
- Christ, Beauties of, 138.
- Christ a carpenter, 239.
- Christ carrying away sinner's sins, 183.
- Christ, Defenselessness of, 122.
- Christ the divine physician, 32; coronation of, 34.
- Christ the great chain-breaker, 289; great emancipator, 289.
- Christ, the great illustration of noble busy-bodying, 347.
- Christ the great sin bearer, 177.
- Christ, Hard death of, on Calvary, 211.
- Christ the helper of ordinary business men, 236.
- Christ the helper of ordinary women in household work, 232.
- Christ, Ignominious birth of, 52; temptations of, 53; sham trial of, 56; sympathy of, with the ill-treated, 57; death of, 60.
- Christ to judge the world, 69; an impartial judge, 69; a merciful judge, 71; a just judge, 71; all must appear before, 72.
- Christ, Looking to, as personal Saviour, 40; wonderful results of looking to, 41; looking to as an example, 42; the believer's pole star, 44; looking to, for sympathy, 42; looking to, for final rescue, 46.
- Christ, Love of, manifested on Calvary, 139.
- Christ in the pulpit, 183.
- Christ near us all our lives long, 134.
- Christ scolded only twice, 348.
- Christ our substitute, 101.
- Christ, Substitution of, not unjust, 178.
- Christ as surely in Old Testament as in New, 201.
- Christ, Passion of, for souls, 11.
- Christ, Patient waiting of, for sinners, 355.
- Christ's seamless garment, No hole found in, by ecclesiastical tailors, 121.
- Christ, Treatment of, 133. (*See Jesus.*)
- Christ, Wonderful sympathy of, 348.
- Christ, Wonder-working touch of, 359.
- Christian not afraid of Sinai, 125.
- Christian race, The, 39.
- Christian, True, will be a Christian in business, 207.
- Christian, When it is easy to be a, 207.
- Christians to be always on duty, 39.
- Christians to become kings and queens, 32.
- Christmas song the ambulance bell, 178.
- Church cares for, and is ready for salvation of souls, 359.
- Church needs a revival, 145; should change tack for world's redemption, 145; first chapter of Church account of revival, 146; last chapter of to be a revival, 146.
- Church not a mass of hypocrites, 360.
- Church, Things that keep people out of, 97; elaborated instructions, 97; architecture, 98.
- Church and world, Faint line between, 150.
- Churches, Great need of, a revival, 145.
- Churches, Over-anxiety of, to secure some members, 164.
- Cincinnatus not the only noble farmer, 238.
- Circumstances besetting wrongdoers to be considered in passing judgment, 338.
- Clocks, The stopped, and Queen Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth, 353.

Index

- Coffin, Making God a present of a, 114.
- Come, Frequent use of, in Bible, 189; a mighty word, 189; ante-diluvian, 187; post-diluvian, 187; the queen of words, 189; all the power of the Christian religion in, 190; students for ministry to be taught right emphasis and intonation of word, 190; has another "come" to conquer, 190; the come of evil, 191; a word to be harnessed for good, 191; the word to win the drunkard, 191; for those who want comfort, 192; Gospel "come" needs to be uttered by those who have experienced solace, 194; believing, repenting, praying, 196; piled up in mountain form, 197; a peal of bells, 197.
- Comforts, Divine, inexhaustible, 195.
- Competition, Sharp, in business, 266.
- Compulsion, Kind, in work for souls, 93; preaching, 98; by example, 98; by admonition, 99; by prayer, 100.
- Concentration needed for success, 336.
- Condolence with those who have made mistakes called for, 344.
- Confidence called for in seeking salvation, 87.
- Confidence, Christ should have our, 135.
- Confidence, Lack of, in business, 266.
- Consecration and leniency towards others go together, 337.
- Contemplation, God strives with men through silent, 248.
- Contentment urged, 242.
- Conversion, Simple means in securing, 359.
- Conversion, Numerous ways to, 320.
- Cookery, Slaughters of bad, 233.
- Coronation of Christ, 34.
- Cost, Great, of machinery to save soul, 14.
- Cost, Reckoning the, 51.
- Cost of redemption, 52. (*See* REDEMPTION, COST OF.)
- Covenant, Well to be children of the, 312.
- Cowper, Foolish copying of, 43.
- Cradle, Tremendous importance of, 280; on the Ohio river, 280; every, on a river, 280.
- Criticism, Higher, a London fog, 27.
- Cross saves from law's condemnation, 275.
- Cross, Throwing one's arms around, for salvation, 258.
- Crown jewels of England, 51.
- Crucifixion, God shut world's shutters at, 60.
- Curses, Economy in, commended, 338.
- Cynicism, Demon of, claims his own, 342.
- Day of crucifixion darkest day of all, 60.
- Day of salvation, Past, 77.
- Days, Dark, in life's experience, 252.
- Dead beats, Suitable funeral text for, 17.
- Death better than wrongdoing, 338.
- Deep, The couching, 308.
- Defenselessness of Christ, 122.
- Deflection, Ruin through one, 271.
- Defrauders on the Day of Judgment, 74.
- Deliverance, Soul's, should be spoken about, 319.
- Devotion, Christ an example of, 44.
- Discipline of children, 281.
- Disposition demonstrated in looks, 342.
- Dissipation, Chains of, easily formed, hard to break, 286.
- Dissipation, chains of, How to break away from, 288.
- Dissoluteness, Awful consequences of, 226.
- Door, A wide-open, for all, in Christ, 177.
- Doubt, Talmage's dark hour of, 108.
- Dough, Lessons in, should be taken by all young ladies, 233.

Index

- Drunkard, Christ can save the, 289.
- Drunkard's, Saved, testimony, 181.
- Drury Lane, London, faith story, 194.
- Dude, The theological, and learned rationalistic discourse, 27.
- Duty, Christians should be always on, 39.
- Earnestness essential in prayer, 87.
- Earth, Heaven contrasted with, 47.
- Earth redeemed, 385; visiting, 385; penitentiaries not needed in, 385; crime not to be found in, 385; almshouses and hospitals not needed in, 386; diseases not existing in, 386; music of, in major key, 387; no untimely death in, 387; change manifest in, effected by Gospel power, 387; visiting the churches of the various denominations in, 388; war over in, 388; fortresses turned into colleges, 389; council of international arbitration in, 390; return from, to Heaven, 391; joy in Heaven over, 392; casting crowns of, at Christ's feet, 393.
- Earth strewn with martyrs of the kitchen and nursery, 233.
- Edwards, Jonathan, Text that saved, 357.
- Elements, Divine control of, 376.
- Elizabeth, Queen, at Kenilworth Castle, 353.
- Elizabeth, Queen, at Kenilworth, and the stopped clocks, 353.
- English doctor annoyed by sleeper, 175.
- Enthusiasm, Ministerial, called for, 147.
- Epitaphs cannot make reparation for forgotten acknowledgments, 324.
- Essays, Five, a poor substitute for the Gospel, 99.
- Estate, Worldly, bounded on all sides by trouble, 58.
- Example, Christ the only perfect 43.
- Example, Compelling power of, 98.
- Exceptional, The, not to be depended on, 240.
- Exceptions not allowable in goodness, 207.
- Excuses, Parable of feast and, 105; for not accepting Gospel, 106; nothing valuable in religion, 106; incorrigibility of temperament, 109; inconsistencies of professors, 110; avowed lack of time, 112; abundance of time yet, 113.
- Excuses of guests invited to Gospel feast, 93.
- Extraordinary people not always to be depended on, 240; victims of hatred and jealousies, 240.
- Faith, Meaning of, 42; comes in answer to prayer, 42.
- Farmers, Ordinary, need grace for every-day work, 237; many as noble as Cincinnatus, 238.
- Fault-finders the emporium of faults, 337.
- Fault, Ruin often attributable to one, 284.
- Faults, Most people repent their, 340.
- Feast, The Bible, 93.
- Finney, Chas. G., in New York, 146.
- Flowers, Abundance of, in redeemed world, 385.
- Food, Providers of, decide world's health, 233.
- Forces to be in conflict of Armageddon, 368.
- Forgiveness, Assurance of sin's, 31.
- Fraud in business, 265.
- Freemasons, Origin of, 263.
- Friends, departed, Interest of, in our salvation, 361.
- Fruit, Present day, better than fruits of Bible times, 93.
- Fulton Street prayer-meeting, 323.
- Fun to be had without sin, 271; is on the side of right, 272; effects of sin yield no, 273.
- Future, Preparation for soul's, must be made here, 312.

Index

- Gadders-about-town are, or will be, failures, 337.
- Geneva, Lake, 307; literary men at, 307; two Brooklyn lads drowned in, 308; Christ walked waters of, 314.
- Genius usually runs out in third or fourth generation, 242.
- God a farmer, 238.
- God, Resources of, equal to all human need, 193.
- God will help returning wanderers, 164.
- Good is contagious as well as evil, 284.
- Gospel boat, Unlimited dimensions of, 192.
- Gospel, Comprehensiveness of, 174.
- Gospel drum, Beating the, 21.
- Gospel, Free forgiveness of the, 136.
- Gospel, The glorious, 25; the greatest novelty, 25; substitutes often presented for, 25; often buried by human philosophy, 25; a lighthouse, 27; drawing power of, 29; is good news, 29; rightly named "glorious," 30; what the hymnists think of the, 31.
- Gospel, God strives with men through the preaching of the, 249.
- Gospel a grappling hook, 63.
- Gospel looking-glass, The, 201; a lesson from the laver of Israel's tabernacle, 201; which was made out of brazen mirrors, 202; and did double duty of reflection and cleansing, 202; suggesting Gospel's power to show a soul its sins, and washes them away, 202; Gospel only looking-glass in which a man can see himself, 202; passages from, declaring man's condition, 202; whole character reflected by, 205; affords opportunity for cleansing, 205; has a fresh salvation every day, 205; demands present allegiance, 206; both hands and feet must be cleansed in, 207; vast in its provisions, 208; deals with great sins and sinners, 208; cleansing of, imperative, not optional, 209; only sin cleansing agency, 210.
- Gospel mercy, House of, not to be withheld from God's people, 196.
- Gospel of Moses, Jeremiah, David, 201.
- Gospel not a dry technicality, 135.
- Gospel presented as a feast, 354; at which all things are ready, 354; Christ is waiting for invited guests, 355; Holy Spirit is waiting, 357; the church is ready, 359; the angels are ready, 361; glorified kindred are ready, 361; universal invitation to, 363.
- Gospel, Whole story of, believe and be saved, 136.
- Gossip, rapid growth of, 336.
- Grace, Illustrations of saving, 110.
- Grace, Omnipotence of, 110.
- Grace sends souls singing towards the skies, 129.
- Grace that ordinary business men need, 235.
- Grappling hook, Gospel a, 63.
- Gravitation, moral, Power of, against souls, 160.
- Great, too much time spent in garlanding the, 232.
- Greenwood and its business men who died of old age under forty-five, 235.
- Guarantee, No, for prolonged life, 310.
- Guests invited to Gospel feasts and their excuses, 94.
- Habit, Terrible power of, 160.
- Habits, How to form chain of bad, 285.
- Hampton court, Room with mirrored walls at, 204.
- Happiness does not come from wealth, 222.
- Happiness a heavenly elixir extracted from lily of the valley, 243.
- Happiness not dependent on position, 219; or wealth, 221; on what we have, but on what we are, 222; on learning and sci-

Index

- ence, 223; not on sinful indulgence, 225.
- Hates of literary men, 225.
- Hatreds of literary men, 345.
- Havelock and religion, 113.
- Health, World's, decided by those who provide its food, 233.
- Heart, Natural, as seen in God's word, 204.
- Heart right or wrong, all is right or wrong, 223.
- Heaven, Battalions of the saved in, 296.
- Heaven and earth contrasted, 47.
- Heaven, God's best work, to be had for the asking, 20; by appreciation of souls' prolonged existence, 13; by examining machinery arranged to save souls, 14; by recognizing tremendous nature of, 15; by recognizing great forces at work for redemption of, 15; possesses missionaries, 18; by working for souls, 20.
- Heaven, God gives man a fair chance for, 247.
- Heaven, Joy in, over soul's salvation, 63.
- Heaven, Only one way to, 210.
- Heaven a royal castle prepared for Christians, 32.
- Heaven, White horses in, 293. (See REVIEW, THE GRAND.)
- Help for returning wanderers to be found in God, 164.
- Heroes in business life, 236.
- Heroism in business life, 267.
- Hiram's, King, present to Solomon, 221.
- Holyrood palace, Talmage at, 93.
- Home, Waiting at, for news, 167.
- Homes, Ordinary, birth-place of many of world's deliverers, 242.
- Honesty in Government bureaus at Washington, 341.
- Honor, Mountains of earthly, covered with ice, 220.
- Horse, Beauty and glory of the ancient, 293.
- Horses of Solomon, 218.
- Horses, White, setting forth strength, fleetness, victory and innocence of the redeemed, 293. (See THE GRAND REVIEW.)
- Horses? Will there be a future for, 303.
- Horseshoe Pass, Talmage at the, 115.
- Hounds that drive souls astray, 176.
- Human nature the same in all ages, 335.
- Humility essential in prayer, 87.
- Hymnist's testimony to Christ, 31.
- Hypocrites, Church not a mass of, 360.
- Improvement, Work for spiritual, should begin with ourselves, 11.
- Indictment, An, in a text, 173.
- Influence, maternal, Power of, 328.
- Influence, Power of chain of, 280; in family discipline, 281; chain of memory, 282; results of one weak link in chain of, 284; good links in, 284;. (See CHAINS OF INFLUENCE.)
- Ingratitude, All men guilty of sin of, 203.
- Insinuations that ruin good men, 339.
- Insurance, Spiritual, that is run out, 206.
- Interest taken in salvation of souls, by Christ, 355; by Holy Spirit, 357; by Church of Christ, 359; by angels, 360; by glorified saints, 361.
- Invalids of earth in Heaven's processions, 299.
- Isdraelon, Plain of, 367.
- James, Apostle, Knees of, caloused by much praying, 154.
- Jealousies of literary men, 225.
- Jeannette shouldering broomstick in Napoleonic war, 17.
- Jesus, how to be treated, 133; not by lack of recognition, 133; hated, 134; rejection, 134; lack of full trust, 135; but with confidence, 135; faith, 136; love, 137; affection, 138; gratitude, 138; not to be slain again by our sins, 140; how will he treat us, 140.
- Jesus, Looking unto, 40; as a personal Saviour, 40; wonderful results of, 41; means believing,

Index

- 41; as an example, 42; for sympathy, 45; for final rescue, 46.
- Jesus, Testimony to preciousness of, 31.
- "Jesus," a wonderful word, 356.
- Jesus, Writing name of, in capitals of love, 356.
- Judge, Christ the final, 69; impartial, 69; merciful, just, 71.
- Judges, Just, hard to secure, 70.
- Judgment, Day of, foretold in Bible, 67; Ecclesiastes on, 68; Matthew on, 68; Acts on, 68; Revelation on, 68; pomp of, 68; justice of, 71; joy of the good on, 72; blasphemers on, 72; oppressed on, 72; defrauders and charlatans on the, 74; public outragers of law on the, 75; moralists depending on morality on the, 75; rejectors of Christ on the, 76.
- Judgment Day, No help in, from inconsistencies of others, 112.
- Judgment, final, Rewards at, 328.
- Kingdom of God, Two steps in the, 259.
- Kings and queens, Christians to become, 32.
- Kitchen, Martyrs of the, 233.
- Knots useful in right place, 242.
- Lads, The drowned, 307; suggesting life's uncertainty, 309; environment, no protection against death, 313; health no assurance against death, 313; plans for earthly advantages not heeded by death, 313.
- Lamp more useful for illumination than a rocket, 240.
- Lanphier, J. C., Greeting to, 323.
- Law, condemnation of, Cross saves from, 275.
- Law, Frequent perversions of, 70; public outrages of, to be brought to judgment, 75.
- Leap, Christ's great, 52.
- Learning cannot satisfy the soul, 223.
- Leicester's, Lord, banquet to Queen Elizabeth, 353.
- Life, Unanswerable argument of a holy, 98.
- Life-boat suggests existence of wrecks, 83.
- Life burned out in sin not to be restored, 273.
- Life a march without a retreat, 115.
- Life sometimes a business tragedy, 252.
- Life, Uncertainty of, 309; ■ fact for young as well as old, 310.
- Light, Gospel, seen only by divinely opened eyes, 26.
- Line between church and world too much like the equator, 150.
- Lincoln, Abraham, comforted after son's death, 322.
- Line, The fatal, 247; showing God's ways of striving with men, 248; also that there is a limit to God's time of striving, beyond which mercy is not to be had, 255; Jerusalem an illustration of this fact, 255.
- Literature, Hatred among men devoted to, 225.
- Locomotion, Power and velocity of, to be improved infinitely in century of world's perfection, 384.
- Long roll, Calling the Gospel, 21.
- Look, The saving, 40. (*See* JESUS, LOOKING UNTO.)
- Looks, Disposition illustrated in, 342.
- Lost, Obstacles to return of, 160. (*See* RETURN OF WANDERING MEN.)
- Love, Christ worthy of soul's, 137.
- Luther, Text that gave peace to, 357.
- Luxuries, Abundant, of present day, 93.
- Machinery of Gospel, Mighty 152.
- Man drowning does not need chemical lecture on water, 97.
- Man drowning, Rescue of, is of first importance, 164.
- Man God's masterpiece, 176.
- Man the battle-ground of three worlds, 253.
- Man mightier than his book, 217.
- Manchineel tree, The poisonous, 272.
- Marriages, Most, suitable ones, 341.

Index

- Martyrs in Heaven's procession, 296.
- Masonry, solid, Talmage's fascination for, 263.
- Masons and what they need to bear, 238.
- Measurement, false, System of, in religious matters, 268.
- Men, Extraordinary, subjects of abuse, 241.
- Men, literary, Unfortunate, to be encouraged, 345.
- Men, shipwrecked, Gospel for, 159.
- Men who rose from humble lots, 242.
- Mercy, God's, only source of sinners' relief, 84; throwing open door of, 85; immeasurable width of door of, 85.
- Mercy, God's, Inexhaustible supply of, 195.
- Metaphysics, curse of the church, 97.
- Millennium a revival, 146.
- Ministers in detective work, 28.
- Ministers, Responsibility of, 148.
- Minister who predicted a death in congregation, and dying critic, 184.
- Misdirection to traveler with fatal results, Remorse for, 148.
- Missionaries possessed by passion for souls, 18; why depreciated, 18; sacrifices of, 18.
- Missionary to slums, Work of, depicted, 18.
- Mistakes, Victim of conjugal, to be sympathized with, 344.
- Mistakes, All people make, 341.
- Mistake, Victim of business, to be sympathized with, 344.
- Mistakes, victims of, Condolence with, called for, 344.
- Mistakes, Victims of political, to be sympathized with, 344.
- Moment of conversion life's supreme moment, 363.
- Monarchs, Misery of, 220.
- Moody's counsel to Talmage about printed sermons, 349.
- Moralists, Doom of Christless, 75.
- Morality will not save, 84.
- Moriah, Mount, Coronet of, 81; Christ and Satan on, 81; temple on, 81; sacrifice on, 81.
- Mother, Christian, most useful theological professor, 26.
- Napoleon's wars, Loss of life in, 153.
- Nations measured by God's plumb-line, 273.
- Nature, Human, the same in all ages, 335.
- Nobodies, The world's, to be rewarded, 329.
- Non-professors admonished, 325.
- Obstructions overcome by Christians who soar high, 129.
- Office no solace to the soul, 219.
- Old Testament contains Christ as surely as does New Testament, 201.
- Old Testament a slaughter-house to some people, 119; but a magnificent corridor to the intelligent Christian, 119.
- Opinions, Two, about all people, easily formed, 342.
- Oppressed, The, to be vindicated on Day of Judgment, 73.
- Ordinary people, Saluting the, 231. (See PEOPLE, ORDINARY.)
- Organism, man's physical, Delicate nature of, 311.
- Outsiders, Church, who should be insiders, 325.
- Panic, of 1831, 146; 1857, 146.
- Pardon means emancipation, 125.
- Pardon, Offer of, all inclusive, 208.
- Pardon, Present, needed by sinner, 205.
- Pardons, United States Government, Exclusive nature of, after Civil War, 208.
- Passion for souls, Few moved by, 10; men who had, 11; Rutherford, 11; Baxter, 11; Bachus, Dr., 11; Christ, illustration of, 12; how to be secured, 13.
- Patience, Christ's, in waiting for sinners, 355.
- Paul, Chain of, 279.
- Paul making havoc with the doctors, 26.
- Paul, Sharp theological knife of, 85.

Index

- Paul's passion for souls, 9.
 Payson, Foolish comparison with, 43.
 Peace, divine, Declaration of, 198.
 Pentecost a revival, 146.
 People, Extraordinary, often objects of world's jealousy, hatred, vituperation, 240; are not always to be depended on, 240.
 People, Most, are doing the best they can, 340.
 People, Ordinary, 231; mentioned by Paul, 231; seldom commented on, 231.
 People, ordinary, Great number of, 231; religion needed for, 231; woman in household, 232; men in business, 234; heroes among, 236; Christ the friend of, 236.
 People that we should help, 346.
 Pharisee, Prayer of, 82; "clear-the-track" manner of, 81.
 Phenomena of little use, 240.
 Philanthropists, Christian, in Heaven, 297.
 Philosophy, Religion not a, but a revelation, 25.
 Physician, Christ the divine, 32.
 Physicians, Ordinary, do most of the world's medicining, 239; can have God's presence amid duties, 239.
 Piety, Much present day, needs to be kept on ice, 16.
 Pilate an unprincipled politician, 133; question of, a question for to-day for all men, 133.
 Pisa, Leaning tower of, 264.
 Plain, Life on the, not so storm-beset as on the peaks, 241.
 Plumb-line religion, 263; plumb-line needed in masonry, 263; needed in religion, 263; God's, the only correct one, 264; needed in merchandise, 264; needed in theologies, 268; to be thrown over all nations, 273; and American republic, 274; and cross, 275.
 Poets' corner, Buried antagonists in, 225.
 Pole star, Christ the believer's, 44.
 Politics, Good man in all except, not a good man, 207.
 Politics, No salvation in, 28.
 Pomp of Judgment Day, 68.
 Poor of earth in Heaven's processions, 299.
 Poor, Inability of, to secure judgment, 70.
 Position, Elevated, not conducive to happiness, 219.
 Prayer a good work toward salvation of others, 100.
 Prayer, Instances of, answered, 154; Hezekiah, 154; Elijah, 154; Welch, 154; Whitefield, 154; experience of, 154; art of successful, needs to be learned, 153.
 Prayer, No place for, in sepulcher, 256.
 Prayer of Pharisee, 82.
 Prayer, *Post-mortem*, unavailing, 312.
 Prayer, Protecting power of, 56.
 Prayer of publican, 82. (*See* PUBLICAN, PRAYER OF.)
 Prayers, Family, how made ■ farce, 281.
 Preaching, Proper aim of, 250.
 Preaching, Simplicity in, demanded, 98.
 Preaching, Technicalities in, not wanted, 97.
 Preparation for soul's future must be made before death, 312.
 Press, A degrading, 150.
 Price, Sinners bought with a, 52.
 Prisoner, Christ a friendless, 57.
 Prisoner who heard pen scratching, 73.
 Privileges, unimproved, Consternation caused by, in Day of Judgment, 77.
 Procrastination, Delusion of, 115.
 Procrastination, Risk of, 114.
 Prodigal, Returning, combatted by hell, 162; repulsed by society, 162; hindered by over-zealous churches, 164.
 Profession, Public, of Christ called for, 325.
 Prosperity, Befouling effects of, 242.
 Proverb, Spanish, A good earth and sky, bad between, 114.
 Publican, Prayer of, 82; confession of sin in, 82; expectation

Index

- of relief in reliance only on God's mercy, 84; mercy expected in only by pleading, 86; earnestness of, 87; humility in, 87; confidence in, 87.
- Publicans were tax-gatherers, 83.
- Pulpit, Responsibility of, 148.
- Pure and good in all ages execrated by the mob, 220.
- Question, Pilate's momentous, about Christ, 133.
- Quotations from the Bible, Inapt, 347.
- Racers in Palestine, 39.
- Raleigh and religion, 113.
- Ransomed, The, 51. (*See* REDEMPTION, COST OF.)
- Recognition, Christ deserves, 133.
- Redemption, Cost of soul's, paid by Christ in instalments, 52; his ignominious birth, 52; experience in wilderness, 52; sham trial, 56; death, 60.
- Relations, Present, with Christ; not past, the true source of comfort, 206.
- Religion of Christ all pervasive, 208.
- Religion of Christ begins right, 268; change of, incident to swindling, 269; broadening of unholy, 269.
- Religion of Christ not short commons, 174.
- Religion, False, often sought to suit a man's sins, 269.
- Religion, God's favorite daughter, 97.
- Religion, Good record of, 106; has made heroes, 106.
- Religion, a joyous thing, 95.
- Religion needed for ordinary people, 231.
- Religion, Outspoken, called for, 319.
- Religion not a philosophy, but a revelation, 25.
- Religion not a strait-jacket, 33.
- Religion, Need for solace of, 193.
- Religion, Technicalities of, over-preached, 97.
- Religion, Wrong beginning of false, 268.
- Remedy exists for sin, 41.
- Reminiscence, Power of, to mar pleasure of sin, 282; to lead from sin, 282.
- Repentance essential to salvation, 84.
- Reputations slain by interrogation points, 340.
- Rescue, Final, to be looked for in Christ, 46.
- Resolution that young men should make, 271.
- Resources, Divine, equal to all human need, 193.
- Reticence on religion wrong, 319.
- Retribution in business life, 267.
- Return of wandering men, Obstacles to, 160; moral gravitation, 160; force of habit, 160; combatted by hell, 162; repulsed by society, 162; hindered by over-zealous churches, 164; help for, in God, 164; must give up evil associations, 166; should seek Christian counsel, 166.
- Review, The grand, 293; suggesting strength of the redeemed in Heaven, as symbolized by the white horses in Revelation, 294; also their fleetness, 294; also their victory, 295.
- Revival, How to start a, 320.
- Revival of religion needed because of lack of ministerial enthusiasm, 147; coldness of majority of church members, 150; slow advance of God's cause, 150; vast number going to destruction, 153; need of prayer for, 154.
- Revivals in 1831, 146; in 1857, 146; Pentecost a, 146; millennium a, 146; great need of, 147.
- Rewards of final Judgment, 328.
- Rhone, Waters of, purified in Lake Leman, 241.
- Right, Law of, adopted would make life easy, 265.
- Rings of the two drowned lads and inscriptions thereon, 315.
- Rome, wars of, Loss of life in, 153.
- Rope, Drowning man needs a, not a lecture, 97.
- Ruin sometimes wrought by insinuations, 339.
- Rutherford's, Samuel, passion for souls, 11.

Index

- Salvation, Blood-shedding necessary to, 123.
- Salvation, Day of, past, 77.
- Salvation, God having provided, does not withhold, 87.
- Salvation, Plan of, proves existence of sin, 83.
- Salvation, Two things necessary to believe to secure, 196.
- Salvation, what it means, 20.
- Salves and ointments, Christ ignoring the, 359.
- Satan, Expert forces of, 369; Paul impressed by, 369; at Armageddon, 369; description of, 369.
- Satan tempting Christ, 53.
- Satisfaction in Christ, 227.
- Saved, Great number of, 375.
- Say so, God's, 327; to devoted mothers, 327; to unacknowledged toilers, 327.
- Science, Investigation of, a delight, 224.
- Science cannot satisfy the soul, 223.
- Scripture, Talmage's most quoted passage of, 129.
- Self-righteous invited to seek Christ, 364.
- Seminaries, theological, Hurtful work of, 25.
- Sensuality affords no comfort in life, 225.
- Sensuality and its punishment, 226.
- Sepulchre, No place in the, for prayer, 256.
- Sermon, Story of a lost, 149.
- Sermon, Suggestions of subjects for a, 145.
- Sermons, Talmage's, Printed words to readers of, 350.
- Sermons that bless souls, 358.
- Sewing societies that tear reputations to pieces, 339.
- Sheep go astray in one of two ways: seeking other pasture or driven of dogs, 174; an illustration of souls astray, 174.
- Simplicity in preaching demanded, 98.
- Sin, Bad effects of, on souls, 179.
- Sin, Captives of, relieved by Christ, 41.
- Sin, How to break from chains of, 288.
- Sin, Indulgence in, and results, 226.
- Sin, Lasting influence of, 273.
- Sin, Life burned out in, not restored, 273.
- Sin a manchineel tree, 272.
- Sin not necessary to fun, 271.
- Sin's pleasures, Reminiscences that spoil, 282.
- Sin a poisonous plant, killing all affected by it, 40.
- Sin, Publican's confession of, 82; sin proved by plan of salvation, 83; various confessions of, or cessation from, does not cleanse past, 84.
- Sin is slavery, 125.
- Sinai and Calvary, Storms of, 125.
- Sinai, Christian not afraid of, 125.
- Sins, Great, put away by Gospel laver, 208.
- Sins placed on Christ, 183.
- Sinners, Great, reached by Gospel, 208.
- Sinners of all kinds invited to Gospel feast, 360.
- Sinners, a dead lift to Christ, 179.
- Skeptics, Unwise treatment of, 107; made so by religion overdone, 108; made so by wrongdoing of professors, 108; made so by foolish questions, 108; who would give much to regain lost faith, 109; no scoff for, 109; pleading with the, 109.
- Slave auction, General Fisk's story of a, 126.
- Society repulses man trying to break away from evil, 162.
- Solace of Christian religion needed by all, 193.
- Solomon, Lessons from the life of, 217; official position will not give solace to a man's soul, 219; worldly wealth cannot satisfy the soul's longings, 221; learning and science cannot satisfy the soul, 223; no comfort in the life of a voluptuary, 225.
- Solomon, Luxuries and possessions of, 217; yet not happy, 219; lessons from, 219; his millions of gold and silver, 221; literature, 223; a voluptuary, 225; case of the master mastered, 225.

Index

- Solomon, King Hiram's present to, 221.
- Solomon, Queen of Sheba's present to, 221.
- Solomon's insight into human nature, 159.
- Soul, all garden or none, 207.
- Soul, Christ's bid for sinner's, 126.
- Soul, like sheep, astray and how, 173.
- Soul, Longings of, not satisfied with wealth, 222.
- Soul not satisfied by learning, 223.
- Soul not satisfied by science, 223.
- Souls, Paul's passion for, 9; longevity of, 13; cost of machinery to save, 14; tremendous nature of, 15; forces at work for redemption of, 15; Christ's sacrifice for, 16.
- Soul, Soliloquy of, condemned in the judgment, 77.
- Souls, Ingathering of, in 1857, 146.
- Souls, Perilous condition of, in sin, 184.
- Souls sent by grace singing towards the skies, 129.
- Souls, Vast multitude of, dying unsaved, 150.
- Speculation, Human, illustrated by soap-bubbles, 269.
- Spirit, Blessing of, contented, 243; extracts happiness from lily-of-the-valley, 243.
- Spirit of God will not always strive with men, 247.
- Spirit, Grieving away the, 256.
- Spirit, Holy, waiting for sinners, 357.
- Sprinkled and cleansed, 119. (*See BIRDS USED AT TEMPLE.*)
- Standard of character, Necessity for a, 264.
- Steps, Two, in the kingdom of God, 259.
- Striving, God's ways of, with men, 248; through silent contemplation, 248; through the preaching of the Gospel, 249; through business annoyances and embarrassments, 254; through bereavements, 254.
- Strong drink, Death from, 370.
- Strong drink, Power of appetite for, 161.
- Substitution, Doctrine of, illustrated, 251.
- Success, Concentration essential to, 336.
- Success, Jealousies aroused by, 193.
- Success, Trials of, 192.
- Suffering, Vicarious, of Christ not unjust, 178.
- Sunday, Usual Christian way of spending, 16.
- Suspicion easily started, not so easily downed, 340.
- Switzerland, Depiction of, 307.
- Sympathy of Christ, 42.
- Sympathy, Getting along without Christ's, a mystery, 59.
- Sympathy, Humanity's need of, 59.
- Tabernacle, Israel's description of, 201.
- Talmage at Antietam, 165.
- Talmage at Hampton Court, 204.
- Talmage at Holyrood palace, 93.
- Talmage at the Horseshoe Pass, 115.
- Talmage, Moody's counsel about printed sermons, 349.
- Talmage, Ordination of, 147; gratitude and dissatisfaction, 147; Dr. Chambers's testimony to mother of, 147; sermon that saved grandparents of, 150.
- Talmage quitting tobacco habit, 161.
- Talmage seeing the crown jewels, 51.
- Talmage and the soap-bubbles, 269.
- Talmage, Text that gave peace to, 358.
- Talmage's child and the heavens for birds and horses, 303.
- Talmage's dark hour of doubt, 108.
- Talmage's exploration of sin's haunts, 272.
- Talmage's fascination for solid masonry, 263.
- Talmage's fondness for mirth, 173.

Index

- Talmage's oftenest quoted passage of Scripture, 129.
- Talmage's personal testimony, 329.
- Talmage's thought of life-insurance in time of storm, 206.
- Taper at Freyburg, Illustration of the, 96.
- Temptation, Christ furnishes defense in, 54.
- Temptation of Christ, 53.
- Temptation to smooth down truth a strong one, 148.
- Temptations, Christ's, in the wilderness, 55.
- Temperament, Incurable, no excuse for not becoming a Christian, 110.
- Testimonies of the saved, Likely, 180.
- Testimony, Christian, called for, 320; effects of objectionable testimony, 320; of floating evangelist, 321; of housekeeper, 321; of Charles Wesley, 322; of Abraham Lincoln, 322; of United States attorney, 322; of Gellacius, 322; benefits from, 323; opportunity for, in traveling, 326; Talmage's, 329.
- Testimony to power of Gospel, 180.
- Text that gave peace to Talmage, 358.
- Text that saved Jonathan Edwards, 357.
- Text that started a revival, 150.
- Theater, Chatham Street, purchased for church purposes, 147.
- Theology in three words, 40.
- Things withheld, causes for thankfulness, 242.
- Time, No, not to be religious, 113.
- Time, No, to be religious, 113.
- Tobacco habit, Slavery of the, 162.
- Tract, The destroyed, and word eternity, 357.
- Tract, Story of a torn, 357.
- Training of children, 281.
- Traveler, The dishonest commercial, 84.
- Tree, The marked forest, 256.
- Trial, Christ's, a sham one, 56.
- Trouble, Bearing, without Christ, 46.
- Trouble, Financial, driving soul astray, 176.
- Troubles divided into two classes, 58.
- Troubles, What to do with one's, 58.
- Truth not to be held back, 148.
- Turkey a weakening power, 371; to be destroyed, 371.
- Uncertainty of life, 309.
- Universalism, Error of, 28.
- Vanity, Solomon's verdict of, and lessons therefrom, 217. (*See SOLOMON, LESSONS FROM LIFE OF.*)
- Velocity of locomotion to be improved when world is perfected, 384.
- Vicars, Hedley, Text that saved, 357.
- Victor, Roman, his five thousand victims and triumphant entry, 295.
- Violinist, Bucher's good service to the, 101.
- Voltaire on happiness, pain and care, 370.
- Voluptuary, No peace in life of, 225; warning to, 226.
- Wage-earners, Good fortune of, 266.
- Wandering from God, Sorrow of, 174.
- Warning, God's time of, to come to an end, 247.
- Waterloo, Picture of, in Kensington garden with lamb in cannon's mouth, 212.
- Waters, Treachery of, described by Moses, 308.
- Way, Only one, to Heaven, 210.
- Weakness, Ruinous possibilities of one, 284.
- Wealth, Foolish denunciation of, 221.
- Wealth, Worldly, cannot satisfy soul's longing, 221.
- Wesley's, Charles, praise hymn, 322.
- Will-o'-the-wisp lights in religious matters, 110.
- Wolsey's, Cardinal, banquet to French ambassadors, 353.

Index

- Woman in domestic duties, The Gospel needed by, 233; can have divine help, 233.
- Word "all" a comprehensive word, 173.
- Works, Good, cannot save soul, 85.
- World, Absorbing desire for betterment of, very common, 9.
- World cannot afford soul satisfaction, whether by position, wealth, learning or sinful pleasures, 217.
- World in great need of a revival, 145; large portion unevangelized, 145; ultimate redemption of, sure, 145; church must change tack to redeem, 145.
- World, The, insufficient, 217; lessons from the life of Solomon. (*See* SOLOMON.)
- World, in Judgment, to reel like a drunken man, 68.
- World, poor pasturage for souls, 175.
- World, This, a tired world, 239.
- Worldliness among Christians, 151.
- World's betterment, Prospect of, an inspiration, 383; assured by God, 384.
- World's restoration, Date of the, unknown, 384; assured by God, 384; accessible to the redeemed, 384.
- Wound, Balm in Christ for every, 46.
- Xavier, Francis, Devotion of, 376.

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